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Anstruther-Thomson

Art and man: essays and fragments

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E. Anstruther-Thomson

From a full length portrait in oils by
J. S. Sargent, R.A.,
now in the possession of
Major Anstruther-Gray.

ART & MAN:
ESSAYS & FRAGMENTS

BY

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
VERNON LEE

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LIMITED
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TO

ALL THE FRIENDS WE HAVE HAD IN COMMON

I DEDICATE

THESE POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS

OF

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON

IN HER NAME AND MY OWN

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ART AND MAN:

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS

INTRODUCTION

I

The writer of the following unpublished essays and fragments, my late very dear friend and fellow-worker, Miss C. Anstruther-Thomson, held an unusually large place in the life of many and very different persons, either at the same moment or during successive phases of her constantly altering, although always so harmoniously consistent, personality. I believe she could not have seemed quite the same to any two of even her most intimate friends. Partly because her gifts were so various and her helpfulness was so many-sided. Partly, also, because an exceptionally beautiful, strong, and beneficent creature like her is apt to be haloed round by our love and admiration, till the reality get half hidden behind an image which, just because it is of the stuff of our heart and the handiwork of our mind, can achieve more for us than could, perhaps, any really existing being. And in saying this I am but applying to herself the essence of what she taught about the nature of beauty and its relation to human life.

Be this as it may, what each one of us may thus have made of Kit Anstruther-Thomson, as well as what she has actually been to us, is a subject I shall attempt neither to penetrate nor to reveal. Even were it possible to transmit to others the image we have each carried in our mind—carried for half a lifetime or a few intimate months—such handing round, however lovingly done, would have been of all things the one the least to her liking. Since she possessed a characteristic which, unless incapable of

understanding her, we have all of us had to recognise and acquiesce in: an unassailable aloofness, a certain solitariness and even secrecy. She who more than anyone else I have known, lavished interest and sympathy, advice and help, in the concerns and needs of others, never asked, indeed never allowed, that any should be offered in her own. Neither in conversation nor in letters did she ever allude, save in so far as those of others were involved, to her own plans and affairs. Her letters are always about other people or public events, when they are not about books and works of art she had just come across. Out of thirty odd years of constant correspondence, and the recollection of daily talks during months at a time, it would be difficult to pick out and make up a dozen pages concerning solely herself. And, as I have already remarked, she would have disliked, almost resented, any attempt to do so.

And yet, for all this appearance of shutting out others and wrapping herself in silence, few people have put their individuality upon record so entirely and undisguisedly as she did. Only one must know where to look for, and also to recognise, it. For it was into her ideas, the ideas for instance set forth in the following fragmentary writings, that she put her whole nature. The whole, at all events of what was essentially herself, since her words and acts in real life, beneficent, wise and delightful though we felt them to be, and such as can never be replaced to so many of us, were only one manifestation of her personality, and perhaps the least individual, because partly shaped by the circumstances which elicited them and the character and needs of other folk. It was not in what she said to, in what she did for, her neighbours, that she was ever herself and only herself, but in her outlook on the world, in her abstract judgments and preferences. She often pointed out that the artist

has a personality expressing itself only in the shapes he creates, and often at variance with what is called his character as a man, and in like manner she herself was able to express her innermost and fullest personality only when dealing with impersonal matters. This so amazingly practical creature, always organizing details, taking part in movements, mastering techniques and exercises and never ceasing from the multifarious activities best described as helping lame dogs over stiles—this woman of the world with so many obvious irons in the fire, was in reality that which, when we speak of saints (and she was, after all, a saint of the austerest and most selfless) we should call a contemplative. Whatever her hands might be employed in, her mind was fixed upon certain general aspects of life which answered to her own strangely altruistic and unworldly temperament, and to this very strong and beautiful being's habits of intense and harmonious activity. Hence, given her special gifts and training of eye and hand, and those early habits of the athlete and the horseman which underlay her dominant conception of life as motion and equilibrium, her contemplation necessarily dealt with that side of life which compensates for some of life's shortcomings. It was her own innermost experience and her own most imperious needs, perhaps also her freedom from sundry commoner kinds of need, which brought the recognition that art is the response to certain deep-seated imperatives presiding over our perception of surrounding things and our movements among them. The sense of beauty, according to her notion, was thus the self-preserving instinct not of our bodily life, nor, as are the sense of justice and fellowship, of man's life as a social being, but of man's life as a creature who sees and remembers what he sees, which to her meant two-thirds of whatever makes life worth living for.

An aristocratic, esoteric view of life, " too good for human nature's daily food " ? Very likely. For ideas are not so much daily food as medicines and restoratives when, as happens, daily food has been too gross or too scanty. And therefore ideas are not usually given us by people exactly like their neighbours nor thoroughly able to understand those neighbours. This was certainly the case with Kit Anstruther-Thomson : you had only to note the unconscious austerity of her habits, her utter indifference to social distinction, to luxury and even to common comfort ; you had only to look at her features and expression, in order to suspect that there must be whole sides of life which she could not understand and believe in, or else understood and believed in only as does the healer (and, after all, the God of Healing is the son of Apollo !) looking on such things as to be studied and handled, but merely the quicker to be removed and purified away.

All this innermost individuality, this essential impersonal personality, she revealed, even to idiosyncracies, and perhaps even to deficiencies, in her ideas about art in relation to life. And since I have witnessed the gradual growth of those ideas in the course of our many years of work together, it seems to me that, before attempting to set forth and sum up what they were, I may, without intrusion upon what my friend always kept to herself, tell the story of how we worked together : the story of how she came by her views ; how she wanted to teach them. And, alas ! why at the end there remains nothing to show what she could do except the essay in which we collaborated twenty-five years and more ago, and now these fragments which I am publishing. She had some of them carefully typewritten ; and she bequeathed them all to me. So I think she would have wished me to make them accessible to whosoever may appreciate them and to whosoever has loved her.

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON.
Pencil profile by J. S. Sargent, R.A., in the possession of Vernon Lee.

II

I FIRST met Miss Anstruther-Thomson at Effingham in the garden of her cousin, Miss S. A. Muir-Mackenzie, in July, 1887.

I had heard a good deal about her extraordinary gifts and personality from the lady in question, a most witty Scotchwoman of the old type and herself somewhat of an artist. Also from another acquaintance who had met Kit at Wiesbaden, where her father, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, was being treated by a famous eye-doctor. "There is a girl staying here" (I am quoting from memory but not from fancy, for I came across that old letter a few years ago), "a Miss Anstruther-Thomson (Fife people), who is like the Venus of Milo and makes wonderful things in clay, and *says* extraordinary things."

That had been the previous year; and the modelling —in which she had been helped by the then fashionable sculptor Dalou, and I believe also by Boehm when he made a statuette of her father on horseback—the modelling, which of course I asked about, had in the meantime been given up. But my correspondent was borne out on the other points: Miss Anstruther-Thomson, or as she was called from first to last, "Kit," did say unexpected things, or rather she put ordinary remarks in unconsciously unexpected language and she asked unexpectedly abstract questions, as full of intricate *whys* and *wherefores* as a clever child's. While as to the Venus of Milo, there was no doubt about the likeness, although she wore the inappropriate coat and skirt and sailor hat of the 'eighties. Besides her great

height and evident great strength, that resemblance to the Venus of Milo was the first thing almost every one remarked about her. It was the more complete that her hair was of no very noticeable colour, though I think it was then light brown ; and that she had the smooth whiteness of skin which goes with very deep brown eyes. She must have been at that time about thirty,[1] but looked more like twenty ; and indeed long after her hair had turned white, indeed to the very last, she never showed her age, nor anything one could associate with " age." Her finely chiselled, rather statuesque features, and a certain—I can only call it—virginal expression made one think rather of a very beautiful and modest boy, like some of the listeners of Plato, than of a very independent woman who had mixed a great deal in a particular society which, although rich in good looks, did not pride itself upon modesty. That boyish and, as I said, virginal quality was increased by her manner, which at that time was not without a certain shyness, almost nervousness ; so much so, indeed, that, what with the number of questions she asked and her frequent bursts of laughter, one felt (despite glimpses of odd experiences of life) that she could not be really quite grown up.

Be this as it may, on that occasion she was making arrangements with her elderly cousin to spend that winter in Paris, in order to frequent Carolus-Duran's studio. It then came out that for several years she had studied at the Slade and at South Kensington, passing very high in artistic anatomy and perspective, of which, as of all such drawing as can be taught, I afterwards found her to have quite professional knowledge. One wondered when she could have acquired it, for, to hear her speak, her life (crediting her with fewer years than she really had) seemed to have been given up to balls

[1] Clementina Anstruther-Thomson was born 15th December, 1857, and died July 8th, 1921.

and riding, varied with a little of the intellectual smatter belonging to what were then called the *Souls*.

After that first meeting we exchanged calls; she was living in Queen's Gate with an invisible (or perhaps already deceased?) grandmother. She wrote me one or two quaintly spelt but exquisitely worded and illustrated notes; and as I was going to Scotland, invited me to her father's house, Charleton, on the Fifeshire side of the Forth. So, in due course, I went. In the ramshackle eighteenth-century house there was no one besides her family, her father and two sisters, younger, but not younger looking, than herself. As was frequently the case, they happened not to be in; and while my new friend went to collect my luggage at the station, the honours of the place, and of the remaining tea and scones, were done by a small girl who had been "left there" by a married brother. Except for this small niece, who is now my friend Baroness Bonde, and also a very charming schoolboy brother, whose early death was, I think, Kit's greatest grief, my hostess and I were nearly always *tête-à-tête*. So, not from any direct information of which she was already characteristically chary, but by piecing together incidental remarks, I got to know the main facts about Miss Anstruther-Thomson, as I still called her. Her father, Colonel "Jack" Anstruther-Thomson, had been a famous Master of the Hounds, and the family interests and status were entirely equestrian. I use that word because *horsy* would convey a wrong impression. You would as soon have called a centaur *horsy* as my new friend, although one of her rare autobiographical items was that her education had been left to the stud-groom, by which fact she accounted for her difficulties with spelling. Her father had been Master of the Pytchley; and in that Midland country she seemed to have spent most of her childhood, except during stays with her maternal grandfather and grandmother, who had

rented Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire, which Kit always alluded to as a place of enchanting childish romance. These maternal grandparents, the Hamilton Grays, represented a strikingly different strain from the Centaurs of Charleton, and one which, not by education but by sheer heredity, came out more and more in Kit's nature and tastes. The grandfather must have been one of the last of those aristocratic unclerical clergymen whom Meredith has painted : a fine gentleman and a scholar, travelling abroad and making wonderful collections in Italy. The grandmother, who survived him and whom I just missed knowing, was the author of one of the earliest books on Etruria, as well known in its day (though she still believed that the vases she bought out of tombs had been made by " Etruscans ") as that of Dennis. She foregathered in Queen's Gate with learned men from the British Museum and from Germany. And thus, by a queer coincidence, her granddaughter, one of whose most original essays happens to be about the ornaments on red-figure vases, had spent much of her earliest years under the same roof with some of the finest specimens thereof, though apparently without discovering the fact till the collection was sold at her grandmother's death. At present—I mean in 1887 or thereabouts—she had, at all events, forgotten whether she had ever looked at " Grandmamma's Pots." Art to her meant modern painting. And her thoughts were centred upon what she might learn in Paris, which was at that time apparently the sole place where modern painting was carried on. She intended to master all she could of the technique of oils ; and she probably intended to paint horses, about which she was aware of possessing more knowledge than mere animal-painters could possess : the knowledge of a Centaur. That, at least, I supposed to be her intention, because I was allowed to see (rather than shown, for showing her own work

was never "much her line") a very extraordinary representation of Arab horsemen and camels which she had done after a riding party with her father and sister in Morocco. It was (and I am happy to say still is) a kind of frieze, executed in coloured relief; not in clay or in paints, but by a process, invented *ad hoc*, of pinching various coloured scraps of stuff into shape and glueing them on to a dark background. I have not seen the frieze for many years, though it is safe in the possession of Kit's elder brother at Charleton. But my own impression of its delightful vivacity of line and colour, its originality and masterliness, is borne out by my recollection of the very high praise which the late Mr. G. F. Watts once gave it in my presence. He had urged that it should be exhibited; and so I believe it was.

But, as was always the case, Kit's plans were the last thing she ever talked about. And during that first visit of mine she seemed bent solely upon showing me the country round Charleton. This she did by harnessing one of the vague horses about the place and driving me about for hours and hours. It happened that I was rather out of sorts and considerably worried, and, although Miss Anstruther-Thomson was not only aloof, but (which was also very characteristic) respected one's aloofness as if it had been her own, I began to feel that strange kind of protection with which, as with the light touch of her beautiful strong hands and the vigilant, slow glance of her extraordinarily tender dark eyes, she seemed to envelop one, but always from some cool upper sphere, and quite without weight and personal warmth. Indeed, already then, this girl, whom I had regarded as a rather shy junior, almost a child, had taken on some of the rather unapproachable prestige as of one knowing and able to do more than the rest of us, which she never lost in my eyes through thirty years of intimacy and some-

times even of disagreement. And when she had deposited me at her roadside station, and I watched from the train her cart driving off and disappearing behind the willows at a bend of the road, I felt, after making her promise to come and stay with us next spring in Italy, that I was going to understand many things I had not dreamed of, and did not for a long while fully realize.

III

It was during these drives round about her father's house, drives often prolonged into the autumnal dusk, that Kit (for by this time she was Kit) must have made use of a form of words I did not at the time understand ; but which, when understood in the subsequent intimacy with her personality and her ideas, has come to be symbolical to me of the essence of Kit's teachings, such as they are set forth in the following essays and fragments. When the last red of sunset shone like enmeshed threads among the thin hill-side spinnies, and the dusk rose from the half-reaped cornfields into the green clearness of the sky, and, under the mixed twilight and moon, the sea seemed to curdle and swell in livid marble masses beyond the salmon-nets, she would point with her chin, as it were, and, without removing her eyes from it all, say in a hushed voice (her voice was of a very lovely dark but clear medium) and not without mystery : " Now we have become mere intruders. Now it is *They* who are in possession." At first I thought that this recurrent remark (or something to the same effect) must be a little piece of rather childish poeticalness, of such " literature " as unliterary people at times indulge in. Even when I had recognised that this was not the case, and that she really had something in her mind, I took for granted that the *They* thus alluded to must be some kind of elves or divinities, some half-mythological accessories of the landscape. And perhaps, had I asked, she might have answered that they probably were. But with

further intimacy—indeed, perhaps only retrospectively —I came to understand that she was not speaking of anything besides the landscape; in fact, only of the landscape itself, its lines, planes and colours and the way it affected her. So that the only personality in the matter was her own ways of feeling, her own modes of being, but stripped of all personal circumstances and motives, which she projected into the sights and sounds of nature and of art, only to receive them back, as if no longer her own, rather as one receives one's voice and words back from an echoing hill. Putting aside her great practical helpfulness and protective tenderness, this was the real, maybe the only, way she gave herself and received herself back; at least, so I am tempted to believe. This was the essential intercourse of her soul; and with it was perhaps connected that aloofness of hers, which suggested that she shut the doors of her own sanctuary. For this, it seems to me, rather than any personal secret things, was what was happening therein.

These words may sound like mysticism. And if by mysticism we mean that side of religious life which has no aim or bearing beyond itself, or rather whose value and significance are in its own states which transcend human life because they are that life's essence, then such mysticism is the *sine qua non* of all poetry and all art. Such, indeed, is the corollary, or rather the intuitive basis, of all Kit Anstruther-Thomson taught in these matters. And I am greatly mistaken if she would not have added to this definition, that to her thinking such mysticism as this is the only harmless and honest kind, because poetry and art make no pretence at explaining realities, and because they can themselves be amenable to explanation by as much of realities as we are able to know. I hope to make this clear as we go along; and I put it down in this place merely to prepare whoever may read this memoir of Kit Anstruther-

Thomson for the importance which both she and I attached to her ideas. Meanwhile these are best approached in their detail by relating how she gradually came to have them, starting, as she did, from the very individual mode of feeling and thinking which I have learned to recognize in that rather cryptic attribution of some kind of human quality to the visible features of the autumn landscape along the Forth.

IV

As had been arranged at the end of my first visit to Charleton, Kit came to stay with us in Florence after leaving Paris at Easter, 1888. The precise date has been fixed in my mind less by the importance it later showed itself as having in my life than, oddly enough, by the recollection, as vivid as their own colours, of putting scarlet and purple anemones in her room ; and also of our first walk, of which I seem to see in my mind as clearly as I can in daily reality the hundred yards or so of the old road to Fiesole, where it ascends between steep olive yards and big black cypresses against the blue. And bells were ringing that morning. " Bells are always ringing," Kit used to remark all through her life, " wherever we two meet." And if not in the body, at least in the spirit.

I don't know whether Kit looked at pictures and churches during that first stay with us. Certainly not very much. For here, as explanation of the quite unexpected extent of her and my life (and hence work) together, there comes in another side of Kit, which I vaguely suspected during those days at Charleton and by which she has been known, rather than by other gifts, to so many friends : I mean her helpfulness and, if I may coin such a word, her protectiveness. Indeed, her gift, her passion, for nursing. It so happened that the months she had spent at Carolus Duran's studio had been taken up on my side by a gradual breakdown of my health, the more difficult to check that I was trying to do so by abortive attempts at work. Kit at once took the measure of my depression and restless-

ness, and understood that, in a household composed of my prematurely old parents and my chronically invalided brother, it needed some one from outside to take my case in hand and pull me through. The pulling through, given unfavourable circumstances and previous neglect, occupied quite a couple of years. During these, with the exception of a winter I was ordered to Tangier and the south of Spain, while she returned for a second and last stage at Carolus Duran's, Kit scarcely ever left me. One autumn she took me again to her father's house in Fife. And there, very characteristically, she tried to work off my restlessness by teaching me to ride and drive, and humoured my disputatious excitability by getting me to teach her the little I knew of political economy, in which, by the way, she later became quite proficient. Meanwhile, during the rest of these years of looking after me, there began for both of us those long stays with my incredibly hospitable and indulgent Italian friends, both in Tuscany and in Romagna, which eventually tailed off into yearly visits to Rome as guests of Countess Pasolini and Countess Gabbriella Spalletti, who took sometimes one, sometimes both, under their roof, first perhaps out of kindness to me, but soon for the sake of Kit herself. How these first years of our friendship, from Easter, 1888 to well on in the 'nineties, were spent by this wise and indefatigable nurse and her (I fear) extremely intractable patient, is a main subject of this introduction to Kit Anstruther-Thomson's writings.

Before, however, entering upon it I had better forestall an explanation of her continuing to spend many months in my home, long after I was restored to health and regular work. It so happened that with my own recovery there coincided a beginning of hope in the case of my half-brother, who had been a nervous invalid and on his back for about fifteen years. And here

again it was Kit who carried through the long, delicate and extremely difficult work of giving him the courage and pertinacity needful to carry out the instructions of the famous Dr. Erb of Heidelberg, and retrace the long and insensible steps of his malady back to comparative health and complete independence.

But meanwhile, and after my brother was already on his feet and beginning to drive and walk about, our mother began to sink very rapidly after my father's sudden death; and Kit was once more helping to nurse. But the end came in March, 1896. The spring was late, with no fruit blossom, I find in my irregular diary, except the peach tree on our wall. Kit and I rarely ventured to go out together, and never beyond hail. One afternoon, however, Kit took me a stroll on the hill-side above us, the first since some time. It was extraordinarily delightful. From all the fields and vineyards (I read in that notebook) "there was the hacking sound of vine-dressing and the noise of the brooks swollen by the rain, which was still falling thinly. And the soft, moist air was full of the delicious smoke of olive twigs, that indescribably southern scent which my mother fancifully identified with *cassia;* also the sweetness of the sere, soaked oak-leaves in whose drifts we found the very first violets. Birds were singing everywhere; the ilexes along the lane full of them. After twenty minutes we came home across the grass walks."

That was March 7th. In the small hours of that night Kit sent me to bed. And when she woke me at dawn it was to say that my mother had died in her arms.

I find in that notebook the date of the funeral among a miscellany of notes on pictures, hours for medicines and telephone-numbers for summoning the doctor. "After rain it held up while we were at the cemetery," runs a note, "and was sunny. But towards

sunset came a tremendous hailstorm. And then a great wind arose, with black clouds on the pure pale golden sky, clouds in the likeness of Michelangelo's 'Division of the Light from the Darkness.'" What I naturally did not put down was that, on coming back, my half-brother told me that now that our mother was gone he wished to separate his life from mine and make the best of the health to which he had been so unexpectedly restored. I therefore had only Kit to consult about my own plans. And as Florence seemed the best place to pursue the studies we now had in common, and she liked the idea of spending half the year with me, I took on the lease of the little old villa where she had lived with us since 1889, which I subsequently bought and bequeathed to her, and from which, with all it formerly meant long since at an end, I am at present writing this introduction to Kit's posthumous work.

When the inevitable business arrangements were over, and my brother had gone his way, Kit and I went for our usual visit to the Pasolinis in Rome, stopping at Perugia on the journey. Kit's notes and my own are full of dates of painters and memoranda of frescoes and of fountains, "delightful fountains like fruit-dishes." But what brings it all back to me, with the vividness as of this present spring twenty-seven years later, is the following entry, which I copy out for that reason, but also because it seems characteristic and almost symbolical of so much that was in Kit's thoughts and in mine:

"Sitting in the sun under the new-leaved horse-chestnuts before San Pietro, we found, on the broken wall, a tiny bleached bone. Kit names it: the *atlas-process;* wing-shaped, round a ring on which the head pivots and through which the spinal cord goes to the brain. A sheep or goat's? No; certainly a person's. This little bony ring, flanked with bone wings, has

held—hence its name—like Atlas, a world : the world inside a human brain, the only world, after all, of which any creature is certain. And now it lies on the loose stone and plaster under the trees. We left it there, in the sun and the wind."

V

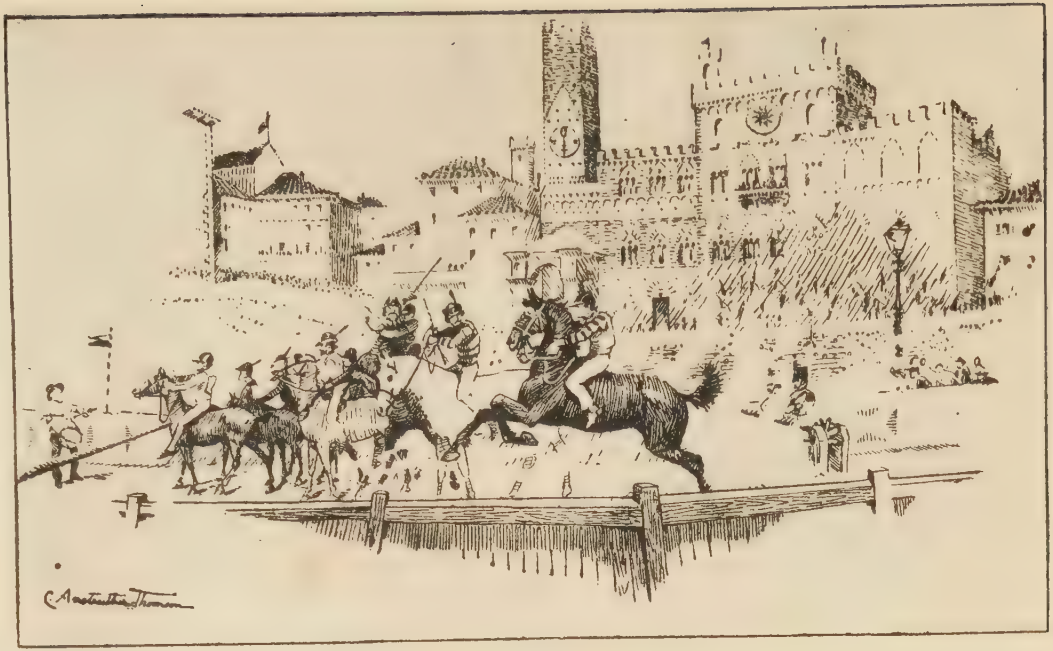
I MUST, however, go back to the years preceding the death of my mother, as whose guest Kit Anstruther-Thomson spent so much time with us, helping to restore first me, and then my brother, to health.

In a chronological memorandum drawn up in 1898 Kit says: "In 1884 I began learning painting professionally and spent eight years over it, first at South Kensington, then at Slade and later in Paris, at Carolus Duran's. I gave it up in 1892 and took to looking at pictures instead of trying to paint them, intending later to make it my business to show the galleries to the East End people in London." Of these incorrectly calculated eight years—for she did not return to Carolus after 1889, and she spent half of every year in Italy between then and 1898—a certain number were given to trying to teach herself water-colours, in which she made many experiments without at all satisfying her own taste, so that most of her sketches were destroyed, and I was allowed to keep a few only on the understanding that they should never come out of my bedroom. I think she must also count in, her attempts to learn to draw in black and white for reproduction of which, except a couple of Sienese sketches given to the late Baroness Elena French, the only remaining result is an elaborate and beautiful set of drawings of Italian villas, quite perfectly finished, although reproduction proved unpracticable, except in the case of one which was used, absurdly reduced, as frontispiece to the first edition of my little book *Limbo*.

These *Old Italian Gardens*, for which my text was

I have two little account books, covered in American cloth, containing Kit's diary and her pen-and-ink illustrations of this journey: a regatta near Como, where we met our excellent friend Laura Gropallo, to whom I owe my first rudiments of psychological lore; a romanesque church or two, and the market-place; then the ground plans of ancient villas to which we were taken by the Esengrinis from Monza; bits of the upper town at Bergamo and several views of the castle of Malpaga; and, what brings it all back with a stab, two pen-and-ink drawings—a puppet show and five very recognizable children's backs in front of it, inscribed "Children's Theatre in Casa Suardi, Bergamo," with a lank, blank "Priest working the puppets. . . ." Then come sketches and Kit's rather dry, businesslike notes of Castelfranco and Asolo, where we stayed with the dear American lady to whom Mr Browning had dedicated his last volume. And, finally, the notes and sketches of a couple of days with the late Countess Marcello and her sons near Mestre: drawings of vineyards, and of the derelict Morosini villa of Martellago, with some of the eighteenth-century equipages which were then still to be found in its stables. And thus once more to Venice, where Kit made the beautiful copy of Giorgione's little *Apollo and Daphne* which is still hanging over my writing-table, alongside of the profile-drawing by Sargent which I am putting in this volume.

And this leads me to say that it was not only with Italian friends that so much of my friendship with Kit was spent during those years. We stayed in 1889 with my oldest friends, the Sargents, at Fladbury on the Warwickshire Avon; and there Mr. J. S. Sargent painted the large oil picture of Kit against a dusky garden background, which was exhibited under the title of *Arbor Vitæ*, and was left by Kit to her younger brother, Major Anstruther-Gray.



The Races at Siena,
from a pen and ink drawing by C.A.-T., 1890.

And then, in the cold weeks of the winter, we would stay among the orange gardens and more than Grecian cliffs near Nervi, with the now Dowager Ranee of Sarawak and with Donna Laura Gropallo.

Looking back on it, there is something rather wonderful in those months of a friendship thus surrounded by other friendships. And perhaps the most wonderful part of it is that, at the time, we should have taken it all so much for granted. . . .

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VI

It was during these years, the earlier eighteen-nineties, that the idea came to Kit of "making it her business," as she puts it in the memorandum already mentioned, "to show the galleries to the East End People"; or rather that there began her occasional doing so. It may have begun in connexion with Toynbee Hall (we both of us showed some Toynbee Travellers about in Florence and Rome), where she lectured somewhere in 1892; or with Morley College, where she had a drawing-class for working men one autumn, if not two, when she remained in London.

And here I must comment upon that expression of hers: "Make it my business." It sounds like an exaggeration such as comes under a pen unpractised in writing. But by 1898, when that memorandum was made out for a definite purpose, she had become very deliberate in what she put on paper; and her meaning was literal. Ever since those talks about political economy at Charleton, and her constant readings in Ruskin and afterwards in Mill, her mind had never ceased running on social reform. Moreover, she had struck up a friendship with the late Clementina Black, and already in 1888 she was assisting that most courteous and witty of socialists in an agitation against the poisonous manufacture of matches, and trying to get up a short-lived "Consumers' League." Indeed, I remember how she made me write on that subject to a certain political and intellectual great lady, and how astonished she was when the only answer from my elderly acquaintance was that the choice of her matches rested with the housekeeper and was not

amenable to interference. I want to recall these democratic, indeed very socialistic, activities of Kit's (of which her work with Girl Guides was the last manifestation) because they explain that she was quite in earnest when she described showing galleries to East Enders as her chosen business in life. For more and more Kit Anstruther-Thomson got to conceive of life as a "business," a service to the community. And, however intensely attracted by the theoretic problems of art, I doubt whether she would have given herself up to them rather than to nursing, doctoring or some sort of social organizing, if she had not persuaded herself that the accumulated treasures of art must be made accessible to the less privileged classes, and that this could be compassed by explaining the manner in which works of art act on our spirit. She had always been a great reader of Ruskin; and I think that, making allowance for changed views about most subjects, her temperamental attitude towards art was the same as his: it could never be in her eyes a mere private pleasure, still less an amusement for leisured folks. She saw it rather as a semi-religious side of life, into which every one, and the disinherited foremost, must be initiated by those who were specially gifted and fortunately circumstanced.

It was with this initiation in view that, as that memorandum plainly states, she became anxious to learn as much as possible about old pictures, considering herself, and rightly, as already competent on the subject of contemporary art. "Old pictures" led to old sculpture, stimulated thereon by the lectures of our friend Miss Eugenie Sellers, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Strong. And thence to Renaissance sculpture, medals and lettering, in which, and also with regard to mediæval illuminations, her memorandum mentions her indebtedness to the teaching of Mr. Emery Walker, himself, I believe, a pupil of William Morris. At that

moment came her reading of Morelli, at that time the rather enigmatic master of the new study called connoisseurship ; and almost immediately after she made the acquaintance and profited by the very generous teachings of Mr. B. Berenson, then himself still a student settled in Florence, but destined soon to become Morelli's most undisputed successor. From painting and sculpture, antique and mediæval, she passed on, I scarcely know how, to architecture, especially Gothic. . . . I say "I scarcely know how," meaning she had no programme in all these studies, and no methodical reading. Kit simply walked from subject to subject and back again as she walked from picture to picture, from statue to statue, and from church to church, according as it offered itself on her path or came up in conversation. But walked on and on, and to and fro, always comparing what she was seeing with what she had seen, always comparing the individual works of art, the schools, the artists and the arts themselves. And then, one fine day, beginning to compare how the various works of art *made her feel.* And while she was learning which master, which school arose from the other, and how to distinguish them from one another, she began (and then never left off) asking herself what reactions did they all or any of them call forth in herself. Thus the question gradually arose : What is a work of art ? What does it do for us, or rather *do with us ?* And since whatever it can do with us must be in process of seeing it, what is happening when we do see it ?

These and more questions were silently addressed by Kit to the works of art themselves, the statues and pictures and churches. But ostensibly and in verbal shape to *me,* every day and all day. And here I must explain how, long before becoming her collaborator, I gradually became her pupil, almost unknown to myself and certainly to her. For, with her usual good

faith, she had accepted me as a critic of art, because ever since my earliest youth I had published articles, and even volumes, such as passed muster for art history and art philosophy in the eyes of my readers, and even in my own. It was only as a result of intimacy with Kit Anstruther-Thomson that I became aware that, much as I had written and even much as I had read about works of art, I did not really know them when they were in front of me : did not know a copy from an original, a school-pastiche from a masterpiece. I did not know what I liked or disliked ; still less why I did either. Until then I really knew of works of art only that much which can be translated into literature ; and most of the literary descriptions and analyses dealt in reality not with the picture or statue itself, but with the subject it represented. Such descriptions and analyses may draw, although they also divert, our attention to the works of art they speak of. They may be a legitimate branch of literature ; and occasionally, as in the case of Pater's *Gioconda*, they may create a masterpiece while pretending to describe one.

Having thus guarded, I hope, against the accusation of disrespect towards art-criticism as practised by my betters, I may go on to explain what I mean by becoming Kit's pupil. It was not she, but I myself, who discovered that for ten or more years I had written about art without having really seen it. At first I thought it was owing to my never having learned to draw, knowing nothing about perspective and artistic anatomy ; and my attempts to learn from her were in those directions. It soon proved to be none of all this. If Kit's practice in drawing, her knowledge of perspective and anatomy, enabled her to see what I did not, it was because they kept her attention upon the work itself : steadily, discriminatingly, analytically and also synthetically. And the training she had got in the schools, and by a master whose name I forget, trained

in the traditions of Ingres' studio, she had for years supplemented by a habit of taking a picture intellectually to pieces; and even by covering separate portions of photographs, altering tracings and copies which she made (a process later applied to plaster casts from the antique), changing details of composition and colour-scheme and light and shade, until she had run to ground the elements and the combinations on which its effect depended. I remember that already during my first visit at Charleton she would make such experiments with Caldecott's hunting pictures, covering portions of them with bits of paper on which she had painted alterations. Comparison and experiment came naturally to her; what she called "taking things to bits." At Charleton she kept a sketch-book with the suggestive title "Things I think I have seen." And I remember a series of experiments made in the studio of our friend Countess Ludolf, to find out the difference between the planes in the nude model and in classic sculpture, and also the play of the muscles in the reality and in art. She was always *seeing*, asking herself *what*, or rather *how*, she saw. And, becoming aware that, in her sense of *seeing*, I saw half nothing, I tried to learn a little *to see* by looking at her way of looking at things. This, when it was successful, meant that I was learning to see a little with my own eyes and my own reactions. Seeing or trying to see, however imperfectly, at first merely *pretending* to see, *to see what it was all about.* That was Kit's homely but mysterious phrase, often accompanied by a hand laid on one's arm or a twitch at one's sleeve, as after a long, silent pause in front of whatever might happen to be the IT under discussion, she turned round, too absorbed, however, to notice the frequent vacuity in her listener's face: "*Now* don't you *see* what It is doing?" And, without waiting for my perfunctory answer, she would begin to analyze what it was *she had seen.*

I ought to have written " whatever IT might happen to be." Because IT by no means always happened to be a work of art. How often has she not drawn up our cart at a weir, or where some thin, white Tuscan brook made a miniature waterfall, gazing at the curve of the water, at the outrigging drops as it toppled, and the incredibly various manner in which it carried itself before becoming the smooth beryl pool beneath? As other folk may listen to the babble of the water-nymphs, so she would watch their minutest gesture, as if indeed they had been demi-goddesses beneath the overarching ilexes in the quarry-ravine. And similarly she would stop in the middle of some Roman thoroughfare to watch the motions of their sister-nymphs imprisoned by Bernini in ooze-stained fountains among tritons and river gods.

Motion as form; form as motion. . . . It was beginning to dawn upon her. Similarly with whatever, in the shapes of trees and flowers, gave an indication of their growth, of their living response to the attraction of light and of earth. " Look how the roots press down into the ground," she would say; " how that stem thrusting upwards, how that petal is curling over to make room among the others; see the tremendous pace and impact of it all, the *weigh on.*" And she was never tired of pointing out how all this *movement* was rendered in Japanese flower-paintings. And, conversely, what were the shapes of moving things? Without ever attempting to draw, but merely trying to see, she would watch the pattern of advancing waves on the pier at Viareggio and the swirls among the reefs at Nervi. Indeed, in that increasingly urgent question, " What is the work of art *doing?* " which we discussed day after day and almost year after year, I remember that at one time she thought she had hold of the beginning of an answer: when it struck her that, in some ill-defined way, æsthetic form answered

to the shape which, in our ignorance of zoology and botany, we took to be the trace of the unfolding of plants, and the mechanical responses of shells to the rhythmical strains of water. Meanwhile, and however fantastically erroneous the explanation, we had come to the conclusion that, whatever the work of art or the beautiful natural object might be DOING, which evidently could never be twice the same, because no two such objects were ever identically alike, there was one constant and universal result of its activities : namely, that it increased and unified and steadied our sense of existence, that it was vitalizing but also harmonizing. This general view of the function of all visible beauty I expressed tentatively in some lectures and essays called *Art and Life*, afterwards collected in my volume *Laurus Nobilis*. And here I should like to put in, even if not strictly relevant, that in these more recent writings I was abandoning my former habits of mere literary variations on a picture or statue's subject, and also, I think, beginning, however late in life, to attain to whatever individuality I may possess as a writer. All this I owed to my intimacy with Kit, not to direct criticism, for she imagined herself to be an ignoramus in literary matters, but because her example was teaching me to make sure of what I really saw and felt, and say it regardless whether it had or had not been said by other writers.

Speaking of this newly acquired wish for sincerity on my own part brings me back to what I have already alluded to as a kind of almost religious attitude in these æsthetic questions of ours, and even to what might be called mysticism. Certainly at one time there was in Kit, and even in myself, a sense of being on the brink of mystery, of the ineffable. It was like certain religious experiences and, at the same time, like what Faust feels when about to pronounce the spell summoning the Earth Spirit. . . . Very childish, of

course. But is anything worth attaining ever attained, whether knowledge or love, without some such brief and hushed moments of expectant childishness?

We certainly had them. I so well remember the alacrity of spirit and weariness of body—for I had neither Kit's splendid muscles nor her painter's habit of standing indefinitely looking at things—with which one early winter in London we would trudge evening after evening to the plaster casts, then still at South Kensington, and in the atmosphere of gas and fog walk and squeeze round the Hermes of Olympia, almost as if expecting him to make us, like some wonder working Madonna, a sign. . . . A sign which would be the revelation of his innermost being; and the revelation of that antique statue's being would also be —as the revelation of the primrose should have been, but wasn't—to Peter Bell, the revelation of one half of life, of the ways of the spirit. . . . Nay even much later, even in the first war-years, I have rarely returned to the Elgin Rooms, alone and full of such different thoughts, without the high lights on the polished seats, the brownness of gleams and of mists which seems immanent in that place, bringing a sudden feeling—more than a mere recollection—of our expectant wanderings among the statues in what, comparatively speaking, had been our distant youth; a sense of the presence of Kit—a goddess among goddesses, poised in intent contemplation before her broken and battered antique sisters; while I sat wearily hunched up and longing for tea at the Viennese Bakery in Holborn, but waiting with patient faith for the mystery of art to be solved.

VII

However, my part ceased to be one of such merely passive encouragement; and more and more each of us brought something which could not perhaps have been got by the other. A whole set of Kit's experiments I was indeed (as I have explained in our joint volume, *Beauty and Ugliness*) quite unable to join in—namely, those upon the respiratory and muscular reactions which accompanied in her own case an intensive perception of visible form. I had neither the bodily strength for such experiments nor any of the steady power of looking which is part of a draughtsman's training and habit. And I now believe that, contrary to what I thought and wrote during our collaboration in the initial essay of *Beauty and Ugliness*, these respiratory and muscular accompaniments, which Kit took for granted in others because she found them in herself, are a result, not an intrinsic part, of visual æsthetic contemplation. Moreover, I have come to believe that only individuals belonging to what is technically known as the *motor type*, which was Kit's case but mine in much lesser degree, are subject to what Prof. Karl Groos, himself belonging to the same type, called "Inner Mimicry" ("Innere Nachahmung"). Or, more correctly, since I have got on to this difficult point which later became one of much disagreement between Kit and me, I now believe that the alleged "mimicry" of a work of art's movement of lines and balance is a great deal more INNER than we at first imagined, being primarily *inside our mind or imagination*, and only secondarily in any part of our body

except the organs of whatever our *mind* or *imagination* may prove to be. But although unable to join in these particular experiments which Kit was making upon herself, and although refusing even to attempt them from fear of self-suggestion, I was able to verify and check all she alleged regarding the subtler phenomena accompanying the perception of different kinds of visual shapes, let alone the more massive effects of colour, enclosure and lighting. I mean that I was able to study the changes which such æsthetic perception through the eye produces in our mood, and to compare them with the effects of various combinations of musical intervals, accent and pace, with which I found them entirely analogous, only less universally recognized.

With this similarity in the effects of visible and of musical forms upon our moods there was brought home to both of us the recognition of an æsthetic reaction which Kit regarded as one of the starting-points of her hypotheses and experiments. So, at least, I read in that autobiographical memorandum which she wrote in 1898.

"About the middle of March, 1894," she writes, "I discovered what I take to be the physiological connection between Man and Art from noticing one day that my breathing involuntarily altered as I looked at different pictures. . . . In April, 1894, we went to Rome, where I made experiments with an analogous result upon sculpture . . . noticing that I saw the statue of the Apoxyomenos much better during the noise a stonemason was making on the floor close by while filing a marble slab. The short, rapid strokes of the file affected my breathing, and as a result the statue looked animated. When the workman stopped the statue looked distinctly tamer. Following this indication, I made experiments all the time I was in Rome."

I have underlined part of this quotation because this is the starting-point of a certain divergence which came in Kit's and my views; my own observations and readings leading me to regard the change in breathing as the effect rather than the cause of the alleged greater animation of the statue, an appearance which I take to be directly brought about by the rhythmic intensification of visual attention, itself resulting from the general rhythmic stimulation of those sounds of filing. And I am pointing out this divergence between my friend's views and my own because it may help to initiate the reader into the main notion which, despite all detail and differences, we continued more and more to hold. This notion is that all æsthetic effects can be brought back to the fact that our *seeing*, or taking stock of, any visible form constitutes what I can only describe as a pattern of mental activities on the part of the beholder, the particular combination of these activities, whether present or only remembered, being imposed by the particular shape in question; so that what is in reality the beholder's response comes to feel, as if it were an activity intrinsic to that shape; and this, after all, is on all fours with what psychology teaches about our simple sensations, the smell or taste or colour we attribute to an object being our own reaction to that object's stimulation of our nerves.

The mosaic floor of that Vatican corridor took a long time to put to rights; and then the stonemason and his file were transferred to other portions of the gallery. . . . I mean that together or alone I have verified, time after time, the stimulating and, what is equally important, the unifying effect on our perception of any monotonous, sharp rhythm; verified the vividness it lent to the work of art one happened to be looking at, and what Kit described as "the statue dropping to pieces" when the sounds suddenly ceased. It turned out that such experiments on the reciprocal influence

of our activities of sight and hearing[1] had in me an unusually favourable subject, sufficient to compensate for my deficiencies in the respiratory and muscular reactions which Kit observed in herself. For although imperfectly endowed (I have no memory for chords) and trained for music, perhaps indeed for that very reason, I am very frequently haunted by melodies which play themselves silently in my mind, over and over again, quite unintentionally and sometimes automatically. These silent rehearsals of mine, especially frequent when moving about, enabled me to add to Kit's observations about the file and the statue the further information that, although the mere rhythmic repetition of a simple note—or two at most—was always stimulating to visual attention and therefore favourable to looking at any work of art as such, the case was very different when the act of looking was accompanied by a melodic phrase either actually heard or merely what we call—perhaps erroneously—remembered. Such a melodic phrase, consisting of more or less numerous notes, of longs and shorts, and of strong and weak beats coinciding with wider or closer spans, with intervals ascending or descending, turned out to disturb, more often than it corroborated, the act of looking at a work of art. The two shapes, the visible and the audible, were as often as not at cross purposes; and we soon discovered that you might as well expect every set of words to fit on to every set of notes, or yourself to move or dance with equal facility to any measure, as fit together the thorough and enjoyable seeing of every picture and statue with the hearing or inner rehearsing of every musical phrase.

[1] I find in an article by M. Villey in *Revue Philosophique*, Jan., 1923, that the perception of obstacles by the blind is nearly always *improved by slight noise*, though impeded by violent noise. I believe this relation between two kinds of sense stimulation when simultaneous is universally recognised.

Years of subsequent experiment on myself and other persons subject to melodic obsession have persuaded me of the truth of this generalization, where neither visual nor musical interest is all absorbing. And as Kit, although by no means, like myself, unintentionally playing tunes in her head, discovered that when she evoked musical phrases some of them seemed to enhance and others to inhibit (apart from all suggestions of subject or words) the æsthetic perception of visible shapes, the business of the *statue and the file* led to new experiments and to further corroboration of Kit's notions. They all pointed to the fact that visible forms set up in the thoroughly absorbed—that is, æsthetically, not scientifically or practically interested —beholder complex mental activities of the same kind as those by which we, as it is usually expressed, *follow a piece of music;* whence the power which visible shapes share with musical ones of altering, unifying as well as vivifying our moods. Or, to put a difficult set of facts in more adequate language, that, although the stone or pigment constituting the materiality of a statue or picture coexist in space, the act of perceiving that statue's or picture's shape, the shape itself, thus grasped and reconstructed by the analytic and synthetic activity of the beholder, may be said to exist, to an only lesser degree than does a piece of music, in TIME. Because our mental operations, our perceptions, our emotions, our life, are in time as well as in space.

And so in Rome that spring of 1894, and the following months in Florence and London and Paris—in fact, wherever Kit and I were looking at works of art—we went on secretly " sampling " statues and pictures with " tunes." " Humming in the galleries," as a musicianly friend afterwards described (and derided) the experiments which I carried on and published much later on my own account. Indeed, Kit and I often laughed thinking what lunatics we should have seemed to the

other visitors to museums, could they have guessed what we were doing ; and had not our " humming of tunes " taken place in the silence of that most secret of all places : the individual consciousness, where, after all, not only music has to exist if it is to exist for us at all, but likewise statues and pictures and natural scenery, unless they are to remain merely so many material objects, or rather so many groupings of mechanical and chemical forces, without value or significance save to the mind which perceives them.

VIII

Reading over the first draft of this story of Kit Anstruther-Thomson's and my work together, I am overcome by the intolerable unlikeness of this colourless stringing together of biographical and technical items, to the facts themselves as they exist in my memory. And must have existed in hers. For round all her doings and sayings, during those years, there exists a background of places and things out of which her personality emerges as do the figures from the emerald-green parkland, the hyacinth-blue hills of some Giorgionesque picture, one of those about which she never tired of pointing out that, by a supreme law of great art, everything seemed connected and consubstantial, made of a stuff finer than that of reality, and braced together with more than reality's significance and value. Certain it is that, no more than is the case with pictures like those, can I detach Kit's figure during those years from the noble visible shapes surrounding her in my thoughts; and which in my thoughts do indeed also emanate from her and complete her words and attitudes, probably because they were first seen by me through her eyes and invested with her vivid and harmonious activity.

Let me therefore interrupt this dry little narrative with quotations from the notes I kept at the time; and, failing such, with the scraps of outline, and the *dabs of colour*, as Kit would have called them, which I find in my memory. Such quotations are never, in the literal sense, personal: Kit's name is oftenest hidden, taken for granted, in a mere "we." Indeed,

even that "we" may sometimes be lacking, and the only explicit reference between this or that work of art. But to those who knew Kit at that time, and especially to myself, these impersonal notes of places and objects evoke HER; and they surround her, once more, however imperfectly, with the prestige of the genius and beauty and of the unfading youth which were hers.

At the same time I should be glad to dispel any notion of our having gone about, of HER ever going about, bent solely upon psychological experiments, and merely exchanging definitions of art and its functions —in short, of our having closed our hearts to the very joys we were trying to analyze and explain. Nothing could be less unlike what was happening. It was the essence of Kit's discoveries in psychological æsthetics that they arose far less from scientific curiosity than from her own experience and from that almost religious desire to initiate others. So that, however much Kit came at last to anatomize her own æsthetic reactions, to "tap her consciousness," as she said in William James' words, it all grew out of her own life. Moreover, out of a life which was not spent among books and atlases and plates, nor even in museums armed with inch-measure and photographs for comparison, but wandering among whatever works of art happened to be within reach, and among Nature's forms (I have mentioned her interest in waves and running waters), around, letting herself be led hither and thither by her eyes, never shutting those eyes to anything beautiful however irrelevant, because, from the very nature of her interest, nothing beautiful could be irrelevant. Indeed, everything which had beauty attracted her interest, even when, as she said about music and poetry, she was a mere outsider and ignoramus about it. Thus, little though she judged herself to know about literary style, and professing surprise sometimes at mention of parts of speech; and nothing

as she had ever learned about the theory and practice of music, she was continually making remarks about both subjects which showed the same sensitiveness and insight as her studies of the arts appealing to the eye and whose every detail, practical and theoretic, she had elaborately mastered. The same held good about human beings: their aspect, gait and expression attracted her attention and fired her imagination, just as their private history, in which she never showed any interest, might have done a novelist's. So that I came to think of her not as busy (though she often was) with practical or social relations with her fellow-creatures, but rather as contemplating the appearance and manner of this or that one of them who would recur in talk, as, for instance, the friend "who was like a Faun," or "that lady who made one think of a bitter almond." Thus one of my most vivid recollections of Kit is of an evening in Holy Week, when the fashionable Church music had turned the columned nave of St. John Lateran into a sanctified Kursaal. And in that intense impression of Kit's presence it is not *her* person which fills my mind's eye, but that of a certain beautiful Roman princess advancing through the dispersing crowd, *incessu patet dea*, upon whom Kit was intent.

Her æsthetic sensibilities were essentially *integrative*, INCLUSIVE. I have to use these pedantic words for lack of others expressing what I allude to. And it is this integrating tendency, this INCLUSIVENESS, which explains the curious, perhaps excessive, symbolical imagination in some of her later writings, notably the little essays on the *Venus dei Medici* and the *Centaurs*, with their amazing defiance of archæological authority. It was one of the great charms, and also of the pitfalls, of this very peculiar kind of imagination, that I do not think she quite recognized it for what it was, its spontaneity and vividness making it, I suspect, merge in

her perception and pass muster for recognized fact. It is, anyhow, so characteristic that I will attempt to analyze it. Take, for instance, her description of that certain lady as like a BITTER ALMOND. The epithet was so pat that many people would, by its sole aid, have singled out the bearer thereof in a room-full. Asking myself how it arose, I seem to see that it must have been from the coincidence in that lady of rather Byzantine eyes and a bitter but gentle expression ; the two impressions being derived from quite separate items (for the eyes were gentle and the mouth was bitter), but mediated, so to speak, by the word " bitter almond," which became equivalent to the whole. The verbal imagery was not irrelevant or intrusive, as it is in so much literary descriptions of works of art ; it noted a symbolic convergence or equivalence, a bringing to their highest power of two distinct kinds of impression, much as may happen with the words and the music in some song of Schubert or Schumann where it becomes impossible to disentangle their respective effects. I have, moreover, insisted on this point, because it illustrates my experience (and I think also Kit's) that the emotion produced by intense æsthetic perception, whether through the eye or the ear, so far from excluding, often awakens associations of different origin, enclosing their poetical total within the magic circle of congruous feelings.

The following essays and fragments contain a good many examples of this particular imaginative enriching of one æsthetic impression by other ones, of this never irrelevant, because always integrative and co-ordinating, play of poetic suggestion. But I will copy a couple of her sayings from my notebooks, showing as they do that she not only saw what was in front of her, but enriched it, haloed it round, with the remembrance of things previously seen. Thus : " Kit is right in pointing out that the Capitoline Venus, thanks to the

beautiful transitions of her planes, seems to have that diffused, blond evening light which charms us in the sacristy of San Lorenzo." And again : " About a lump of orange alabaster, Kit says : it is like clear sea-water waved over by brown sea-weed such as must grow over the (sunken) gold-ships." Copying out which two memoranda I have the, perhaps illusory, feeling of having put behind Kit's ideas a little of that background I had hitherto lacked in this narrative of how those ideas were come by.

And they came FROM that background. However rigorous the analysis both of works of art and of her response to them, it did not take place in a life bare and blank, like a laboratory ! The notes which we both of us took, especially during those yearly stays with the Pasolinis and Spallettis in Rome, are full of delightful irrelevancies. As is shown by that remark about the alabaster and the treasure ships, much of our time was wasted under the spell of the mere marbles in the Vatican ; not marbles carved into antique statues which, together with pictures, it had become Kit's " business in life " to look at and understand and explain : just blocks of precious material, at most shaped into dull modern columns and urns, but which, in their mysterious veinings, seemed to show drifts of woodland leaves and mosses, or deep black nights, burst through by the golden filaments of blazing meteors.

Neither were our thoughts and ourselves shut up in galleries and churches. How keenly I remember Kit's presence when I read in my notes of the rehearsal of a children's ballet in the fortress-like palace of the Orsinis at Monte Giordano. Or in reading about that meet of the hounds at Ponte Nomentano with our various acquaintances riding or driving, one of them even, the always incomparably characteristic Flora, losing both shoes in a ditch and careering along in delicately stockinged feet, pursuing with us up hill and

down dale, over the wintry grass, against the background of pale blue Roman mountains, each with its little shining white town; and then, after we had crawled under the palings, reaching the dust-clouded road, with, at its bend, of course a derelict monumental gate and two dusty cypresses. . . .

I have often noticed when enjoying great art or great poetry—it is probable that Kit first drew my attention to the fact—that the greatest works seem to integrate into themselves, that is to say, into the emotion or mood of those who made them, impressions from sides of life which could not enter directly into the picture or the poem, short of its becoming a book-illustration or an inventory, but which have nevertheless enhanced and transfigured the things the painter could adequately show or the poet describe. An example of this, pointed out in the following essay on the Medici Tombs, is that of Michelangelo, rejecting all landscape as such, but taking up in his austerely isolated figures the lines and masses of mountain ranges, the dark, wide sheen of moonlight on lakes, and even the sudden emergence of the full-grown sun from over the shoulder of a hill, shivering its radiance on the crest-line, then filling with whiteness the valley-troughs and blotting all their details. In somewhat the same way I cannot but think that everything which Kit Anstruther-Thomson saw during those years of self-apprenticeship, and a great deal of what she felt about matters seemingly disconnected with pictures or statues or architecture, found its way into her ideas on art, connecting art with life and filling it with lucid and generous humanity.

IX

And now I must return from the delightful, often delightfully irrelevant, surroundings of our earlier work together, to the work itself, which became gradually more systematic and arduous on the part of my friend. My own share therein, apart from those experiments on rhythm and pace, that " sampling of tunes " I have spoken of, had become the comparatively easy one of furnishing a psychological framework for Kit Anstruther-Thomson's observations and experiments. At first we did not think of them as having anything to do with psychology ; it is probable that in those distant pre-Freudian days the word *psychology* meant nothing very definite to either of us, especially not to Kit, who went on calling her studies " trying to find out what It " (viz. a work of art) " *is doing*," or, more familiarly still, " what it is all about." While as regards myself, although I had published whole essays on *Æsthetics* (indeed, a critique of Hegel's), it had never yet occurred to me that such high philosophical topics could be dealt with as a part of the science of Mind and Mind's relations with Body.

As soon, however, as by an accident, I forget which, of my desultory readings, such a possibility began to dawn upon me, and with it the true importance of Kit's special inquiries, I put aside all historical, philosophical and " critical " studies of art, and fell to reading every psychological book and periodical which came within reach, regardless whether it contained any references to pictures or statues or anything artistic. Thus, while in galleries and museums Kit was filling

book after book (usually humble account books with ready reckoners and the year's almanack attached) with half-legible pencil jottings, I was wading through mental science, including the physiology of the sense organs, and specialists' treatises like Stumpf's huge volumes on tone-perception, which did not bear directly or indirectly on visual æsthetics, but were inestimably useful in familiarizing me with the methods of psychological experiment and analysis, and in teaching me to think on psychological lines. I made précis and extracts which answered my purpose, although most of my psychological masters were blandly ignorant of all forms of art or indifferent to artistic form. Indeed, when they did not furbish up some antiquated explanation of artistic pleasure, either by *imitation of nature* or *interest in the subject represented*, they would even, like William James himself, dismiss æsthetic enjoyment as a phenomenon which, like sea-sickness, could not be accounted for in the light of Evolution and the Survival of the Fittest. . . .

The result of my readings was, however, that when Kit would come home after a morning in the galleries, saying, with ill-repressed excitement : " Do you know, I think I've found out something, after all " I was often able to tell her that she really had done so, and even the other things which she must set about discovering. I became, moreover, more and more able to fill up gaps in her notions or set her to filling them up ; able to show her the general outline which her separate discoveries united to form. Able also to tell her (as she expressed it) " what it all hitches on to."

This was taking place in the earlier eighteen-nineties. And in those particular years " what it all hitched on to " was inevitably the more or less revolutionary hypothesis put forward simultaneously by William James at Harvard and the physiologist Lange in Denmark : that famous " Lange-James " identification of

emotion with such bodily changes as had hitherto counted as the particular emotion's effect or expression ; a theory summed up in the paradox that a man does not weep because he feels sad, but feels sad because he weeps, and that dogs feel pleased because they are wagging their tail rather than that they wag their tail because they are already pleased.

In the light of these, then brand-new views, what hypothesis could be more legitimate than one asserting that when the contemplation of a picture or statue was accompanied, as Kit had found in her own case, by a sense of freer breathing and more perfect muscular tension and balance, then the delightful, the vivifying and harmonizing emotional effect of that work of art must be due to these improvements in bodily existence, which resulted from, or partially constituted, the act of its being adequately *taken in* by the beholder? *Taken in.* Were not those very words indicative of the part played by the beholder in the process of remaking in his mind the patterns of lines and planes of lights and shades and colours which constitute the work of art?

The Lange-James theory has done much to revolutionize the Psychology of the Emotions, drawing attention to facts and to problems till then unnoticed or taken for granted. But at the present day very few psychologists would accept it for more than a crude and hasty solution of a problem which remains exceedingly complex and obscure ; in short, rather as a suggestion of further queries than as a final answer.

And similarly, thinking over these matters at this distance of time, I am inclined to believe that the theory which Kit Anstruther-Thomson and I published in 1897 in our joint essay, later to be incorporated in the volume of the same name, called *Beauty and Ugliness*, had much the same merits and shortcomings as that " Lange-James " theory by which it had cer-

tainly been helped into existence. And I feel sure that if Kit's views did not do justice to other sides of the problem, this was largely due to circumstances of her life having interrupted her studies, isolated them from collaboration and criticism, and crystallized her theory when we were both of us rather raw psychological students and at a moment of such raw psychological formulation as is displayed in the Lange-James paradox.

Like, no doubt, many other over-hasty discoverers, we believed ourselves to have found one of the Keys to the Universe, a key which would instantly turn in the lock and reveal all the mysteries of art-psychology to every observer ; a key, moreover, which required not the very smallest alteration and improvement by others of the same craft. For when two people work together in complete mutual agreement they are apt to shut out from their view all the rest of the world. Quite natural and proper ; and perhaps we should not have achieved as much as we did had we suspected from the first that our achievement was not final, but required the help of a lot of other people, and more especially their criticism and discouragement.

Our essay ought to have been the starting-point of twenty years', of a lifetime's, continued work along the same lines. Indeed, re-reading our *magnum opus* as it came out in the *Contemporary Review* in 1897, and as I reprinted it without alteration in 1912, I am astonished how much there is in it to build upon, or rather how little to discard ; so that my other essays in the same volume, though representing nearly twenty years of additional work on my own part, merely show how easy it was to obviate the original crudeness of our view, and to use the rival ideas and even the harshest criticisms of other specialists, merely to correct, enrich and develop the notions which Kit Anstruther-Thomson had elaborated from her own direct experiences and with no help or first-hand suggestions except

from her only reader before publication, namely myself.

Such a revision of our ideas would undoubtedly have come about had we continued, as we both of us anticipated, to work on at these subjects and work at them together. Absurd as may have been the importance we attributed to our essay, a very few years would have seen it melted down, rewritten, perhaps more than once, as the subject developed, and altered under the influence of our own studies and of criticism by others.

But things turned out differently. Long before our essay appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for October and November, 1897—indeed, within a month of the completion of our joint manuscript—my friend's health broke down utterly as a result of overwork. And when she had recovered health, disappointment and resentment at the reception of our essay had made all such subjects distasteful to her for the time being.

X

The more and more minute self-observation, which had become one half of Kit's work, and in which she had been steadily employed for over a couple of years, would have been a frightful strain even on a person expressly trained as an *experimental subject* in a latter-day psychological laboratory like that of the late Prof. Külpe. Indeed, I have met with no record of experiments at once so complicated and so long-drawn out. In the case of the Würzburg School just alluded to, such experiments with pictures and statues generally lasted only a few seconds by the stop-watch ; and the nature of each experiment and its conduct were in charge of a presiding psychologist. Whereas Kit Anstruther-Thomson was at once experimenter and experimental subject ; and she went on observing her own mental and bodily responses for uncounted minutes on end. And this was done by a person who had never studied anything seriously except drawing, artistic anatomy and painting and the rudiments of Connoisseurship ; who had therefore no training in mental application except through the eye. And here I ought to say, less in self-excuse than in mere explanation, that, until she handed me her written notes to deal with, I did not guess at the intensity of the mental efforts my friend was making, nor even at the precise nature of the experimentation which she never carried on except when by herself ; and which I made no attempt to imitate, all the observations I afterwards recorded in my diaries being spontaneous and nearly always casual, hence requiring no special output of

attention. I believe and hope to heaven that, when once her memoranda had suggested to me the true nature of her experiments, I warned her not to push them too far. But, however much I may have warned, she was never the person to take heed of warnings. Her temperament was of the all-or-nothing kind, and she never brooked the faintest shadow of interference or admonition to take things easy. Just as in later years, and at an age when most of us are content to sit quiet in an armchair, Kit was to insist on mastering swimming and jiu-jitsu in a few weeks, so also, in 1895 and 1896, she would not hear of slowing off until, as she said, she had *finished that*, or *found out what it was all about.*

And once she had *found that out*, no time must be lost in writing it all out: she may have felt that she was nearing a breakdown, that it was a case of now or not at all. There certainly was no other reason for such haste; for, ever since my mother's death and my brother's departure, it was understood that Kit and I should always live half the year together under what was now my roof, so that we might have taken our time for preparing our ideas for publication. But Kit was determined that the *thing*, as she called our joint essay, must be written in the winter of 1896–7—moreover, ready for press before our usual spring visit to Rome. Accordingly, written it was, but not without warning difficulties. She had a bad cough when we left England for Florence, nevertheless insisted on stopping at Amiens, Reims and Venice, although the weather was atrocious. That memorandum of hers mentions that she required to verify certain points about French and Venetian Gothic. I remember she was evidently making efforts to see and wearing herself out in that hurried attempt. And those days have remained in my mind as bleak and black like the northern cathedral porches swept by icy late October

rains : it was a different world from the one through which we had travelled together in search of old Italian gardens and taking such leisurely delight in the antique hospitality of our Italian friends. . . .

Then, back in my house near Florence, came the task of sifting and sorting our materials, of working Kit's notes into logical sequence and providing them with their psychological setting. And of this difficult collaboration the brunt naturally fell upon the one who had least the habit of literary expression and composition ; upon the one, as also happened, whose health, never really as strong as her will and her muscles, was by now unfit for any such unaccustomed work ; and work, as she insisted on having it, against time.

Looking back at those months of writing our essay together, I fear that my professional habits of avoiding obscurity and of considering the reader, my preoccupation of rendering our new-fangled notions less startling by an array of already accepted psychological facts and theories—I fear that all I did for the benefit of our joint essay may have been done at the expense of my collaborator's already strained nerves.

Moreover, looking back at that winter nearly thirty years ago, I seem dimly to discern what my wholehearted interest in the work perhaps prevented me from guessing. I fear that, in some massive and scarcely conscious manner, Kit may have felt as if her very personal and living impressions were being deadened under what perhaps struck her as philosophical padding. There is in one's own hasty jottings something curiously unique ; and after a lifetime spent in working on my own notes, I still sometimes catch myself feeling as if such manipulation of them came between me and my real self. And much more would this have been the case with Kit, unaccustomed to such inevitable literary proceedings and obliged, through

her own lack of just such habits, to acquiesce even unwillingly in those of her fellow-worker. May she not have missed the something of the moment and the circumstances, the something indescribably her own, when she saw her notes—however little I had forced alterations upon her—solidly built into my blocks of scientific matter?

Alas! I fear our actual collaboration over *Beauty and Ugliness* was needlessly difficult in Kit's already overwrought condition. Indeed, that when she saw that essay, ship-shape and ready for the printer, it may have been the beginning of the disappointment with which its publication was to be followed.

Be this as it may, when the proofs came in the ensuing summer of 1897, she was far too ill to so much as glance at them.

XI

THEN came the disappointment which, except in the case of very successful or very fatuous authors, usually follows immediately on publication: the chilly drop from one's own warm excitement over a cherished piece of work into the indifference of other folk. Never having hitherto been, as the expression goes, *before the public*, Kit Anstruther-Thomson had never learned how little that public is apt to be aware of one's being *before it*. Besides, there was in her nature much of the missionary, if not of the prophet. She had put all her energies and enthusiasm into "finding out all about it," IT being the nature and influence of Art, because she wanted to initiate others into art's beneficent and ennobling activities. And, just as in later life, she occasionally made one smile by her difficulty in realizing that everybody else might not want to learn Japanese wrestling or neo-Greek "tension," so she had not realized that all intelligent, or at least all artistic persons might not be wanting to learn what we had discovered about æsthetics. Hence she must have felt dreadfully let down when, after we had together written out, printed and published our discoveries, even sent copies to the most distinguished psychologists of all countries, nothing came of it. Now, for a long time—as long, unluckily, as Kit's illness and enforced idleness rendered her particularly sensitive to discouragement—nothing did come of it. At all events, nothing in the least desirable. I never asked Kit any questions on this subject; but I am much mistaken if she did not become gradually aware of the

sceptical and rather outraged amusement set up by our essay in certain of our artistic friends, to whom, as is natural with artists, any talk of art having *whys* and *wherefores* connected with science and 'ologies seemed the rather sacrilegious chatter of a lunatic. To me, at any rate, this attitude was made quite plain : did not one of my oldest and most admired friends overcome shyness so far as to give me a deliberate warning against the new-fangled nonsense I had been joining in ? This having happened to myself, it seems unlikely that Kit's own friends, accustomed to think of her as a splendid horsewoman, a most entertaining talker and an admirable hostess, should have refrained from manifesting their disapproval in the manner, perhaps less solemn, which was natural to them.

All of this would have been easily got over. But our joint publication was instantly followed by one of those little incidents by no means infrequent among intellectual workers, namely, a charge of plagiarism. I have often thought in later years that what we treated, and perhaps made into, such may have been originally meant merely as a half humorous, half ill-humoured *boutade* on the part of the rather inexperienced young writer from whom it came ; and that, whether or not seriously intended, it was not to be seriously taken. Coming in the middle of my friend's very grave illness, it failed to be amusing in my eyes ; and in hers it took the dimensions and colour of tragedy. Miss Anstruther-Thomson had had no occasion to learn that such charges are bandied about from side to side in the daily intercourse of irritable persons of genius. To her rather military notions of honour, PLAGIARISM, if she had ever heard of it, was akin to cheating at cards, the kind of offence for which men are expelled from clubs, to wander outlawed ever after. . . . You could not let such an accusation drop. Chapter and verse must be demanded ; and when such allegations were tardily

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON.
From a sketch in oils by Gordigiani, 1896,
in the possession of Vernon Lee.

produced, they had to be refuted and confuted by endless quotations, references to notes and diaries, elaborate legal disproof over which my poor ill friend, still quite unfit for the easiest reading and writing, pored for weeks, disproving accusations which took shape only when insisted on, and which at last melted into the nothingness out of which our own insistence had helped to evoke them.

Of the charge of plagiarism nothing indeed remained. But there remained in my friend's mind a long-enduring aversion for the intellectual circles where such accusations could arise, and even a distaste for the interests in life where one might be subjected to such attacks.

Such, for many months, was the only notice taken of our essay, in which we had believed as one of the keys to the Universe. Then, in the course of a year or more, it became apparent that *Beauty and Ugliness* had not, after all, been overlooked. It received high praise from the *doyen* of French psychologists, M. Th. Ribot, who henceforth opened his review to whatever I wrote on similar subjects. And it began to be quoted and even acrimoniously refuted. As far as myself was concerned, all this was extraordinarily encouraging: that others should have come quite independently by ideas sufficiently like our own for them to elicit either generous notice like that of Karl Groos, or acid fault-findings like those of Prof. Lipps; let alone that Münsterberg of Harvard, should publish a theory of æsthetics which read almost like *Beauty and Ugliness* translated into physiological language—all this, besides, meaning that Kit and I had been neither cranks nor amateurs, implied, moreover, that it must become, to quote Kit's former words, our *business in life*, to continue studying all these problems in the light of other peoples' sometimes superior, even if sometimes less original, knowledge. It meant that we were part of

a mutually, perhaps unconsciously, collaborating band of enquirers; and it had the result of my henceforth devoting myself to experimental, or rather empirical, æsthetics in all its various branches. But I was quite unable to awaken in Kit Anstruther-Thomson the very faintest interest in these corroborations or criticisms of our ideas. And this continued to be the case even when her interest began to revive in works of art and their *whys* and *wherefores*.

XII

After a couple of years, during which she was absorbed in sailing-boats and such-like outdoor things, and her stays in Italy spent building a wonderful puppet show for the benefit of the neighbouring little peasants and staging elaborate fairy plays (including amazing transformations!) with some of our young Florentine friends, Kit's thoughts and eyes returned to works of art and their *whys* and *wherefores*. The long essays on Michelangelo and Desiderio, which we concocted out of her notes written in 1902 or 1903, show how much she had added to her experience and her theories since the publication of *Beauty and Ugliness* five or six years before. And most of the shorter essays, the lectures and fragments contained in the present volume, embody work done after she had recovered from that long spell of illness and discouragement. Work which was, however, quite unmethodical and often due to accidental and, one might add, random suggestions. Thus her splendid discovery of the interplay of figure and ornament in Greek fifth-century pottery would probably never have been made unless her attention had stumbled on to the hitherto neglected vase-rooms of the British Museum in the course of some casual visit with one or other of those more inquisitive acquaintances possessed by the feminine hankering after being "shown" or "told about" things, which often, I fear, passed muster as a desire for initiation. So also it is certain that Kit would never have given a thought to the Ægina marbles except for the accident of accompanying a friend to Munich for quite other motives.

And had it not been for the enthusiastic interest awakened in that fellow-traveller and her very deliberate intention of making Kit resume her former work, we should never have got the extraordinarily intimate studies of Greek heads. For these arose while " playing with modelling wax " and plaster casts in a little studio which Lady Owen-Mackenzie—I mention her name very gratefully—had rigged up in Chelsea, because she knew that in London Kit had no convenience such as, of course, she had when with me, for making any such experiments.

But, as already remarked, these later studies were, though fruitful, hopelessly intermittent, random and often desultory. Since during the years of her illness and her temporary distaste for the occupations connected with it, Kit Anstruther-Thomson had developed other interests and ties—she was, it must be remembered, a born nurse, a born organizer and hostess—and these left her little leisure for her old pursuits. And less and less opportunity of steady work in my company. For she had got to live most of the year in London and in the Highlands ; and instead of the whole winters and springs formerly spent in Italy she was able to make only shorter and shorter, though regularly repeated, stays in my house. These visits, for such they had become, were taken up largely in examining the notebooks she left (perhaps despairing of leisure elsewhere) from year to year in the chest of drawers of what remained, to the end of her life, her especial sitting-room with her books and plaster casts and photographs, in my house. Also in extracting from these notebooks the material for the various little informal lectures to friends and to clubs for which she barely snatched the time in her busy and heterogeneous London life. One spring, indeed, we were able together to put into shape her notes on Michelangelo, which I got published in the *Architectural Review* in

1904; and to do the same by her study of Desiderio, which was, however, never printed. Moreover, I got her to accept a scheme for linking up all her unpublished notes and constituting the volume, of which I have already spoken, which should have traced the essential elements of all visual art, from their simplest embodiment in surface pattern and lettering, on through antique vases, church vessels and architectural ornaments, to painting and sculpture, of which latter Michelangelo's Medici Tombs might be regarded as a blend. I shall give the final version of this programme, so that the reader may judge what Kit might have given if her constantly new and often scattered occupations and the hurry of her London life had allowed the necessary leisure and concentration.

But of these there came to be less and less. She seemed now almost unable to resist the attraction of any new idea, however little it had to do with those which were especially her own or however badly it fitted in with them. Neither could she resist the call of any cause which aroused her sympathy and laid hold on her activities. Thus, quite outside all artistic subjects on which she spoke, she got into the habit of lecturing and debating and organizing propaganda wherever she thought that propaganda was needed.

Among this sort of work the one which I regretted the least was that which she did for the ideas of Norman Angell, to which she was attracted both by her unprejudiced knowledge of several nations and by the interest she had always taken in economical and social questions. Indeed, this particular propaganda led to our working once more in deep and complete understanding, though about matters far removed from Art and the Beautiful. Kit's work for Norman Angell had made her see the danger of war, or rather foresee the dangers to civilization which a war would bring (and has brought). It was, however, mainly due

to her temperament that when war did arrive she was entirely immune from the various spiritual ailments summed up as "War Fever." Neither did the appalling realities and frightful myths of war-time ever transform her level-headed, clear-seeing pacifism into that final delusion of the "War to end Wars" which did so much to retard peace. It was similarly characteristic of her inherent mode of feeling and thinking that; during those years, she gave her unstinted energy and her perhaps already failing strength only to helping War's victims by her work in the Belgian Food Distribution; and to the training, through the Girl Guide movement, of the new generation of girls to habits incompatible with warfare. And it will always be a dear and significant remembrance to me that, after we had long ceased to work together about other things, Kit's and my last act of collaboration, perhaps the consummation of our original perfect understanding in all the fundamental matters of life, was when somewhere in 1915 or 1916 Kit took the chair at a humble U.D.C. meeting in Chelsea, where I read the symbolical fantasia which afterwards grew into my *Satan the Waster*.

Thus Kit's studies and writings about art were finally interrupted by the War and by the work it brought to her. That, in its turn, was interrupted, suddenly, by a terrible operation, from which she recovered indeed sufficiently to resume her far too unceasing activities, but as a woman already doomed. To what extent, or whether at all, she was aware of that doom, I do not know and dare not ask myself. But on my settling once more in Italy when the War was over, and my imploring her to take a holiday in my house, she answered that she could no longer face so long a journey. That was in the winter of 1920, a year during which I did not return to England, and therefore never saw her. In May, 1921, a second operation became

inevitable, and from it she never rallied. Kit Anstruther-Thomson died on July 8th of the same year.

I came over from Italy in time to see her three times. She was still extremely beautiful and looked extraordinarily young. During two of my visits she had, to a degree which was heartrending, that charm and buoyancy of manner, what she would have called "with all sail to the wind," which, even at that moment, made her an incomparable hostess. She spoke about our various friends in Italy; also of certain latter-day painters, and with the vividness and originality of her best writings. But of the things we both had in our hearts we neither spoke a word. It was all serene and beautiful, but with the beauty and serenity of art.

I confess that at the moment of her death I hoped that her ashes might be mingled with the earth of those Fifeshire beech-groves and hornbeam hedges where I had first got to know her, and within sound of the Forth, for whose sake the noise of any sea was so dear to her. But I have come to recognize that my friend, who had so fine a sense of ceremonial where others came into play, and who never so much as returned me a stamp or a sixpence without adding a flower or a green leaf to it, would have hated anything out of the common, any "fussing" where herself was concerned. And that it is more consonant with her whole personality that she should have no last whereabouts save in the minds of those who have known her.

. . . . .

Thus did the circumstances of her life and the accident, for such it seemed, of her premature death condemn the work of Kit Anstruther-Thomson to remain that of an amateur, although an amateur of genius.

Perhaps this was a gain as well as a loss. Perhaps in this world of pedantic specialization and professional

cavilling there is need for the untrammelled thought and imagination—yes, even for the irresponsibility—of the Amateur. For, after all, is not the Amateur the one who, if sometimes breaking off where he is bored, works on only because he loves? Perhaps the following fragments of Kit Anstruther-Thomson's have got a freer, finer, more attractive quality than have the parts she contributed to our joint essay, indeed than anything we might have turned out together. Perhaps in their desultory elusiveness, in their something challenging and baffling, they are more herself and only the more valuable. I am half inclined to think so.

Be this as it may, they are certainly very different from what she might otherwise have given. And, after a good deal of hesitation about penetrating so far into my friend's personal history, I have felt the necessity of explaining how it came about that a piece of work as complete even in its mistakes, as consistently and solidly carried out as Kit Anstruther-Thomson's portions of *Beauty and Ugliness* should, in the twenty-five years of her life, have been followed by writings mostly fragmentary and sometimes erratic and improvized, like these which, with mingled admiration and sadness, I am at present publishing.

XIII

In the course of this narrative of how Kit and I worked together I have tried to bring in remarks such as might suggest the nature of the philosophy of art which she had drawn from her own experience, and into which she wanted to initiate others for their thorough enjoyment of beautiful things. I am using the word PHILOSOPHY, but in its vague, old-fashioned sense, because I do not know what else to call a system of observations and theories which had for her much more than a merely scientific interest ; and implied an attitude not towards art only, but towards life. This " philosophy of art " was, however, entirely devoid of any such metaphysical doctrines as constitute if not the basis, at least the framework of all systematic æsthetics. After a few attempts she entirely refused to read or hear anything of that kind ; and she had a shockingly disrespectful way of alluding to their subject-matter as *Le Bô* (the books she had dipped into happened to be mostly French), which was a very different thing from what *she* meant by " beautiful." On the other hand, if her own attitude towards Beauty might almost be called religious, this was only because she recognized in Beauty something transcending ordinary life just because it was life's most sovereign, and in a manner life's most essential, product. Moreover, Art and Poetry should be approached with clean hands and reverent eyes because of their powers for the soul's purification and renovation after the day's wear and tear and its soiling contacts ; but these sacred powers were natural, human and explicable : unlike most

other mysteries, these beneficent rites of poetry and art lost none of their wonder and holiness by becoming intelligible.[1] Indeed, Kit's whole idea of initiation into perfect communion with beautiful things was to explain WHY, or at least HOW, we come to "feel" them to be "beautiful." Moreover—and in this Kit's purely secular and extremely modern views exactly reversed those of her adored Ruskin—to explain that, in whatever "natural" objects we might find it, this quality of being "beautiful" was always dependent on man's activities; its recognition and enjoyment requiring an act of minor creation inferior only to the creation by the artist; and a creation employing as its material and, whether dealt with by the artist or the beholder; also its implements the most impersonal and abstract, and in so far the purest, of our heart's desires.

That these hitherto mysterious relations between the work of art and its beholder should have been made intelligible through so unlikely a person as Kit Anstruther-Thomson, rather than through so many critics and philosophers, was due to her peculiar temperament and experience, her curious mixture of extreme objectiveness with most unusual powers of introspection. It was also due to her studies having been entirely connected with visible shapes and entirely unbiassed by literary and metaphysical verbalisms or, I am tempted to say, verbiage.

For years she had puzzled over what made the difference between works of art which she and others felt to be first-rate and works of art similarly recognized for mediocre or worse. But while applying her extra-

[1] In some memoranda for a debate: "Is Science the enemy of Art?" I find her saying: "To my mind Science, far from being the enemy of Art, is the only way to hand Art on, to make it a tradition." A characteristic, if rather erroneous view, to which, even more characteristically, and certainly quite correctly, she adds, "it is *apathy* which is really the enemy of Art."

ordinarily delicate and very highly trained eye to the comparison of their combinations of lines and masses, their visible form, she had found herself beset by a further question : What was meant, what different happenings were summed up, by that everyday mode of speech " felt to be " more or less beautiful and excellent ? And with this second problem there had come, however vaguely, its answer : the difference of æsthetic excellence thus attributed to different works of art could only mean that there must be a difference in the effect, in the reactions, which works of art set up in *us*. So her observations and reflexions led to the conclusion that every different combination of lines and curves, angles and masses (colour is a simpler and more physiological problem) called forth in herself a different set, or rather system, of acts of perception, attended by different imaginative and emotional effects. In short, the power of the work of art was commensurate with the amount, the intensity and the emotional tone of the activities implied in its appreciation, or rather in its enjoyment : the work of art calls forth an active collaboration on the part of its beholder ; and hence its power to please or displease, to enchant or to bore us.

This idea, which is the living core of Kit's philosophy of art, seems to be implicit in much modern poetry, from Goethe to Browning and Whitman ; in fact, almost whenever the poet transcends personal and dramatic subjects and approaches what has been called COSMIC EMOTION. For instance, in his invocation to the *West Wind :*

" *Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is . . .*
Be thou, spirit fierce
MY *spirit, be thou* ME, *impetuous one,*"

Shelley seems to guess that the West Wind requires no bidding " Be thou MY spirit, be thou ME," because the West Wind he is addressing already really IS a part of

himself. And whether or not he understood it, he makes us understand that were it not for that living lyre, the poet's soul string, as it is, with human memories and desires, the West Wind would not be a spirit at all, but only an inanimate atmospheric commotion registered in a weather-chart.

In Wordsworth the same idea repeatedly comes to expression, though usually obscured by deistic references. If we strip these away and recognize that the Deity invoked officially in the passage beginning "Spirit and Wisdom of the Universe" cannot, inasmuch as creator of ALL Realities, be circumscribed to giving "to *forms and images* a breath and everlasting motion," we shall realize that at the bottom of Wordsworth's mind the "Eternity of Thought" to whom he ascribes this very limited act of creation must be the "spirit and wisdom" merely of Man. Similarly, getting at whatever is coherent in Wordsworth's idea, it seems that what he calls "*a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thoughts and rolls through all things*" really and literally exists "in the mind of Man." To admit this would indeed have seemed a shocking theological heresy to Wordsworth, who would have shrunk from endorsing Goethe's dictum that "Man said: Let us make God in our image." But his deep, poetical experience kept cropping out in unsuspecting anthropomorphism, as when he wrote quite guilelessly:

> "*I had a world about me*, 'twas my own:
> I made it, for it only lived to me."

Indeed, it is from Wordsworth I shall take my chief illustration of the process by which the "eternity of thought," as existing in man, sets about giving to mere "*forms and images a breath and everlasting motion.*" "Breath and everlasting motion"; it is more than a coincidence that just these two items should meet us

so often in Kit Anstruther-Thomson's æsthetical experiments ; or rather that Wordsworth should have hit upon just them ; since their meeting and interplay may be said to constitute the central mystery behind all art and all such thought as partakes of the nature of poetry.

In the meanwhile a poet only just less than Wordsworth, and a more modern and practised thinker than he, had already (perhaps writing under Wordsworth's roof and with the same inkstand !) reduced to a perfectly rational formula Wordsworth's confused metaphysics ; and expanded into a great psychological generalization Wordsworth's detached and baseless *obiter dictum*, his " *I made it, for it only lived to me.*" The passage in Coleridge's *Ode in Dejection* is so important for Kit's and my ideas, that I have quoted it in our joint volume, and shall now quote it even more at length. Coleridge begins by describing what he calls *Dejection*, which more prosaic persons would call *Depression :*

" *A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,*
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word or sigh or tear.
O Lady ! in this wan and heartless mood
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow-green.
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !
And those thin clouds above in flakes and bars
That give away their motion to the stars :
Those stars that glide behind them or between
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;
Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are ! "

Here, by the way, Coleridge draws attention to one of the facts underlying all æsthetic phenomena, and which I have tested by years of almost daily observation on myself—the fact that there are states of æsthetic receptivity and states which, borrowing a word from religious mystics, I have designated as *æsthetic aridity*, when we are aware that we ought to enjoy the things we are looking at, when we "see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

Repeating this observation in other words, Coleridge explains why this is the case :

> "*It were a vain endeavour*
> *Though I should gaze for ever*
> *On that green light that lingers in the West,*
> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

And he then sums it up, with splendid variations on the following theme :

> "O Lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live ;
> *Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud,*
> *And would we aught behold of higher worth*
> *Than that inanimate cold earth allowed*
> *To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,*
> *Ah from the soul itself must issue forth*
> *A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud*
> *Enveloping the earth.*
> *And from the soul itself must there be sent*
> *A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,*
> *Of all sweet sounds the life and element.*"

That last verse brings us back to Shelley's cry to the West Wind : "Be thou me, *impetuous one*."

while in the previous lines he had brought us back, but with how much added clearness, to Wordsworth's :

> "*I had a world about me, 'twas my own,*
> *I made it, for it only lived to me.*"

The testimony of our three poets comes to this: that, as Coleridge puts it:

> "*We receive but what we* give,
> *And in our life alone does nature live.*"

But what Wordsworth and Coleridge, and even Shelley, hampered by eighteenth-century contempt for what the first of these called "the mean and vulgar works of man," applied solely to scenery and atmospheric effects (which was what they meant by "Nature") the psychological æsthetics of our day apply to all visible forms equally, whether accidentally produced by "natural," that is to say, material, processes, or the deliberate work of man, by him created to satisfy his heart's desire. To paraphrase Wordsworth: *Man made it;* Man the specially gifted and trained craftsman who models the clay, carves the stone, covers the wall or canvas, or the humblest pottery or woven fabric, with lines and colours. But Man must also remake it in the act of appreciation, else it will not "*live for him.*"

XIV

When I said just now that Coleridge's—

> "*We receive but what we give,*
> *And in our life alone does nature live.*"

sums up the fundamental principles of modern psychological æsthetics, I was not referring solely to those which resulted from Kit Anstruther-Thomson's analysis of works of art and of her reactions to them, as set forth, crudely enough, in our joint essay *Beauty and Ugliness*. Far from that. Since, after we had thus published our views, indeed partly through the criticism they called forth, I became aware that such ideas about art were, as the French put it, "in the air"; which means that other ideas had ripened to the point of giving birth to them. Something answering to Coleridge's lines and those of Wordsworth had been adumbrated by German writers on art, as well as philosophers, more especially by Th. Vischer and Lotze, for a good half century. And something not at all "in the air," but in a volume of 400 odd close-printed pages, something not an adumbration, but a most elaborate system of propositions and examples, had been published, the very same year as our little *Beauty and Ugliness*, by one of the most notable German philosophical psychologists, the late Professor Theodor Lipps. His book is called *Spatial Æsthetics and Geometrico-optical Illusions*, the second half of the title referring to his explanation of the mental processes underlying æsthetic preference by the existence of such a well-known phenomenon as our erroneous

estimate of the length of lines and the span of angles whenever something in their direction and their incidence suggests the notion of pace, impact, effort and intention—in other words, of such varying outputs of energy as we feel in our own actions and strivings. Such an unintended, indeed unconscious, attribution of our own modes of activity to visible forms is the prosaic psychological translation of what Coleridge called "the passion and the life whose fountains are within." And even before it was at all scientifically studied, German philosophers had called this phenomenon *Einfühlung*, "feeling *into*," to match with "Mitgefühl," i.e. "feeling with," which is German for *sympathy;* a rather misleading verbal analogy which Professor Titchenen has perpetuated by translating *Einfühlung* as *Empathy*. And here I must open a parenthesis to say that, although keenly persuaded that neither the German *Einfühlung* or the Græco-American *Empathy* is a correct description of what really happens, I have deemed it wiser to accept this already adopted expression as a mere technical convention; so that, ever since my acquaintance with Lipps' works on the subject, I have always spoken of Coleridge's psychological phenomenon as "æsthetic *Einfühlung*" or "æsthetic *Empathy*."

To what extent the late Prof. Lipps agreed and especially disagreed with the views expressed in Kit's and my *Contemporary Review* article, to what extent I came to agree (for Kit took little or no interest in these discussions) while disagreeing, with Lipps and other writers, particularly with our generous critic Karl Groos, is set forth with exhaustive—perhaps exhausting—details in the big volume in which I reprinted *Beauty and Ugliness* (using that title for it) some fifteen years after the first publication in October and November, 1897. All that is neither here nor there. I mean that it is THERE in the other book, but

need not be HERE, since my present object is to outline the ideas which Kit had originally come by, and had to some extent modified under the influence of my further studies, ideas which form the groundwork of the posthumous writings I am at present publishing. Indeed, this introduction must be taken as replacing the connecting links which I should have furnished had she worked these fragmentary writings into a system of visual æsthetics, exemplified in concrete works of art and graduated from simple to complex so as to initiate her readers into "what the work of art is doing."

I have already related how a series of unfavourable circumstances came between this project and its fulfilment. And these adverse circumstances, ill health and disappointment, and afterwards new, ever new, interests and ties, while they restricted our life together and thereby our habitual collaboration, also prevented Kit from completely mastering the modifications, the amplifications, which her ideas had undergone in my mind and in my own writings during the interval. But that also, and to what extent she took an interest in my further prosecution of our studies, is *neither here nor there*. I do not know whether Kit ever completely grasped the psychology of that *Empathy* which she had helped to discover. Nor whether she even admitted unreservedly that the bodily reactions, sensations of altered breathing and balance and muscular adjustments, to which she owed her first ideas on the subject, were not inevitably present in every one who really took stock of the shapes and colours of works of art and felt their emotional effects. The fact that so eminent a psychologist as Karl Groos should still insist on the superior æsthetic sensitiveness of persons belonging to the MOTOR type—i.e. persons who, like himself as well as Kit Anstruther-Thomson, are aware of bodily accompaniments of this visual perception—shows how

difficult it is to believe that other people have not the same experience from which oneself has make generalizations. So I think it probable that Kit would have insisted that if myself and other artistically sensitive persons knew nothing about changes in breathing, balance and muscular adjustment such as had led to her theories, this must be accounted for by such bodily sensations remaining for them in some unconscious or subconscious region. Whether or not this is the case only the physiological psychology of a perhaps distant future will be competent to decide. All that I want to come to is that Kit has not spoken very much about such bodily symptoms in the writings I am now publishing, or at least done so much more than incidentally. This has the advantage of removing from the present volume the highly contentious element which undoubtedly set some of our critics—for instance, Lipps—against the original essay. What is even more advantageous is that this comparative omission leaves the whole basis of our æsthetics well within the experience and the understanding of every one with any habit of æsthetic preferences at all. For what I have called *Coleridge's æsthetic principle*, viz.

> "*I may not hope from outward forms to win*
> *The passion and the life whose fountains are within;*
> *. . . We receive but what we give*
> *And in our life alone does nature live.*"

is such that, the clue being thus given, anyone can in his own daily life follow right to the innermost fold of art's baffling HOW and WHY.

And here let me once more be led by a poet, because poets are privileged to utter more than they can always quite explain, bringing up from the mind's unplumbed depths tokens of the nature of the world we carry within us. Thus in that same *Tintern Abbey* which I have already quoted as showing how Wordsworth

interprets his own "*sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused*" as a pantheistic entity, as a "*presence*" dwelling outside himself "*in the light of setting suns*"—in that same great poem there occurs a half-line revealing a suspicion that the "*motion and* [*a*] *spirit that impels all thinking things*" are part and parcel of these same *thinking things*, viz. ourselves, are THEIR motion and THEIR spirit. For Wordsworth goes out of his way to tell us that: "Therefore I am still . . . a lover of . . . all the mighty world of eye and ear—*both what they half create*, and what perceive."

And how such "half creating" takes place is magnificently described in the famous *Boat* episode in the *Prelude*:

"*Lustily*
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan.
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and high
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. *I struck and struck again*
And growing still in stature, the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing
Strode after me. *With trembling oars I turned, etc.*"

This is an example of the simplest kind of Empathy, akin to the so-called "optical illusion" which Coleridge describes as "the clouds in flakes and bars that give away their motion to the stars"; a mental process by which we attribute a movement not to the really moving object, but to the object which most attracts our interest. A step further in the same process is our attribution of motion to a stationary railway train; or, again, to river banks or telegraph posts instead of to our really moving boat or vehicle. As the first "illusion" was due to our attributing the change of

position to what we are looking *at* rather than to what we are looking FROM ; so these other illusions depend similarly upon the important psychological law that we "*give away our motion*" to whatsoever interests us more at the moment than ourselves, or at all events to what is calling for a greater output of attention. And this is itself explicable by the fundamentally outward, centrifugal bias of our attention, leaving our own adjustments to take care of themselves and concentrating, like a marksman, on the thing outside us : a kind of rudimentary altruism without which our own species and our animal progenitors would have been crushed or starved out of existence. Thus it comes about that, unless our own movement is difficult to perform, the sense thereof is apt to be detached from our own body, in which we are momentarily not interested, and to be attached by imaginative projection to whatever we happen to be intent upon. Wordsworth, for instance, KNEW that he was rowing, *knew* that he was displacing the boat and himself with every stroke. But his eye had been caught by the unexpectedly revealed mountain ; and with his eye also his imagination, which is another way of saying, his *associations*. Hence he "*gave away the motion*" of himself and the boat to the stationary mass of rocks, and ceased to notice what he himself was doing in the absorption of watching the changes in the mountain really being produced by him, but seeming to be successively "assumed" or "presented" by the mountain, which, meanwhile, was not budging. Furthermore, that motion, "given away" to a really motionless mass, became enhanced by the feeling and intention which the unexpected *rising* (for he had made the mountain *rise*) of so huge a creature suggested to him : for it "upreared its head" ; it "grew in stature" ; it towered between him and the eye that had been caught by the unexpectedly revealed mountain, and with his

eye likewise his imagination, which is merely another way of saying his mental associations. And having done all these things (which it was *not* doing) it seemed "with voluntary power instinct"; its "measured motion" (which was the measured motion of his oars) became that of "a living thing with purpose of its own." Then, having revealed itself as GRIM, it "strode after him," until "with trembling oars" he "turned and fled."

At this point the reader will interpose with the objection that there really *was* movement going on, although that movement was on the part of Wordsworth's boat and not of the mountain. Quite true! and the explanation of æsthetic EMPATHY consists precisely in the fact that there always *is* movement going on whenever such Empathy takes place, whenever we attribute motion to something motionless. Or at least there HAS BEEN movement originally starting that attribution, even if the movement has ceased and the attribution become a habit, often a habit vested in a form of words. Of course, it is not always such obvious movement as that of Wordsworth and his boat. Nor by any means necessarily such massive movement of altered breathing and balance, and of what Prof. Groos, as well as Kit, called "*Inner Mimicry*," and which, in both their cases, led to their independent discovery of Æsthetic Empathy. But movement none the less: movement of eye and neck muscles in the act of looking; movement, sometimes too minute to be recognized for what (and where) it is, but sufficient to produce a sense of moving which, not being thought of as in ourselves, is added by us to the other qualities themselves rarely thought of as in our sensory organs and never as in our brain) which belong, as we think, solely to the object we are looking at. Indeed, a part of what we think of as that object's intrinsic qualities, the amount and the dimensions of space which it occupies, the

relative position of its various parts, and especially the direction in which it extends, cannot be perceived by us without either actual movements or the remembrance of movements implied in measuring and comparing; without what we call *mental activities* of relating and holding in memory; and without thinking in terms of *up*, *down*, *through*, *round*, *backwards*, *forwards*, etc. I have purposely substituted ACTIVITIES for MOVEMENTS; and purposely introduced the word *thinking*. For I want to make it clear that when we speak, for instance, of a hill as RISING, or a plain as STRETCHING, what gives that sense of RISING or STRETCHING is not necessarily something we are doing at the present moment, but far more frequently the averaged result of hundreds, of thousands, of pact movements of that particular kind. In fact, as with the majority of all our ideas, it is a case of memories repeated and stored up till, as the most elementary psychology teaches, they have become abstractions. When we speak of the mountain RISING or the plain STRETCHING, we are usually very far from the dramatic expression of Wordsworth's Boat-episode; we are dealing with a mere IDEA of *rising* or *stretching;* but an abstraction which is very often touched off, awakened, by some actual movement of the same kind, or by something associated with such a movement of the same kind, for instance as the perception of a smell or a taste which has got attached to the idea of such a movement because it has accompanied it in real experience. And although in certain specially sensitive individuals, like Kit and Prof. Groos, the IDEA doubtless sets up some real movement, that movement may be nothing beyond the raising of an eyebrow or the half-expanding of the hand, which follows upon the recognition that the mountain "rises" or the plain "stretches," but which reacts to emphasize that attribution of *rising* and *stretching* to something outside one-

self. In certain cases the *idea* may be so dominant that, on looking at some particular arrangement of lines and masses, a change of attitude on our own part, a gesture, is called forth ; and this, I suspect, especially when we are trying to remember or to describe, rather than when actually seeing, the shape to which such activities have been attributed.

What I have just written, and which will make Kit's and my æsthetics far more acceptable to psychologists, is a gradually attained correction of the crude " Lange-James " formula of our first essay. It treats the emphatic attribution of our movement to seen shapes as a phenomenon essentially " mental " rather than " bodily," although future neurologists will very probably discover the portions of our brain and nervous system, that is to say of our bodies, upon whose processes such " mental " phenomena are dependent. Meanwhile, and till that happens, we should take notice that one of modern psychology's most important lessons is that in all our mental states, even in our so-called perceptions, there invariably enters a far greater share of THOUGHT—that is, of reviviscent past experience—than of present sensation, although that *thought*, that *memory*, requires present sensation to set it going.[1]

[1] That this was well understood by C. A.-T. is shown by the following fragmentary note, not included among the others :

" *There are many things we have really seen whose movements have been pleasant to watch, so* we have remembered them without knowing that we were doing so, *till we have gradually stored up a great collection of glimpses of moving things.*

" *For instance the swelling rush of big waves coming towards the shore, their curl over and their crashing break against the rocks, the curve of their backwards sweep.* All these movements had an outline, and we took it in as we watched them. *The supple movement of trees in the wind, the spurt upwards of fountains, the leap up of flames, the soaring of big flying birds* all have some sort of shape in our memory. And these shapes are what art draws upon. *It will be noticed that all the movements I have mentioned are rather pleasant movements*, for the fact

It is in this sense that I take, and should wish the reader to take, such expressions as " miming the shape " (or *attitude* or *gesture*) " of a piece of architecture or a statue " ; and the words " following the lines of a picture." Of course, speaking literally, we cannot *mime* that which is not moving ; nor can the lines of a picture be *followed*, because *following* implies something changing position, and the lines are not changing position, although our eye and our attention are doing so. It is always WE who are moving, or making gestures, or, nine times out of ten, *we* who are thinking, REMEMBERING, such movements and gestures when actively employed in taking in those shapes. But, as already remarked, so long as our sensations suggest and do not contradict such thoughts, such imaginative attribution, they may fill the mind to the entire exclusion of the sensations which have started them, as, for instance, the thought of the mountain actively displaying itself and finally pursuing Wordsworth, excluded or threw into the shade his sensations of propelling the boat. And this is more than ever true when, instead of merely remarking the supposed movements of the shapes once, and then passing on to look at something else, we are being kept looking over and over again at the same shape, and consequently thinking and thinking over again that we are watching a movement. Now such an *over and over again* is inevitable in all artistic contemplation. For the first business of the work of art is that it should not allow our thoughts to stray to other things, and that if it happens to suggest other thoughts it should

is that we don't care to remember disagreeable movements, we do not store them.

" *And these memories Greek art uses, and so the people who have the largest store of them have the most chance of feeling the subtleties of Greek art, for these things are many of them felt rather than seen—the subtlety of the drawing being too fine to seize with the eye ; but the feeling gets home without our knowing how, and we kindle to the thing.*"

force them into its orbit and subordinate them to itself. Even when embodied in some object of practical or religious use, a picture or a statue, if it is a work of art must be so constituted as to transcend that use and to oblige us to look at it when that use no longer interests us, and for the interest attaching solely to itself. Since, inasmuch as a work of art, it is made, every bit of it, to satisfy our need of disinterested contemplation, and, of course, made such that its contemplation affords us æsthetic satisfaction. This means that the movements, the modes of motion, which its aspect obliges us to attribute to its lines and masses are such as to elicit in ourselves modes and activities and states of being at once vitalizing and harmonious, and such as practical existence furnishes only accidentally and always in a less concentrated, less steady and lasting a manner.[1] And since it thus furnishes such artificially intensified and purified conditions of our being, and provides them more thoroughly and certainly than do our ordinary surroundings, art serves as an asylum out of which the feelings we brought to it are received back enhanced and purified by their temporary escape from all disturbing and diminishing influences.

I have spoken of modes of *activity* and *states of being* rather than of *emotions*, because even when art awakens emotions recognizable as similar to those arising in real life, it necessarily subdues and trans-

[1] A fragmentary note of C. A.-T. says :

"*Composition arranges the parts of the picture into a complete whole that fits our nature. Besides arranging things into a whole that feels harmonious to our shape, composition cuts us a framework to keep our mind steady. As long as we go on looking at a well-composed work of art we go on feeling the same mood without any effort, and the mood in which the picture puts us is a pleasant one.*

"*It rids us also of the sense of the passing of time. We are in a region of peace and leisure, while we look at the picture.*

"*We don't much like high lights as real life given us, we don't like the blinding sensation of intensity of light.*"

figures them into a new something which one can only call *æsthetic emotion*. Neither is this the whole of the matter. These modes of activity and states of being thus projected into, thus "*given away*" to, the shapes we are looking at *are* already in themselves different from those most resembling them in real life. In an unpublished page upon music, Kit says of the feelings awakened by musical phrases that they are only *embryo* emotions : "*not the concrete feeling of triumph such as Wellington may have felt at Waterloo . . . but a sort of feeling which has the same movement as his feeling must have had. Similarly a little baby nestling in its mother's arms produces . . . a feeling of tenderness which one does not get from music in the same actual form ; but certain passages . . . give one the feeling of the verb of tenderness.*"

"*The verb of tenderness*," the verb of being in such or such a mood ; that means the abstraction of that doing or being as it exists in the infinitive of a verb without any of the *who*, *when*, *how*, *why ;* without any of the nouns, adjectives and tenses without which a verb cannot express any real happening. And so we are led to recognize that the verb we thus "*give away*" to the shapes, the lines, colours, masses, directions, of whatever we thus endow with a life not its own, this verb is NOT being applied to a reality : not to the material object, but to that object's most immaterial quality, its ASPECT, its SHAPE, which, as Wordsworth puts it, we "half-create." I have quoted Kit as saying that the feelings awakened by music are *embryo* feelings. This she corrects further on, saying of such musically awakened feeling that "*it is not interwoven with one's feelings as a human being. It is the ancestor rather of those feelings.*"

The *ancestor ;* but itself the descendant of an innumerable line of similar feelings : for the feeling thus awakened by music, the movement thus attributed to

visible shapes, is, like the infinitive of our verbs, an abstraction, what modern mental science identifies as a MEMORY-IMAGE; it is the ghost of concrete experience, revisiting, not the glimpses of the moon, but enthroning itself in the midday radiance of æsthetic contemplation. To quote once more from that unpublished note of Kit's: *"Listening to music feels like a triumphant expedition into the Future; but into a Future which is happening now."*

And that is true equally of all art: its triumphant effect is due to its using up the abstract, the clarified, past, and projecting it into what has the vividness of the present, but without the present's insufficiency and transitoriness; into the region where the heart's desire is unceasingly fulfilled: into the eternal future.

I have tried, very unsuccessfully, I fear, to give of Kit's explanation (and mine after her) of the pleasure we take in beautiful shapes and aspects, so much as is required to understand the following essays. The real psychological business, if I may allow myself so disrespectful a word, is, of course, infinitely more complicated. Indeed, the complications will be thoroughly dealt with only when the psychology of perception, of memory and of emotion shall have been pushed on by neurology far beyond its present stage; and when æsthetic phenomena shall have been subjected to methodical experiment and observation not of one or two unaided individuals like the authors of *Beauty and Ugliness*, but of trained and collaborating investigators, on a minute scale, like that of the late Prof. Külpe with his Würzburg and Bonn students.

It is, needless to say, my hope that the essays and fragments I am now editing may have more influence than Kit Anstruther-Thomson's and my own previous writings in opening the eyes and attracting the interest of a new generation, qualified to continue, amplify and correct our joint work.

XV

Among the MSS. bequeathed by Kit "to my friend Vernon," I have found a sheet of letter-paper in my own handwriting headed "C. A.-T.'s Book of Essays." It consists of the following numbered headings :

Introduction : "Æsthetic seeing" (perhaps by Vernon Lee).

I. Tuscan incrusted architecture and the Movement of Lines.

II. Certain Chalices : an introduction to the dynamics of simple forms.

III. Desiderio's Tomb, and pattern composition.

IV. Movement in Sculpture : The Ægina Marbles.

V. The Treatment of the human body in (Greek) sculpture.

VI. (Painting) the Third Dimension in Landscape, etc.

VII. Æsthetic Harmony versus fidelity to reality : Giorgione's and Manet's Fêtes Champêtres.

VIII. Imagination and Emotion in Art : Michelangelo's Tombs.

IX. Inside and outside a Gothic cathedral.

X. The use of Art in Life, illustrated by examples. (And anything else C. A.-T. may think of.)

There are two pencil P.S.'s, both in my hand :

"P.S. I. Reconsider whether the chapter on Architecture ought not to come before painting, as it takes up the Line-Pattern question of No. I and the weight (pressure) and lift (up) values of No. II, adding for the first time the 3rd Dimension."

P.S. II refers to a new chapter which would probably have come between II and III and evidently deals with Greek vases. This second P.S. is itself divided into numbered headings as follows : " (1) *Actual and apparent sizes. Why does the size (seem to) alter?* (2) *Rebuild the pot by introducing the pattern.* (3) *When you have shown that the (apparent) size can be altered (i.e. by the pattern) you rub it well into the Reader that on this fact of* line altering our impression *by drawing on our imagination, all the coming impression (i.e. of the work of art) will rest. Then show that the arrangement of the lines, etc., adjusts the (apparent) balance of the unsymmetrical pot. The painter (i.e. in adding the pattern) balances the pot. But he does more : after balance come* pulls, *then* connexion, *then interplay. . . .*"

Comparison with the index of the present volume will show that the above memorandum was not a programme of things which I wanted Kit to work out, so much as a plan for arranging what she had already written, or had, to my knowledge, already got ready in notes or in her head. Of this latter kind, one or two connecting links or conclusions were known to me only by her verbal demonstrations on the objects in question—for instance, the missing sections on lettering and incrustation. But the bulk of the material was written out, even if fragmentary, and was sometimes even corrected by her. So that I have been able to make use of this memorandum in arranging the following essays and fragments. And the little programme may serve for a map of the whole subject as it existed in Kit's mind and my own.

However, my chief reason for quoting it is because it makes it quite clear that, according to our views, the essential and universal element in all visual æsthetics is the *Line*, because it is in the course of what Kit always spoke of as FOLLOWING THE LINES, which meant making

the adjustments by which we take stock of them, that arises that process of attributing dynamic qualities, modes of our own motion, to what we are thus taking stock of. Under LINES we naturally included curves and very especially angles, and the surfaces bounded by all of them. But these lines are not necessarily the marks made by a pencil, brush or chisel, nor even the boundary lines of colour upon colour and tint upon tint and light upon shade. They may equally be lines not actually traced on the painted or carved surface, mere imaginary lines along which the eye and attention travel in their exploration of the work of art ; *lines of composition*, as in the concentric composition of certain pictures, or *lines of incidence*, as when, e.g. Mantegna's works seem characterized by the constant meeting of almost perfect verticals and almost perfect horizontals. In fact, lines may be mere trajectories, like those of a rocket or a shooting star.

In this sense, and whether materially present or only established by our act of seeing, lines are common to all visible objects, hence to all works of visual art. They exist, or are established by us, in the two dimensions of vertical and horizontal extension, and they constitute SHAPE ON THE FLAT, quite irrespective of material mass or of SHAPE IN THE ROUND, which latter exists in the third dimension of DEPTH or DISTANCE, whose perception depends upon experience of moving not our eyes and head only, but of moving our limbs and body ; experience, in fact, of grasping and locomotion as distinguished from mere looking.[1] But as regards shapes existing (or thought of as) only on the flat, it is in the

[1] It is such experiences or, in psychological parlance, such *memory-images*, of grasping and locomotion which give rise to Mr. B. Berenson's famous *Tactile Values*. These always deal with existence in the third dimension, with *bulk* or such space as can contain *bulk*, although such bulk, which is of course a material property, may be suggested by mere *line*.

simpler action of *following* (i.e. recognizing or establishing) their lines that takes place that curious attribution of modes of motion to what is really stationary, and of activity to what is really merely passive to our acts of looking. And—returning to our previous chapter—it is these imaginary (in psychological terminology *empathic*) movements of lines which our daily language expresses by the verbs to EXTEND or STRETCH, to *rise* or LIFT, to *descend* or *sink* or *press ;* and by words implying DIRECTION, a starting-point and a resting-place ; all of which are further enriched by words implying modes of movement like our own : the lines which our eye is, as we say, *following* (though there is in reality no movement to follow !) seem to move in a way which is *quick* or *slow*, *gradual* or *sudden*, *smooth* or *jerky*, *energetic* or *slack ;* and they seem to us to *go up* and *go down*, to *extend right* or *left ;* and, what is more, to *exert* and *resist pressure*, to *encounter*, *check*, *subdue* one another according to the angle of their meeting, as has been admirably worked out by Lipps. Just as Wordsworth attributed a PURPOSE, as well as an advancing movement, to the mountain which was being exposed to view by his own movement away from it, so also do we habitually attribute to a merely two-dimensional shape, maybe a mere geometric pattern, not only *movement of lines*, but such qualities as *weight* and *the overcoming* of weight, *resilience* and *balance*, probably because these qualities are so inevitable in the experiences of our own movements, that unless our dynamic interest is paralyzed by the recognition of absolute (what in a pattern is called "mechanical") repetition and regularity and symmetry, we cannot contemplate linear combinations without seeing, or rather feeling, in them a conflict or compromise between living forces, a purpose and a character behind it.

It is in allusion to this that Kit spoke of two-

dimensional shapes—that is to say, shapes without bulk or material existence, exercising pressure in one part of them, uplift in another, and *pushes* and *pulls* and balance as of one part against the other. And for this reason it was natural that her intended initiation into the æsthetic qualities and influence of lines should begin with the geometric patterns of incrusted marble work, with the spacing and *phrasing* of the letters in inscriptions; and with the outlines of such solid objects as cups, jars and chalices, which, though existing in three dimensions, usually presented the same linear shape from whichever side they are looked at.

Following our programme, as Kit would undoubtedly have followed it had she continued her work, we come to two chapters which are intimately connected: *movement in sculpture* and *treatment of the Human Body*. And about these it may be as well to make a few preliminary distinctions, in order to forestall very natural confusion in the reader's mind. For here we not only say good-bye to *shapes in the flat*, whether geometric or merely conventionalized pattern, but we come into the presence of a new and exceedingly disturbing element. This element is *representation* (or, as it is wrongly called, *imitation*) of something which exists outside the work of art in the world of "reality": namely, of three-dimensional bodies, possessing bulk, texture and anatomical structure, and using that anatomical structure for locomotion in *three-dimensional* space. In other words, we are now in the presence of TWO kinds of shape (or form) and of TWO kinds of movement; which two kinds are independent and may be opposed to one another: namely, the shape perceived by the eye and awakening æsthetic likings and dislikings, the *shape, in short, of the work of art* (or portion of a work of art). And, on the other hand, the shape which we call *anatomical*, i.e. which we know to be connected with the invisible

inner organization and the material substance of a figure, human or animal. Moreover, just as we require to distinguish between these two kinds of shape or form, so also we must distinguish between two kinds of movement connected with works of art. On the one hand, the movement whose idea or feeling is set up by our own activities in taking stock of a shape, and which we attribute, project, *feel into* (*einfühlen*) the lines and angles composing a visible shape, giving it thereby certain qualities of movement and character. And, on the other hand, the movement, which might conveniently be called *locomotion*, since even grasping and touching with finger-tips implies material change of place; which movement or *locomotion*, the real creature *is represented as doing*, and which being in the world of reality is naturally dependent upon the real creature's anatomical possibilities and position in real three-dimensional space.[1]

These two kinds of shape and two kinds of movement, which are respectively *abstract* or *æsthetic* movement, and *concrete* or *anatomical* movement, need not, and do not, always coincide in works of art. And I think Kit's greatest achievement is that she pointed out how the great art of all times has attained some of its highest effects of intensity and harmony by sacrificing, openly or subtly, the anatomical shape to the æsthetic one; and the locomotion practical in a real living creature to the *movement of lines* suggested by an æsthetic shape to our imagination.

[1] Let me corroborate the above by this note of C. A.-T.'s:

"*But there is another sort of movement in Art, the movement of lines; that is (the) movement which appears to us to be taking place in inanimate things, like ornamental patterns, and in hanging draperies, passive things that can't possibly be . . . really moving. Now how do these things show movement? They do it by lines which call up in us an impulse to move, lines which give us a little spurt of activity, which spurt of activity we credit to the lines we are looking at.*"

This long-neglected fact explains how we come to accept as first rate some art which, whether archaic or hieratically conventional like Egyptian, Byzantine and a great deal of mediæval, misrepresents the bodily structure and flies in the face of anatomical possibilities of locomotion, while satisfying our demands for æsthetically agreeable *movement of lines* (including impact and pressure) and for harmonious æsthetic shapes. Whence we deduce the curious mental law that æsthetic satisfaction silences criticism by excluding from attention anything which would disturb our absorption in the work of art, which becomes a *Hortus inclusus*, an undisturbed asylum of happy appreciation, wherein we are as oblivious of outside disturbance as we become oblivious of the bustle of adjacent streets once we are enclosed in some great edifice.

Such is the beneficent action upon us of great art of whatever kind. But with two provisos: first, that we be not in the state of bodily depression or mental worry constituting "æsthetic aridity" which allows us, like Coleridge in *Dejection*, "to see, not feel, how beautiful" things are.[1] And, secondly, that we be

[1] I think that Kit's interest in visual shapes was so constant, or so habitually ready, that (as may perhaps appear with some musical persons) *æsthetic aridity* was rare, and that in her case visible beauty could overcome depression, or the expectation of æsthetic satisfaction sufficed to make her "put off natural apathy." The following quotation from the memoranda for a debate at the Sesame Club embodies an entry in one of her irregular diaries:

"*If art didn't affect us Art-lovers vitally, breathing, balance,* yes, the healing of our hearts, *so that it makes us feel more alive, more in tune with the universe,* happier, lighter and stronger, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD BE THE USE OF HAVING IT? . . . *Some years ago I was staying in Paris and I was harassed. I felt very sad, I couldn't get any interest out of life, for my own misery stood in the way. When one evening I happened to pass by Notre Dame. It was late, it was all locked up, so I couldn't go inside. I walked about the Place outside looking at the wonderful architecture of its façade. It was very agreeable to look at*

not expecting something different from what the particular art can give, as was the case with our fathers who found " Gothick " architecture barbarous because they had expected Palladian. For such baffled expectation merely makes us cross and unable to enjoy ourselves ; so that we must be sufficiently familiar with the style presented to us to follow its particular *movement of lines* with only a pleasant degree of surprise, and, as Kit would have expressed it in her very homely language, we must have some notion of what A PATTERN IS ABOUT before we can, as Wordsworth said of the sights and sounds of Nature, " *half create* " it.

Upon this second proviso depends, of course, the use and need of what was Kit's constant aim in all her æsthetic teaching : namely *initiation*, either by familiar habit or by deliberate direction of our attention upon the special nature of the individual work of art which is presented for our enjoyment. The following pages are full of such initiations into the licences (in the sense of *poetical licences*) which art has at all times

with its lifting lines, *and when I turned to go home I found that* something had changed in me, a spirit of high peace had taken possession of me, and I couldn't feel sorrow any more. I was borne up upon a plateau of high serenity ! *After that I used to go every day to renew this sensation to, so to speak, invoke the protection of that wonderful building*, the order and balanced movement *of which straightens one out and puts one's consciousness over its centre of gravity.*

. . . . . .

" . . . *This delicate equilibrium has a singular effect on one's head. It makes one feel clear-headed to a degree ! One has the illusion of immense lucidity and a feeling of keen excitement.* One lives at twice one's usual rate, and life for no particular reason seems twice as well worth living. And this goes on with unabated keenness all the time we are in the building. . . . *Art isn't a fringe on life, it is one of life's great vital forces. So it is worth possessing. But to get on such terms we must get very close, take a great deal of trouble, put off natural apathy. Just walking through a gallery glancing at the works of Art won't do it*, any more than leaving cards *on neighbours will turn them into lifelong friends.*

permitted itself when called upon to "represent" realities. We are shown the substitution of æsthetic shapes and movements for the anatomical structure and the *bona-fide* locomotion of real living creatures. And there is brought home to us that such LICENCES, such often enormous sacrifices of literal truth, are not resented and often not suspected, because the works in which they occur take on a particular life-likeness which is, in fact, nothing but our own sense of heightened and more steady and harmonious vitality. For instance, in looking at a fine Greek head—e.g. the Aberdeen head so minutely analyzed—it never occurs to us that its possessor could not have lived because he could not have eaten, no provision being made for the very ugly action of chewing. This is a case of our being made to forget one of the most primordial but also the most unbeautiful acts of locomotion to which all quadrupeds are obliged : the change in the relative position of our two jaws, which is not possible when the upper and lower jaws are, once for all, continuous and immovable.

In this case the thought of real motion is suppressed. In other cases the imperfectly represented locomotion of a painted or carved figure is eked out by the purely imaginary movements of a piece of pattern, whether in a Greek cup the honeysuckle and the conventional eyes carry out the action of the painted warriors or Bacchanals ; or in a great *ensemble* of figure-sculpture and architectural-ornament like a Gothic portal or a Renaissance tomb.

The better to bring home these remarks of mine and to prepare the reader for one of the most original and widely applicable generalizations of Kit's æsthetics, I may as well quote part of an answer which she wrote to our very kind and understanding critic, Prof. Groos, who had asked for examples of the meaning which she attached to her constantly employed expression

"*miming*" the attitude or gesture of a statue or even of a vase; an expression which seemed to bear out his theory that æsthetic interest is due to "*inner mimicry*" (*Innere Nachahmung*). Speaking of the Venus of Milo, she writes as follows:

"*My connexion with her is through my motor impulses, and so I feel as much* connected with her drapery as with her body; both of them have balance and have movement. . . . *The pressure of my feet on the ground is pressure that I see in a marked degree in the feet of the statue. The lift up of my body I see done more strongly in*[1] *her marble body; and the steadying pressure of my head I see in a diminished degree in the poise of the statue's beautiful head. These movements I may be said to imitate, but I should find them and imitate them equally in a Renaissance monument or a mediæval chalice.* They are at the basis of all art."

Which last sentence means (as the reader by now understands) that all satisfactory art consists in lines and angles and masses connected and distributed in such a manner as to call forth in the responsive (not the irresponsive!) beholder the sense that such co-ordinated, such *concerted*, movements are going on in the work of art, going on not once only but over and over again, like the motion of a fountain, and in obedience to our constantly recurring output of attention and imagination.

"*And in our life alone does nature live.*" And how much more Art! Since what Coleridge called *nature* was natural form seen as if it were the form of a work of art.

NOTE

The unfortunate expression (which, by the way, had also suggested itself quite independently to Prof. Groos) "miming movements" led to so much confusion in the mind of readers of our earlier essay that I think it worth while to publish *in extenso* C. A.-T.'s answers to the

[1] i.e. "in the lines of."

question "whether I feel the statue as a representation of the Human Body" of which I printed a portion in my volume *Beauty and Ugliness*, p. 119; and I am glad to do so, as it constitutes a charming little essay in itself.—V.L.

Answers to Question: "Whether I feel the Statue as a Representation of the Human Body?"

No. I don't feel the movement of the statue as Human movement that I feel inclined to copy.

I have not the slightest inclination to adopt the attitude of holding up a child when I look at the Hermes, nor to scrape oil off my arm when I look at the Apoxyomenos, nor to sit on the ground when I look at the Dying Gladiator. None of these statues strike me as doing solely what they are represented as doing. My interest in them as human beings is engulfed by my interest in them as works of Art.

To explain my meaning, here is an instance. My eye falls on the Venus of Milo. I don't say to myself "Here is a beautiful woman, what a pity she has no arms," because that isn't what comes into my head. What I say to myself is "she moves like a sailing yacht," and my balance slews a little over to the left and then over to the right, following the lines of the inclination of her body. (I balance with my right side while she balances with her left side; my way is the opposite to hers, of course, as we are face to face). I find my pleasure in her is due to a complex image she presents of being a woman and a vessel in full sail, for the combination gives her a stateliness, a majesty.

If I deliberately look at her as a woman and think to myself how fine such a woman would look in a ballroom, I find myself answering, "Ah no, she is better than that. She is a Force rather than a woman." I don't feel her shape as having any sort of connection with my shape, though we are both women. My connection with her is through my motor impulses, and so I feel just as much connected with her drapery as with her body; both of them balance and have movement. She does not look like an alive woman wearing inanimate drapery; but she and her drapery are one. The pressure on my feet on the ground is pressure that I see in the feet of the Statue. The lift up of my body I see done more strongly and amply in her marble body, and the steadying pressure of my head I see in a diminished degree in the poise of the statue's beautiful head. These movements I may be said to imitate, but I should find them and imitate them equally in a Renaissance monument or a mediæval chalice. They are the basis of all Art.

Another connection I feel with her is by the balance and shifting of my weight from side to side in order to follow her balance.

Of course the interest of the subject counts for a very great deal. If I knew the Venus merely as the statue of a Greek woman, name unknown,

found on the Island of Melos, I should think her a beautiful statue, but I should feel in her a certain meagreness of environment, whereas the same statue known as Aphrodite, born of the sea foam, the goddess of love and of beauty and of charm, gains incalculably by her splendid pedigree. Each word throws an additional radiance on to her beautiful marble form, and none of this radiance would have been hers as the statue of the Greek woman, name unknown.

But, *on the other hand, not all the enchanting myths of Greek mythology, not Swinburne's splendid description of the Venus sailing along in glory "Imperial, her foot on the sea," could conjure up in me* any *artistic pleasure in front of a dull, realistic statue of any Venus. The words would not of themselves be able to lend the statue a breath of life and little more than a* fleeting *breath even of interest! Whereas the Venus of Milo, if I knew her merely as the unknown Greek woman, would only have lost one item of her attraction for me.*

Yachts sweeping round under sail have for ever gained for me some of the beauty of the Venus of Milo, and she always comes up in my mind each time that I chance to see one.

But Mrs. X., who really is *very like her, does not make me think of the Venus at all when I see her. Of course I recognize the likeness, but all the qualities that enchanted me in the Venus are left out in Mrs. X., simply because Mrs. X. is a human being, so she* doesn't *balance freely without changing her place like the Venus; instead she scurries about restlessly. She* doesn't *show the lifts and pressures in her own person as the Venus does. In herself she feels them of course, but she is unable to make them visible. Then her clothes hang upon her like clothes, whereas the Venus's drapery lifts upwards and stands of itself like the movement of growing plants.*

Mrs. X. lacks poise, swing, elasticity alongside of her stone counterpart, though this may possibly sound paradoxical.

I hope the Venus of Milo and Mrs. X. between them will have made my answer in the negative clear to the question of "whether I feel the movement of the statue as human movement?"

XVI

But because Kit Anstruther-Thomson insisted that the æsthetic importance, nay the bare æsthetic identity, of any work of art lay in its shape, in the individual combination of lines and masses whose perception elicits our imaginative and emotional attribution to it of activities similar to our own, it must not be supposed that what may be called the *literary* side was banished from our æsthetics. On the contrary, the subject represented or suggested by the visible shape was more closely interwoven therewith than is the case in most of the usual descriptions of works of art, where, owing to the inadequate vocabulary for describing those visible shapes, the reader's (and the writer's !) attention is led away to things and actions existing *outside* the work of art itself, and inherent only in its subject, often only in its title.

It is different with the work of art's intrinsic suggestions. For æsthetic shapes taken as such are full of resemblances to other shapes of which they therefore remind us. A group like the *Laocoon* is really more like a clump of interlacing fig trees than any group of human beings we are likely to have seen. What we care for in the Belvedere Apollo is less his being like a well-made youth than his having something of the quality of flame. And to some of us the sitting goddesses of the Parthenon pediment are reminiscent not so much of ladies sitting and reclining on sofas, than of bunches of full-blown but still delicately curled tea-roses, some of whose perfume almost clings about them. And, as this matter of the scent and colour of

the roses implies, the visible beauty of those goddesses' shape is enhanced by that lovely suggestion ; a suggestion, please remark, arising out of the shape itself, not due to our knowledge of the names and stories of the goddesses in question, neither of which are inherent in the work of art, but merely added to it from literary sources. Even more may the " movement of lines " which we attribute to a shape carry with it the suggestion of analogous movements in quite other connexions : the flutter of wind-stirred leaves, the uncurling and toppling of waves ; even, as is the case with the geometric floor-patterns of the Florence Baptistery, the ribbing of sand by the retreating tide. Let me take as example of such intrinsic suggestion that which I am aware of in looking at certain portions of the tesselated floor of St. Mark's, whose particular petal-like shape always makes me think of narcissus blossoms. This is not the case of a symbol : I do not say to myself " this is *meant* for narcissus "—indeed, I know it is nothing of the kind ; what happens is merely that the impression made on me by the main shape of those pointed, clustered bits of marble is accompanied, is enriched, by the faint vision of a narcissus-flower because of the likeness between the two.

While usually taking no notice of whether a picture represents a sacred or a profane subject, and while entirely overlooking the allegorical meaning intended by that Bishop who ordered his tomb in St. Praxed's Church ; while often oddly indifferent to the subject of works of art, Kit's writings are full of the vivid recognition of the intrinsic suggestion of the shapes as such. Thanks to this rare kind of imagination, she makes us feel how, merely by the lines and masses, by the rearing or folding-up lines of his statues of naked men and women, Michelangelo was able, quite unconsciously, no doubt, to convey to us something of those

great Carrara peaks among which he lived so many months, and of their hushed nights and sudden effulgent sunrises.[1]

It is this sensitiveness to the intrinsic suggestions of artistic forms, with a corresponding indifference to the literary "subjects," which accounts, in great measure, for some of Kit's occasional misinterpretations of what

[1] How Kit recognized the suggestion obtained solely by peculiarities of *shape*, of combination of lines, etc., is shown in the following very fine note on the (decidedly Byzantine) sculpture of the portal of Vézelay (or is it Autun?):

"*The unearthly figure of the Christ on this lunette was not made like this because the sculptors didn't know how to do any better* (*compare Him with the figures on the other parts of the composition, they are quite normal and like human beings*). *He, the Christ, was done like this to make Him float upwards. He is made of vortices of running water, water moreover that runs uphill. He has no adhesion to the ground. He will be out of sight in a moment. He is only a vision, a glimpse even now. When He goes He won't float out of sight as one on first thought would expect. What He will do will be to stretch and uncoil, so to speak, wider and wider till He is too great to be seen through mortal eyes.*"

And even more is the case in the following still more beautiful and poetical note:

"*An ivory panel in the Bargello 4 inches by 5, fifteenth-century work, called the Trinity. But I think that in calling it the Trinity we have mistaken the artist's meaning. What he really meant to show was the Creator conceiving the idea of the vicarious sacrifice of His Son.*

"*The Supreme Being in human form sits on a high curved seat and holds up the crucifix in front of Him. He is very gigantic compared to the crucifix, and holds it up as a giant might. The strange thing is His gesture. He is holding it with the back of His hands facing us, and so He seems to be reining in the forces of nature, stopping them, in fact. There seems to be complete cessation of movement in the world. A pause in which men's hearts stop beating; the run of the sap is arrested in the trees, and the sea stops suddenly; more than this, the force that keeps the atoms in cohesion seems to be paralysed; and behind the Creator, like a blinding snowstorm, molecules and disintegrated fragments of chaos whirl and race through space. One seems to feel the whole universe gazing aghast and powerless at the vision of the coming tragedy. And all this on an ivory panel, 4 inches by 5, because the Sculptor was a great master of Dynamic Art.*"

certain works of art had been *meant* to represent. To Kit a great work of art was so full of its inherent meaning and suggestion that it could mean and suggest only what it meant and suggested to her mind. And with an archæologist (her friend Mrs. Arthur Strong) on one side and a psychologist, such as I was, on the other, both insisting that what it suggested to HER was by no means always what the work was intended to suggest to the sculptor and his clients two thousand odd hundred years ago, she could not realize anything so different from the impression filling her own imagination. Thus the attitude of the Venus dei Medici remained for her that of a creature steering herself on the waters; and, after all, was this not a gain upon what archæology tells us of the venerably obscene gesture of all the little Aphrodites and Istars and Ashtaroths? . . .

The case of the Centaurs of the Parthenon metopes is even more characteristic and curious. It was mere waste of time pointing out that the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapiths, in all its scores of representations in sculpture and on vases, was always symbolical of a fight between bestial and human nature; and that the battle had begun by the drunken Centaurs assaulting the women at the wedding of Peirithous. Let alone was it useless adding that horses could not have been associated in the Greek mind with superior self-control, since the Satyrs and Silenoi of the vases were given the tails of horses as the symbol of the exact contrary. For it so happens that art at its highest does not dispose of forms suggestive of anything ignoble; so that the sculptors of the Parthenon had nothing for it but to make their Centaurs as ideally dignified as their opponent Lapiths. But although a generalization to this effect was deducible from her own æsthetics, Kit could not, as she expressed it, see things differently from "how they were": namely, that

those Centaurs were beautiful and noble. So an uncommonly close study of the metopes resulted in the invention of a theory of what Centaurs must really have been. Or rather in a new and delightful piece of mythology, coinciding once or twice—though she did not know it—with what antique poetry had fabled about the entirely exceptional Centaur Chiron; and, what is more interesting still, coinciding with the description of the life of a Centaur made up by one of the greatest (perhaps because prose !) poets of modern France, although it was only on my pointing this out, that Kit read Maurice de Guérin's *Centaure*. Thus just as that young French poet, though steeped in Greek literature, broke loose from Greek traditional views of Centaurs because he felt the fascination of their mountain and river dwelling-places, so also Kit made herself a poem or a fairy story out of the suggestions of beauty and strangeness of those Divine Beasts of the Parthenon. And, after all, are we not the gainers? And has antique art no use besides illustrating the interesting and gruesome pages of, say, Jane Harrison?

Quite on a line with this was what I suspect to have been Kit's disbelief in an ancient Greece unlike what its art suggested to her; for whatever she heard or read to that effect just trickled off her mind. I have often thought that, *mutatis mutandis*, there was in her much likeness to the only writer on art whom she ever quoted; and just as Ruskin evidently believed that mediæval Venice and Verona were inhabited solely, or mainly, by God-fearing patriots, so also Kit, more implicitly—because expressed in less human terms—remained convinced that in the fifth century B.C. Greece, or at least Athens, had no inhabitants to speak of except diadem-bound athletes, poets like the Lateran Sophocles, maidens and horsemen from the Panathenaic procession, and, perhaps more than all, gods, goddesses and Doric columns.

And why not? Since, besides the Athens which made its art, there is surely also the Athens which its art has made. And there is a kind of truth different from that of history and archæology, but just as valuable and incontrovertible, in Shelley's belief that:

> "Greece and her foundations are . . .
> Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity."

XVII

In that ideal Greece which the statues and vases and her own passionate imagination had made up between them, Kit Anstruther-Thomson had a sincere, almost a childish, belief, as is shown by many of her sayings. But she took no umbrage, though she took little heed of any kind, when one ventured to suggest that in certain of her statements she had merely been adding something of her own to the authentic miracles of the art which she adored. To her anything was welcome, even if it proved to be only a bunch of coincidences or a garland of metaphors, so long as it might draw votaries, possible initiates, to that shrine. For having set out to make it her "business in life" to show museums and galleries to the people of the East End, the initiation into æsthetic delight—not of these alone, but of any and every one else—remained her sole interest in these subjects. And no doubt her fanciful interpretations, quite certainly her poetical associations and often amazingly felicitous figures of speech, will conduce to this end better than her elaborate descriptions of visible details and of the acts of seeing them, which lose half their cogency for lack of her pointing hand, of her enchantingly interested and lovely voice; and of the glance which attracted the beholder quite as much to her own very classic face as to the statues or paintings she was standing in front of.

What, however, I want to say is: that though the merely scientific side of these subjects did not much interest her, yet I feel convinced that her ideas and her words will have more of really scientific importance

than of that efficacy for *initiation* at which she was aiming. Far be it from me to compare those whom she tried thus to initiate, whether they came from the East or the West End, with the patient albeit obstinate creatures whom Saul went forth in search of. Nevertheless I believe that, like Saul, she may, without seeking it, have found quite a notable little kingdom, and even founded a small dynasty, although it happens to be in those greater realms of psychology and archæology which did not attract her ambition. Her studies of the manner in which we see works of art and of the " motor " and organic reaction which occasionally, if not invariably, attend such seeing ; and her independent discovery of an æsthetic " Empathy " more purely visual and more vital than Lipps' over-intellectualized " Einfühlung " ; all this had no value in her own eyes save for helping to appreciate beautiful things. But it happens to mark a new field of psychology, and one all the more important that it is outside the psychology of the intellectual and emotional processes as such. Since, as I have elsewhere pointed out, our perceptions and our feelings in the realm of æsthetics are not obscured by the practical activities, the emotional floodings and the verbal conventionalities which hamper our other attempts at study of the phenomena of perception, memory and preference in our relations with the world of reality. Æsthetic experimentation of the kind which, so far as I know, Kit Anstruther-Thomson was first to practise, has the double yet unique advantage that, because it deals with concrete works of art, it can be repeated with an unvaried object, namely a given picture, statue or building, and with a highly variable (as witness Coleridge !) subject, namely ourself. Moreover, that while these subjective variations can be compared from day to day, the æsthetic object can itself be submitted to endless experimental variation by making alterations

in casts and photographs ; a method even more easily applied to words, sentences and literary effects of all kinds.[1] As regards the fruitfulness of æsthetics for general psychology, I have recently had occasion to point out, though in a different connexion, that it was by referring to the effects of music that the late M. Th. Ribot was able to prove the much disputed existence of " Emotional Memory " ; while the attribution of our own modes of motion to motionless lines and angles, the endowing of stationary shapes with velocities, impacts, rhythms and intentions, is a similar proof that our motor adjustments leave behind them varied and elaborate schemes of position and movement.[2] Now I venture to add that if ever æsthetic phenomena be turned to account for general psychology, the method, I might almost say the *technique*, of such studies will arise out of Kit Anstruther-Thomson's experimental work and that which I have myself carried on along the lines she laid down.

So much for the psychological value of Kit's ideas. Their value for archæology is none the less real for not being so immediately obvious : for archæology, or rather for what the Germans call *Kunstforschung*, and more particularly for a history, genetic and evolutional, of art. What I venture to call the new æsthetics supplies, in the first place, the necessary theory for the objective and rather rule-of-thumb (or rule of " *ears and hands* ") study called *Connoisseurship*, which has at last tackled the intrinsic visible qualities of statues and pictures without falling back, as of old, on their representation of something outside themselves. That persistent preoccupation with what a work of art *represents* accounts for our older archæologists' continued satisfaction in such approximate notions of the

[1] See my *Handling of Words.*

[2] Cf. my introduction to the English translation of Semon's *Mnemic Psychology* (Geo. Allen and Unwin, 1923).

vanished masterpieces of Antiquity as they deduce from the pose, drapery, anatomy and accessories of replicas which sicken one with the bare name of Antiques ; and it is time we should try to appreciate the intrinsic excellence of whatever antiques happen to be worth looking at solely because they *are* excellent.

Similarly I think that if young archæologists would master Kit Anstruther-Thomson's main teachings, there would be an end of such profanations as are witnessed in our museums of casts, as, for instance, setting the splendid " Bologna Head " on to a third-rate torso whose every line swears with it, on the pretext, forsooth, that these utterly discrepant fragments appear to be copies of the same lost Phidian original. The riddance of such archæological monsters might surely be regarded as an expiatory tribute to Antiquity. . . . An even more important result of Kit's teaching would be the rehabilitation of Pattern and the recognition of it as the archetype of the æsthetic, as opposed to the merely scientific, side of all art. That may indeed come sooner, and for other reasons. Since the increasing familiarity with archaic and barbaric, nay savage, art, together with the historical study of textile and geometric ornamentation, is already undermining the belief that realism is a measure of artistic progress, and that mastery over such scientific values as anatomy and perspective is the mark of artistic maturity. There is even nowadays a certain foolish fashion for the pseudo-archaic, the pseudo-savage and even the sham-childish. What there is not, and only a new æsthetics can give, is the reasoned recognition that whether figures are anatomically correct or anatomically incorrect, has nothing to do with whether they are beautiful or ugly, because beauty or ugliness depends upon æsthetic qualities which are equally compatible with fidelity to nature or the lack of it.

Once this is grasped we shall discard not only the old-fashioned identification of art with representation ; but also the absurdity, consequent thereupon, of supposing that there have been times and places without any art at all. Moreover, we shall give over taking for granted that because many *geometric* patterns have been traced back (by Professors Haddon, Henry Balfour, Westermarck and others) to some sorts of representation, to some hieratic, magical or heraldic shorthand, conventional ornament is something more or less disgraceful : such exquisite patterns as those of one of the strata at Susa will no longer be treated as the degradation of some perhaps hideous and childish pictograph (say that of certain pre-Dynastic pottery) because the latter can be identified as people and boats, whereas only a specialist can trace any resemblance to antelopes and cranes in the lovely lines of the former. Once this kind of prejudice is cleared away, it will become evident that, although realistic innovation is often a sign of such intellectual energy as accompanies artistic creativeness, yet, on the other hand, the perpetual, the traditional repetition of the weaver's and metal-worker's " meaningless " patterns was needed to consolidate and safeguard the æsthetic preferences of mankind, its habit of attributing movement and balance and rhythm to lines and shapes ; moreover, to establish mankind's demand that the representation of real creatures and objects should satisfy that æsthetic preference no less than the designs on household goods, weapons and amulets and idols. So soon as we have grasped the principle that æsthetic beauty depends not upon resemblance to what is outside the work of art but upon conformity to modes of being of our own attributed by us to lines and masses, we shall also see the whole history of visual art as a ceaseless conflict and ceaseless compromise between pattern and representation. And we shall recognize that the greatest moments

of painting and sculpture have been when the human figure in its highest anatomic and expressive perfection has taken on the qualities and obeyed the laws of columns and façades, of vases and chalices, and of the magnificent lettering of missals and tombstones.

How much any such recognition is still lacking may be seen, for instance, in the enthusiasm of archæologists over the floral decoration of Minoan pottery, although the " love of nature " to which it testifies is embodied in shapes not much more æsthetically exquisite than the water lilies and bullrushes of modern washstands ; the geometric vases of the Dipylon type being meanwhile treated as degenerate. While, from the same habit of thought, the splendid designs of proto-Corinthian ware, and the compositions on the black-figure vases, comparable only to the tiers of figures and foliage of a French cathedral-front, are dealt with merely as preparatory to the red-figured pottery, even when that ends in such a pretentious " academy " as the famous cup with Achilles and Penthesilea.

I have gone into all this detail about antique pottery because it leads to what seems to me one of Kit's finest, because most concrete yet most widely applicable, æsthetic discoveries. That, namely, of the interaction between the *palmettes* and ivy-wreaths, the variously accentuated, nay *phrased*, chequers or meanders on a Greek vase, and the figures which they frame ; a discovery bringing these ornaments into the same organic, DYNAMIC connexion with the whole vessel as are the lozenges and *cartouches* of the porches of Amiens with their enclosed reliefs ; or as are the leafage and shell-work with the Madonnas and angels of a Renaissance monument. Thus she teaches us to recognize how in all great art every detail is active because it draws upon our feeling of activity, but active in an intimately co-ordinated fashion. So that it might be

said that in great art everything takes on a function and value as pattern, because pattern is the archetype of what encloses our attention and sets it harmoniously working by its visible spells. And just as Kit wrote that she recognized the same movement in the drapery as in the body of the Venus of Milo, so also she pointed out that in a fine Greek head every curl of hair acts in concert with the features and gives them that convergence and plenitude of dignity and sweetness which reality most often lacks, because reality, even when selected for its vividness and harmony, has not been created on purpose to be vivid and harmonious.

XVIII

This is all I can say in hopes of helping the reader to find the ideas which run all through Kit Anstruther-Thomson's essays and notes. In hopes, also, of making it easier to find their application in his own dealings with art.

These pages of mine are much more in quantity and much less in quality than would have been the introductory chapter I was to have written to the book of which there remain only the following fragments. For Kit would have explained herself in her own way. And the continued contact with her mind would have made my part of the work more consubstantial with her own : there would have been more of living, concrete experience and less of laborious and, I fear, obscure and difficult theory. But having to deal with fragments and often with improvised lectures to two or three friends in the actual presence of the works of art she was speaking of, a great deal had to be filled up for the adequate appreciation of her ideas ; and this it has seemed better to supply in a separate introduction rather than break the text with explanatory footnotes. I am fully aware that what I have thus written would not have met with her entire agreement ; but our two joint essays on Michelangelo and on Desiderio show how much closer our agreement would have become if we had always worked together instead of separately.

And this leads me to add that, apart from everything which Kit Anstruther-Thomson could have continued to do and to be, more and more for many of us ; and

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON in the costume of one of the ladies in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." A charcoal sketch by J. S. Sargent, R.A., done at Fladbury 1889, and now in the possession of Vernon Lee.

apart also from the happiness and interest she could still have extracted from life ; she failed to take up the position which her genius warranted and she failed to give as much as her genius should have given. Her life was divided between too many interests for the full fruition of her intellectual powers : powers of psychological observation and generalization, of critical analysis and imaginative expression, which were only one side, perhaps unsuspected by some of her intimates, of her great, harmonious and yet sometimes baffling personality. From the point of view of such work as is embodied in the present volume, quite as much as for any other reason, her death, although in more than middle life, has been premature and a sheer loss.

And now, having brought to a close all it has been possible for me to write about her without intruding over-much on her aloofness, I feel it as a compensation for the difficult reticence I have thus practised, to end with a quotation which, this time, has no reference to Kit Anstruther-Thomson's studies and theories. It is from a loose sheet of pencil-writing gone over in ink ; a process which has left a few words doubtful, and one wholly illegible. Along with the tentative appearance of this page, it seems to show less directness and decision of wording than is usual in her rough notes, and, as a consequence perhaps, a certain conventionality. One might imagine that, once in a way, she was showing more of herself than could be mirrored in her ideas about art ; as if, with a hand unpractised in such attempts, she were hesitatingly sketching her own likeness upon the background of life itself. The fragment has for a title the line with which it begins, which is in quotation marks ; and it reads as follows :

"Ah ! who will give us back the Spring?" There is a note of sadness and regret about this appeal with which I cannot sympathize, for the Spring is full of delightful

things, but so is the Summer, and Autumn also is full of delightful things. But the [?] *does it not under the name of Spring* [mean] *youth?*

Ah! who shall give us back our youth? But why should we wish to have it back? Youth was a goodly and a pleasant thing, but middle age is also a goodly and a pleasant thing, while it brings maturity and understanding, and it does not yet bring decrepitude. If we had youth back we should have it as we did before unless we had the light of after events to steer by; and if we had that amount of experience we should not be so happy the second time or so sanguine, while the same joys and sorrows would not perhaps bear repetition, the glamour on them would have worn thin.

"*I for one don't believe in looking regretfully back into the past or forward with illusive hopes into the future, but rather in standing erect in the living present and in trying to distil the excellence out of that, and I believe that with ordinary luck life can be as valuable and as charming as we choose to make it. Perhaps to keep young in spirit is the way to have the Spring given back to us; perhaps the way even never to lose the Spring.*"

Florence, *Easter*, 1923.

End of Introduction

I

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN MAN AND ART

I

The Connection between Man and Art

Art is a world created so to speak in our image. The material it is made of is taken not so much from truth to Nature as from our conception of the beautiful; the question depending principally on what Beauty is?

When all is said and done, beauty seems to be just what we have always thought it was—namely, "the things we like."

But *why* do we like the things we like?

On the answer to this question hinges the whole subject of Æsthetics.

Why do we like the things we like? or, in other words, what makes us find certain things beautiful? We have all to a certain extent different ideas on the subject, for we are so complex that a great many things seem to mingle in our ideas of beauty, such as ideas of magnificence, power, sublimity; even affection for things often makes them seem beautiful. Associations and recollections invest things with a sort of reflected beauty; even things that are very rare or valuable or very *chic* borrow a sort of beauty. But for greater simplicity I put on one side all imaginative beauty, and keep for the moment only that part of beauty which is purely æsthetic.

We see at once that the reason we select some things as beautiful and others not, is that the things we select give us pleasure and the other things do not. The reason these things give us pleasure is, that their shape fits the way we are made, *but fits it on a larger scale*, so that they find some echo in us, an echo of *miming*,

and this *miming* produces a delightful condition. We seem to borrow from these things a feeling of great well-being, and we feel them to be very important and very real, because their shapes corroborate our shapes. And we call these pleasure-giving things beautiful. Things we cannot *mime* we do not look upon as beautiful, though they may have every other good quality : a great deal of furniture, for instance, comes under this heading. Things we consider ugly are for the most part things that are painful to *mime ;* things that are hung crookedly, for instance, or crude colours that fatigue us, or verse that does not scan (to take very glaring instances), are things our nature revolts against, because we *mime* them in great discomfort.

Art takes possession of the pleasure-giving things we call beautiful, and arranges them in such a way as to give us pleasure of a more complex kind, and we get this æsthetic pleasure because we are *miming* creatures.

II

Pattern and "Movement" in the Antique

(Diary Notes)

"Movement" in a work of art is intelligible to every one when it is the picture or statue of a living human being which is shown in movement, because living human beings do move.

But there is another sort of movement in art—the movement of *lines;* that is, movement which appears to us to be taking place in *in*animate things, like ornamental patterns and like hanging draperies—passive things that can't possibly be imagined as really moving.

Now, how do these things show movement? They do it by lines which call up in *us* an impulse to move, lines which give us a little spirt of activity, which spirt of activity we credit to the lines we are looking at.[1] These movements are called up in us by lines which swing to one side or the other side, and by lines which lift upwards or press downwards, because we, in looking at them, have a quite involuntary impulse to imitate them by movements of our own bodies. These movements of ours may be so slight as to be barely visible, but all the same we *feel* them as very real movements, because they take place right over our principal points of balance.

(The poise of the head on the neck, and the poise of the body at the waist, and the smallest movement at those points *tells*.) Let us apply the foregoing to patterns on Greek vases.

[1] See Introduction.

Here is an instance of a pattern in which the movement of lines is combined with the movement of living figures. The illustration is taken from a painting which decorates the neck of a vase in the museum at Munich.

It consists, as you see, of a pair of curved branches or spirals, with palm-leaves growing out of them, and two hares jumping outwards at the top corners.

One might almost say that the two sides of the pattern are " riding " the hares at their fences ! It is the pattern that gives them most of their impetus.

The left hare has very little " way on," for he has a cramped place, so has to jump " standing " ; so the whole of the left side of the pattern combines to help him over, by lurching over to the right, and so " prising " him upwards. The top palm-leaf has him by the head, so to speak, and is lifting him so high as almost to pull him over backwards, though the actual lines of the pull are invisible ; while the big spiral behind him is uncoiling its spring just enough to drive him straight at the imaginary " fence " ; the second spiral is coiling itself up, holding the fence steady ; while the third spiral leaps forward in front of him like a breaking wave, and it is thanks to *it* that he gets over at all, for one sees him in imagination following the lead of the wave, and coming down in a curve well over the fence. He hasn't done it yet, but we feel that he is going to, so we are not at all anxious about him.

But if we cover this third spiral with one finger for a moment, it goes badly with the hare !—and he won't get over at all. So one makes haste to remove one's finger, and at once he gets back his impetus.

Coming to the other side of the pattern, the right hare has a better " take off," so is simply flinging himself over, springing from his active hind legs : he could jump a thing double that size, so the pattern does not spend all its energies in helping him over ; if it did, it would disturb the balance of the whole design. The

Greek vase pattern with jumping hares from Buschor's " Vasenmalerei."

The same redrawn and spoilt by C.A.-T.

palm-leaf at the top swings him forward, but the big spiral behind him collects itself and holds back; so does the palm-leaf below it. But the palm-leaf he is jumping over helps him to jump by shooting its petals outwards. To test this, if one covers it up with one's finger, the hare seems to be pitching down a precipice. Meanwhile the second spiral, the one just below his hind legs, balances on itself and holds the fence steady, but the third spiral is different to all the others; it has a little bud growing out of it, and this bud plays a very important part; it is thanks to it that the hare will land on the ground at all. If one covers it with one's finger, he begins to jump wildly into the air as the March Hare would have jumped! But the way the bud comes curving down over the spiral gives the line of his downward jump and we "credit" him with it: while he is still in the air we know that he will follow it.

There isn't a leaf or a curve in the whole pattern which does not do something to help the hares over; while, all the time, the two very different sides of the pattern, with their two very different separate plot-interests, make between them an harmonious design.

This is an instance of the movement of lines: for, observe that it is the palms and the spirals—things which in nature do not jump—which give the hares quite half their jumping power.

I can best make this clear by making another drawing of the same group, drawn as a modern draughtsman would draw it. The first thing that strikes us is that it is a much tidier drawing; it stands evenly on its feet instead of lurching to the right, and the curves and spirals of the two sides match each other. But the objection to its regularity is that after the first glance we don't care to go on looking at it! For it has no life, it looks petrified. If we were to apply to it the language that we used for the other drawing, viz. that

"the pattern rides the hares over the fences," we should be talking nonsense, for this pattern is not doing anything of the sort; it is minding its own business, and taking no notice at all of the hares. They, on their part, are merely enclosed inside a pattern, out of which they wish to jump. They are active and the pattern is inert: there is no movement in common between the animate and the inanimate parts of the composition.

Go back to the Greek drawing: how crooked it is! But see what the crookedness does for it! To get an appearance of movement lines must be off the straight; they must have more pull in one direction than another, just as we ourselves have to lean over when we want to move. If we insisted on remaining exactly over our centre of gravity we should have to stand still for ever.

But it is not crookedness pure and simple; it is the *balanced* crookedness that makes one part pull against another in the right proportion, so that we in looking at it are swung over, but are rapidly swung back home again over our centre of gravity.

Then, with regard to the technique of the two drawings, the tidiness and the dullness of my drawing is due to the even thickness of the lines and to the roundness of the coils of the spirals. Whereas, in the Greek drawing every line is thickened unduly in some part of its course, so one seems to feel the *muscular contraction* of the line as one would feel the drawing up into activity of one's own biceps. Furthermore, every spiral is wilfully dragged off from the round, so it coils because it looks heavier in some places than in others, and the weight drags it round like a weight pressing on a wheel. Another reason why the modern drawing is so dull is that all the spirals end in the same way: the final curl of the line doesn't *do* anything! It merely serves to end the pattern. But compare the Greek drawing and see how the final curl-over of each

spiral varies ; they are each doing something ; by their position they make the whole spiral *act*. If the final curl were in the centre of the spiral it would just stay coiled up in its place, doing nothing ; but if this final curl is ever so little to one side or another it sends the spiral actively coiling inwards or outwards into space. Does not the interplay of the constituents of this pattern remind us of what we are familiar with in our own activities : the screwing ourselves up to the pitch, almost absurdly like the coiling-in movement of one of those spirals ; and the final decision, extraordinarily like the action of the left-hand spiral.

So much for the pattern from that point of view. But the movement of the lines can go on quite independently of the representation of hares or any other living creatures. Turn the pattern upside-down and you have another design, for, unlike pictures—which are *not* looked at upside-down—pottery was intended to be handled, and to be viewed in different positions.

This upside-down pattern makes perfect sense as a composition, though the whole motif is altered, and the hares no longer count. Now the palmettes are performing a fantastic sort of dance on each side of the middle lotus flower. The two inner ones are swinging back towards the lotus, using their two spirals as arms and the spray below them as a foot ; the two outer ones would dive downwards if they were not held in place by their two spirals.

The pressure inwards of the middle palmettes is balanced by the outward and downward movement of the outer ones, and they make between them a harmonious rhythmic movement. Notice that each part of this reversed drawing is in movement no less than were the hares in movement when we looked at the composition right side up.

The secret of this extraordinary feat of being able to produce a drawing which makes sense either side up

lies in the *phrasing* of the line, by which the direction of it is different on the inside of the line to the direction it takes on the outside. The line is not of even thickness, so the outer and inner sides of it are not parallel : they are differently shaped, so they do different things.

The Greeks drew with a paint brush, not with a pencil, and the line they seem to have drawn was not the boundary line of the OBJECT, *but the two boundary lines of the space on each side of the object*, which is a much more complicated and delicate business. To make the thing clear : imagine looking down from a balloon upon a river running through a grass field : the curves made by the two banks of the river would be quite different from each other and would curve in different shapes, all in following the main movement of the stream. So it is with the two edges of the Greek line : one's eye has two different outlines to choose from, and it instinctively chooses the one that fits the pattern ; it takes no notice of the other edge of the line, and thus the pattern phrases *itself* whichever way up it is held.

For instance, in this upside-down view it will be noticed that the little buttons on the branches of the middle stalk, which did not seem to play any particular part in the picture of the hares, come into play here, pushing out towards the big spirals, tying them together. And the two palmettes that lean down headforemost have no appearance of falling because their petals don't incline downwards—they forge out in divergent ways leaning on space. The direction of the petals didn't strike us as meaning anything the other way up, whereas it is all-important here : whereas the hares, the principal motifs of the first picture, are of no account here.

I want to insist that one of the functions of pattern is to give the space it encloses an appearance of expanding or contracting, as the case may be. For, notice

that every curve in this pattern would stretch further afield if it were not held in check. Tremendous forces seem to be flinging themselves onward beyond our sight, and they enrich the design by their suggested, though invisible, presence, and make it look far ampler than its actual size.

Of course, making a pattern crooked is not enough to give it movement. That would be worse by far than to make tame, straight, spiritless drawings, because we should feel our whole balance upset by the drawing. It would be much as if a man on skates who couldn't skate were to lean over to one side and expect as a consequence that he would be able to perform some complicated and beautiful feat of figure-skating, at the risk of his falling down. We should much prefer to see him trudging along a road on his two feet than to watch senseless experiments with his balance.

But the balanced drawings of the Greeks, in which a pull to one side is always balanced by a contrary pull somewhere on the other side, give us the exhilarating feeling of using our own balance with full security.

Of course, all Greek vase-pattern is not as fine as the one I have just described. But it is very plain that all Greek designers felt the movement of lines as an essential quality of line.

We poor moderns who lead sedentary lives, and whose eye is ruined by the sight of machine-made ornament, have lost sight of this quality: we cannot even *see* a tithe of the greatness of Greek Art unless we learn to do so by much training.

III

Encrusted Mediæval Patterns

Encrusted marble work should be, and I think generally has been, used on buildings that stand in more or less isolated positions, such as churches and public buildings, because it is a species of architecture that simply kills any other. No building of any other material, however beautiful its shape, can hold one's eye in its neighbourhood, because its smooth, polished surface has such a charm for the eye that any other material feels rough and dusty in comparison, and, strung up as one is by the ease and pleasantness of looking at the marble, one feels these rough and dusty textures as wellnigh unbearable.

Only the sky is fit company for polished marble, and the harmony of a marble building against the sky is a very special and exquisite thing, as the eye passes freely from one to the other without any effort of adjustment.

When we have a marble building on which bands of coloured marble divide the white spaces, we have besides the charm of the texture the further charm of the colour, for it takes hold of one's eye and stretches it wide—stretches its power of seeing to such a degree that one suddenly seems to be seeing with the whole of one's eye instead of only with the fovea. This apparent widening of the vision of one's eyes has an extraordinary effect upon one's spirits : it is at one and the same moment peaceful and exhilarating. In my own case it makes me feel inimitably as if I were living over a wider area, for I feel suddenly conscious of both

(*a*) Under-rim and handle of a cup, redrawn by C.A.-T. so as to show different effect of black and red figures.

(*b*) Round encrusted pattern from Florence Baptistery drawn by C.A.-T.

sides of my body. Encrusted marble requires shapes and designs that show vitality, or else we become impatient, and we cannot fix our eye upon the designs. If we insist upon doing so the designs bore us, and in a short time exasperate us : only the best and most vital treatment of pattern is good enough for encrusted marble, and the old builders gave it to us.

Take as an instance the Baptistery in Florence : the plain-looking dark marble arches and oblong spaces have not a mechanical-looking line or a dull curve or a dull right angle between them ; everywhere the line is straightening itself as it goes along, instead of being built straight, so to speak ; and all the angles are pulling at each other or giving a little. They are either a little acute, or a little obtuse, so each of them appears to the eye to be in action.

The little diamond-shaped patterns show this active quality just as much, and notice how they group. Each diamond is in relation to those next it without the faintest vestige of a " repeat," for each one is slightly different to its neighbour. They all move in relation to each other, like separate soldiers marching together as a regiment.

Turning from this beautiful façade of the Baptistery to the façade of the Duomo, which is modern work, one finds a change has come over one. The charm of the polished marble is there, the charm of the coloured pattern is there, and they give one the wide-eyed vision and feeling of activity that one felt in looking at the Baptistery ; but we feel in a state of baulked activity. The main thing is absent ; the building gives one absolutely no answering appearance of movement. So we are in a state of baulked activity which is exceedingly irritating to one's nerves, and one is at once very angry with the building !

None of the parts are doing anything, and the patterns are all made on regular lines. Each one is exactly

the same as its neighbour, and the repeat is exasperating. One feels this façade as one would feel a series of jerks in a badly started tramway, like the one that is starting from the Piazza alongside at this moment. All this nervous wear and tear because we are not given the sense of movement, after having been put into a condition which promised the sense of movement.

Let us look at the Campanile alongside.

Here we feel the stretch upwards of the tower, as being very, very high, because each line has the appearance of doing something. The lower set of string courses hold down ; the higher ones lift up.

. . . . . .

One looks at coloured pattern in a different way to the way in which one looks at pattern in black and white. In black and white, one's eye has to follow each part, whereas with the coloured pattern it claps down on the pattern as a whole, one's two sides come immediately into play.

Modern encrusted work shrinks under one's eye ; the old work expands under it.

As soon as you get into the presence of a good old pattern you are opposite something with a verb to TENSIFY, and you must answer it out of sympathy.

Having done this, one has the groundwork of the pattern inside one, and one takes it in at one's leisure. While one looks at one item, which is all one can look at at a time, one is doing the rest of the pattern with one's body.

Pattern has more or less richness of appearance according to the tensity of the spectator.

. . . . . .

The shiny surface of encrusted marble architecture is singularly delightful to the eye, and when one looks at buildings made of ordinary materials after it, one's

eye is made very uncomfortable. Briefly, it is like sledging on frozen snow, gliding smoothly along, and then coming to a place where the snow has been removed and one's sledge drags along on bare ground. The marble is in harmony with the luminous texture of the sky, which other buildings are not, of course. It gives the marble a very specific quality.

It will only do for monuments in isolated positions. Buildings of other materials alongside jar one's feeling of texture too much. One's whole eye sees the building, and the feeling is an exhilarating one. The wide flatness of our vision makes one happy.

Renaissance pattern was architectural. It was pattern holding up and pressing in as a building would, and modern pattern, as far as I know, does nothing at all except cover the space with lines and curves which repeat each other. . . .

There is no leaving to chance about a Greek pattern any more than they chanced drawing a galloping horse. Each part does its share of the action, just as the parts of the horse would. If any part were left to chance, that part would at once show itself as dead weight, as rubbish, in short, and it would put out the movement of the whole composition. . . .

There's all the difference between fighting with a rifle and fighting with a spear. The Greeks were always balancing their weapon, and so felt balance as part of their being.

. . . . . .

It may be argued that these patterns were used as part of a religious observance, that they were used from a tradition, and so on. Yes; but they were originally designed and executed by the hand of man. They were presumably put together by man because they expressed what man felt.

A Reliquary in Florence

(From a Diary)

This splendid thing has a great grip of the ground. First and foremost it grips the ground. The action isn't a *cramponage ;* it is like the water flowing into a space of that shape, and like water there is a bias on one side, as if the weight of the water were swinging to one side.

The spring-upwards begins very late, the foot only slightly sloped till the last minute ; then the shaft goes upwards but with downward pressure. The bulb is heavy, and the enamel saints drive out sideways with their little intercepting [?] ; then pass the bulb, and up again to the capital, which is quite crooked by accident or design.

Then the reliquary is laid on it like a board with the two ends sagging down.

The weight is taken off by the four up-springing pinnacles, which are as high as the box of the reliquary. The roof of the reliquary flings upwards, and is steadied and weighted by the cartouche of St. Martin on one face, and by the Florentine or some other coat of arms on the other face.

The arms on the full face are placed crooked in counter-balance to the horizontal of the reliquary box, though the cartouche itself follows the inclination of the reliquary box. The roof of the reliquary springs to the ground at the foot of the cross where the Christ hangs down as stars hang down sometimes towards the earth. The movement of the cross is full face. The glass of the reliquary is either [?] or crystal. The

material of the rest is copper gilt, and one gets the masculine handling one sees in Sheffield plate.

The crucifix seems to have grown up out of the centre as a result of the relic, a big bone evidently held up on golden spur-shaped props. The whole ex pression of the reliquary is very pressed round, very garnered and cherished.

The reliquary doesn't press heavily ; it is more like a ship rocking on the sea.

St. Martin's cartouche leans down in opposition to the line of the reliquary. The foot presses back ; it had very decidedly a direction. The capital lifts, it hasn't been knocked out of shape. [?] The enamel saints are like wakeful sentinels just looking out and soon going in again.

There isn't a straight line anywhere : all are round.

II

MORE ABOUT GREEK VASES

"Crookedness"

(Notes for a Lecture)

Leaving the six-century vases, with their tense figures, I turned my attention to the vases of the fifth century. I looked at a great many of every sort and kind, but I found none that were not more or less crooked, some more and some less, but none of them would have passed muster in a modern crockery shop. They would all have been ignominiously returned to the manufacturer as careless workmanship.

Now if one can be certain of anything at all, one can be certain that the Greek potters made their vases crooked on purpose, as probably the great French cathedral builders made their buildings crooked on purpose. And in both cases for the same reason, i.e. that it gave a look of movement and of life to the works of art.

When the potter planted the neck of his vase with a "slew" to one side he swung it back into equilibrium by putting it on to its base with a lean-over to the other side. And, moreover, the shape of the vase was based (according to my hypothesis at least) on the shape of the Human Being, so that every line of it was felt in his body as a real thing. A swing off the balance, and then a swing back into equilibrium in the shape of the vase was felt as an excitement and an amusement in him who looked at the vase. The potter's genius, of course, consisted in making a vase that was crooked, but *harmoniously* crooked, so that the sum total of lifts, pressures, swings off the centre of gravity, and swings

back on to it, should make a whole, which looked alert and satisfying, satisfying to the most exacting people who ever lived. Small wonder that when the potter had created a perfectly successful pot he often signed[1] it with his name before sending it on to the painter. And the painter must evidently have carefully studied the vase for a long time before he touched it with his brush—studying its various crookednesses till he felt them merged into a scheme : till the vase took on a physiognomy of its own. Then, with the particular expression of the vase strong in his mind, he must have designed a composition (made up partly of living creatures, partly of ornamental lines) that went with the shape of the vase.

In some cases the painter boldly made his painting in opposition to this shape of the vase : sometimes, on the other hand, in harmony with it, but wherever the crookedness of the vase produced a disturbance in the spectator's sense of equilibrium there the painting comes to the rescue. It does something which puts the composition back into equilibrium. Then the curved shape of the vase, though it makes the painting less easy for the eye to take in, makes the picture much more alive, because the shape of the vase acts on the spectator. It makes him feel more alive, more elastic, more drawn up himself. Moreover, the rounded shape on which the picture is painted gives him a feeling of future and past, as well as of the present, because the subject comes round into view and goes away into the distance ; so he sees the future and past foreshortened, while the present is opposite his eye.

The handles of the vases are always crooked, never a perfectly matched pair. They play a great part, the part of the frame (?) to the picture. Thus when

[1] I believe that the maker's name and "εποιεσεν" is nowadays referred to the owner of the Pottery, the *Entrepreneur*, not necessarily the man who actually shaped the vase.—V.L.

the handles curve inwards they have the appearance of protecting it, when they curve up they inspire the picture with fresh energy, when they curve out they give it a look of ardour, the spirit of adventure and so on. More than this, the picture gets a sort of ethical importance from the shape of the vase : steadfastness, boldness, reticence, suspended judgment, open-handedness, thrift and many other qualities are shown, vividly and unmistakably, on the vases with never a spoken word, their shape alone transmitting the emotion—transmitting it, too, in such an intimate fashion that it clings to one's memory for long after.

. . . . . .

The two artists, potter and painter, made between them a very complex work of art, that seems as one watches it to lift up, to hold back, to reach forward, to swing; all these contrary movements of give and take between opposing forces being held together as by some great elastic force which binds into unity.

The fact that the picture on the vase is given a wider scheme of life by the shape of the vase than it could ever have attained by itself is constantly brought home to one. For instance, a certain Eros is painted flying, and the shape of the vase gives almost double the power of flight that he would have had on a flat rectangular panel, for the shape of the vase holds him suspended in the air by its own attitude of being held up. Or, again, the coming of spring is painted on a vase ; the figures are young and jubilant, and on the trees the young leaves are shooting out. But what puts spring into the air is the shape of the vase, which makes one feel the outward push of the growing plants, and the lift, and buoyant life of the young year. Or yet another, the Chariot of Helios comes sailing up from under the sea, scattering shoals of dolphins in its upward rush : in another second it will be the moment

of sunrise. The dash and impetus in this splendid painting is caught up and redoubled by the imperious lift upwards of the shape of the vase. Or again, in a chariot scene, the eagerness of the team of impatient horses and their reach forward, and also the contrary pull back of the charioteer, are given in all their vividness by the shape of the vase : and the gravity of the business on hand, the strength and nerve of the man who drives are all shown somehow in the shape of the vase. But these things must be seen to be understood. It is absurd to try and describe their subtle beauty. It is impossible also, unfortunately, to show it in photographs, because they have no bulk. For, as I pointed out earlier in this article, the vase in real life influences one because it really has bulk as well as shape, and one feels the kinship of it in oneself, so that, for instance, one draws back one's neck and widens one's chest, because that is what the vase seems to be doing ; but the photograph cannot do this, and moreover, being a single focused view, it can't give sequence, which is so important an item in a vase picture. A photograph is better than nothing at all, and that is the most that one can say for it.

And so, if one wants to appreciate their qualities, one simply must go to the vases themselves, and one must spend time and trouble in learning to look at them, perhaps a good deal of time, and perhaps a good deal of trouble.

If we were Greeks, or rather if only we were blessed with the delicate insight of the Greeks, we should see a thousand times more in the vases than we do see ; but even as things are to such of us as love them, these beautiful works of art are a never-ending source of wonder and delight.

What Patterns can do to us

(A Lecture)

Here are three outline drawings of Greek vases.

Laying one's eye casually upon them, one would be prepared to swear that they were all three of different sizes : the first looks larger than the second, and the second looks wider than the third.

Yet the fact is that the three vases really are all the same size, they are the same vase, they have indeed all been taken from the same tracing. The apparent difference between them is an optical illusion, one of Nature's conjuring tricks, by which such trifling things as lines drawn at various distances from each other and curves going at different angles can mislead and dominate our eye, till we do not know the difference between one thing and another, or rather, we know differences which are not there.

It is a matter of commonplace knowledge among house-decorators and also, for the matter of that, among people who are not house-decorators, that if you wish to make a wall look lower you must divide your space into several parts. But the further conjuring with space which can be effected by pattern is by no means so universally known, because, greatly as a result of ornament made by machinery and which has no life in it, we have been so unfortunate as to forget all about the real functions of pattern : we think of it merely as some ornamental arrangement or another of lines and curves, designed to cover blank spaces more or less agreeably. But the idea that

pattern has an active part of its own to play, that it either holds up or widens out, or presses down, or encloses space, that notion, though it is a simple and on the whole a probable enough one, we have completely lost all knowledge of.

To discover for ourselves what pattern is capable of doing in the way of altering shapes, let us examine these three pictures of vases and compare them with each other, so as to *catch the patterns at work !* When we have possessed ourselves of this information we shall be in a better position to appreciate Greek vases when we see them in the round.

The vase in question is an Amphora ; it was made not for ornament but for use ; it contained wine, large quantities of wine, hence its rather squat shape. Its neck was narrow to prevent any of the contents from spilling over the brim ; of course, it had to be portable, but so heavy a vase could not be carried by its handles. The handles were only for lighter use, such as tipping it up or holding it steady, but when it had to be moved it was carried on the head or shoulder of some Greek man or woman, so its base had to be small. All these practical requirements resulted in a vase which looks rather round-shouldered and which rests rather heavily on its base, as in No. 1.

But when the painter took it in hand, how rapidly he remedied these defects. Look at No. 2 : how the rosettes round the neck lengthen it ; how its round-shouldered look has disappeared under the influence of the pattern ; then, looking lower down, how its spike-like pattern makes it stand lightly on its base. The body is literally lifted upwards by this pattern, and the result of these ornamental shapes painted on the plain vase are that No. 2 is now shapely, though it is still rather wide for its height.

But notice No. 3. *It* is not a bit too wide for its height now ! for the widening action of the palm pat-

Three outlines of a Greek amphora, redrawn for experiment by C.A.-T.

tern is countered and corrected by the addition of the picture of the warriors charging inward. We still feel the stretch outward of the palm pattern, but the movement inward of the warriors is far the more decided movement of the two, so it draws the whole composition together and tightens it ; and then see how the warriors by their springing strides pick up the whole body of the vase, " draw it fine," make it tense and springy, and the handles, which up till now have been merely there for use, now look active and pull against the warriors, giving them their fine poise. The vase contains just as much wine or oil as it did before, but it is now transformed into a thing of energy and grace.

But I think that very possibly our eye would not play us these unexpected tricks if it were left to itself to give us all the information we get about shapes. It might then merely register the fact that the shape of Vase 1 remained its own shape even when various black lines and figures had been painted on it, as in Vases 2 and 3. But it is not left to itself to tell us its own story undisturbed. Other parts of our body will insist on telling us about the vase, too. In fact, they insist on helping our eye by doing the shapes in some rudimentary fashion inside us to an extent we may feel almost as an actual alteration of the shape of our own body. So the addition of a lifting pattern to the base of the vase comes to us as a very real modification in the shape of the vase, because it suddenly thrusts into our own body a feeling of lifting which we cannot help realizing. And every additional shape is hammered into us so energetically by our body that we have to believe its testimony rather than that of our eye.

It is this fact : that we have to feel in our body the shape of the things we see with our eye, that gives Art such a hold over us !

In real life we do not stop and look at things intently for the pleasure of looking at them, and with no other

object in view. It is only Art that holds us in this way, keeping us steady on one object so that we have time to *feel* about it, and we feel the " way of being " of pattern just as keenly and acutely as we feel the way of being of figures of men and women ; *moreover, our body is indifferent to the literary interest of the subject.* So pattern and human figures can become equally interesting and equally pleasant to look at ; they can be combined in all sorts of arrangements without putting each other out, for they all conform to the same way of happening.

To return to the drawings of the vases, take up illustration No. 3 and, instead of leaving it flat, curve the paper outward till, instead of looking at a flat vase, you find yourself looking at one with a rounded body. You will find the picture is much pleasanter to look at than it was a second ago when it was flat. Now, it is obvious that the drawing itself has undergone no miraculous improvement, so it must be that our eye is seeing it under pleasanter conditions. It is more than probable that the Queen of Spades in a pack of playing cards might prefer to look at drawings on the flat because she has a flat eye, in a flat body ; but we Human Beings, who have a curved surface to our eyes and also have more or less rounded bodies, prefer looking at rounded surfaces rather than at flat ones. We don't recognize this because perhaps of our habit of writing and reading so continuously and always on flat sheets of paper, so we consider that the proper way to paint pictures is to paint them on the flat ; but the Greeks evidently were free from this prejudice, and so were able to realize that if they painted on the round they could give their picture special qualities which they could not possibly give to pictures painted on the flat. Hence this beautiful art of vase painting.

Let us turn our attention to the vases themselves—and I use the words " turn our attention " because by

looking at a vase I do not mean merely laying our eye on it for an instant—for just long enough to seize a rapid notion of its shape, or of the subject of the picture painted on it, and then moving on ; I mean something more deliberate, something closer. We must let our eye move all over the vase, rest on it—cover it, and re-cover it, till it has assimilated its shape on all its detail. By that time something will have happened ! We shall find that the vase has acquired a strange hold over us; we came into the museum perhaps not particularly interested, perhaps rather tired, perhaps even a little bored, but by the time we have taken in the shape of some great Greek vase we have lost our sense of fatigue, our indifference has left us, we have become alert, interested, more than interested, fascinated, and as we go on looking at the vase we feel our vitality not only renewed but actually increased. What has happened ?

To find out, let us examine some of the vases, and afterwards we will look at the patterns painted on them. But we must understand the vases themselves before we look at the pictures, because the vases, by their shape, add to the beauty and the expression of the pictures in return for the help which we have already noticed the pictures give to the shape of the vases.

In looking at a Greek vase the first thing we notice is that its base seems to be pressing hard upon the ground. (It is a curious fact that it is only in art that we actually *see* the pressure of an object's weight upon the ground ! A cart-load of bricks doesn't look as if it pressed upon the ground, while a terra-cotta vase weighing 6 oz. does.) The terra-cotta vase does more than merely press, it grips the ground with its base, and our feet grip the ground in response. I spoke, a few pages back, of the other parts of our body which tell our consciousness more about the thing our eye is

looking at, and which *insist* upon doing the thing, thereby giving us much more urgent messages than we get from our eye—the grip of our feet on the ground is one of the messages. In ordinary life we modern people never do grip the ground with our feet; we merely stand flatly upon what French people aptly call *des pieds bêtes!* But when under the influence of the work of art we do grip the ground,[1] the action brings with it a feeling of security, of confidence which it is difficult to believe can be the result of so slight a cause. Perhaps, though, the thing is of more importance than it appears, for after all, it is putting us into closer touch with the outer world by the one point of direct contact that we have with it.

The next thing we notice about the vase is its roundness and the lift upwards of its body (when we looked at the drawing on the curved piece of paper we noticed that even it pleased our eye; but the real vase has curves both up and down as well as having a rounded body, so it has much more effect upon us). And as our eye takes in its rounded form, the "other part" of us which rushes in with an urgent message to our consciousness is the whole of the upper part of our body, our spine and breast bone and ribs. They all lift upwards and all of a sudden we find ourselves breathing much more freely, for we have much more room in which to expand our lungs, and an unusual thing happens—as long as we go on looking at the vase *our ribs do not collapse down again!* They continue actively holding up, even when we begin to breathe out again. And this holding up on the part of our ribs has a curious influence on our powers of vision; we continue to have a quite steady view of the vase even while we breathe out, whereas in ordinary life it is only while we draw our breath in that we see things very

[1] Or perhaps rather: make nervous adjustments which *feel* to us like gripping.—V.L.

vividly. So that this power of still seeing quite steadily and vividly while our breath goes out of our lungs enables us to see about double as much to the minute as we did before, and it goes on all the time we look at the vase. So we are all that to the good. And it is not only that we see more, but this consecutiveness of vision gives us a strangely agreeable feeling of evenness and of continuity.[1]

And we owe this to the rounded shape of the vase—no flat picture would have given it to us.

The next point we notice is the neck of the vase, which carries itself straight upwards, and as our eye takes this in " the other part of us " which brings its eager message to our consciousness is our neck, which at once draws itself up in imitation of the neck of the vase.

Most of us in ordinary life let our necks bend forward, which presses the weight of our head very much off its balance, so that, instead of being no weight at all, we have to carry its weight on our neck muscles, and moreover in this position we press unduly on the top of our lungs. . . .

Next we notice the handles, and of course as soon as our eye takes them in it is our hands, arms and shoulders that send their messages inwards to our consciousness and they send another message also, a linked message from our head and our hands, because they are in concert so often in real life that they send in a combined message now. So we see the handles not merely as convenient terra-cotta loops by which to turn and tip the vase, but as things like arms that have gestures,

[1] I do not think that, at least in the later years of her life, C. A.-T. believed that this " other part which rushes in with an urgent message, etc.," does any of these things in such a manner that a (super-) physiologist might eventually verify these actions. She was ready to admit that such *objective* muscular actions are quite unnecessary for the acceptance of a statement which really asserts only that we feel as if such things were happening.—V.L.

they seem to stretch outwards or lift upwards or enclose inwards, or any combination of all three, and we feel them as we should feel Human gestures.

But the handles have the power of doing more than showing Human gestures. They make visible to us their relation with the air round them. They seem to have an actual grip upon the outer air, and by the form of their grip they seem to be handling something not at all intangible, though invisible—something buoyant and very tangible, which offers real resistance. The vase seems to lift and almost to float in the buoyancy of the surrounding air which we, looking on, infer so vividly as almost to feel ourselves.

So far we have noticed the pressure of the vase on the ground with its message to us :

1. The roundness of its shape, with its message to us,
2. And the lift of its neck, and its message to us.
3. The gesture of its handles with their message.

But we have up till now spoken of the vase as if it were perfectly straight on its base, and as if it were perfectly even sided. But if a Greek potter had sent a Greek painter a perfectly straight vase, such as we should make nowadays, the painter would, I incline to believe, have either broken it to atoms or have sent it back to the potter with a message that it was useless for his purpose, as it offered no points of resistance to his picture, that it was, in short, a quite dead piece of work. Greek vases were all made crooked by the Greek potters, and some were very crooked indeed. They were made thus for a very good reason —because we get their appearance of movement by this very crookedness.

To demonstrate this—let the reader stand quite still on tiptoe, his feet close together and his head erect. This done, what happens? Nothing at all happens! he may stay there till he drops, but nothing

else will happen. If he wants to do anything of any sort or kind *he must come off the straight*, and then, and only then, will he begin to move. Of course, if he leans too much over to one side he will lose his balance, unless some one pushes him over in the contrary direction ; he will then swing between the two directions *till his balance gets righted.*

Well, in the same way the Greek vase has to come off the straight and lean over to one side and then to the other, in order to get *its* look of movement.

Say its body leans over too much to the right. The potter didn't while the clay was still wet put it straight. He left it crooked, and made it look right by leaning its neck over to the left, or perhaps by putting on the left handle a little lower down than it would otherwise be. One way or another he easily readjusted its balance, unless indeed he decided to leave it crooked, so as to give the painter the fun of putting it into balance by the picture he painted on it, and this was, I think, what they generally did ; and I think that the painters must have greatly enjoyed getting very crooked vases to decorate, as it gave them the excitement of inventing pictures that would put them back into equilibrium. I will show you some presently, and we shall find that, instead of disliking all these crooked shapes, we shall find them, on the contrary, very pleasant, for they set up in us a swinging movement barely visible to the eye, but to our consciousness very real indeed.

And now turning to the vases.

I take my examples from the museum in Florence because I happen to be there at present ; but all-important archæological museums will offer examples as good,[1] so the reader will have no difficulty in finding examples for himself. But of course he must choose

[1] Especially as the Florence collection of vases is not a very rich one.—V.L.

them with a certain amount of discrimination, for even in Greek art there were inferior artists and indifferent work. For it would be too much to expect that Time and Destiny should have preserved for our delectation only the best! For all we know, many of the finest *chef d'œuvres* of those times may be lying still hidden underground, and we do know, alas! that many of them are shattered into dust and have long ago mixed with their Mother Earth; but still we are fortunate in that hundreds, though broken in parts, are above ground to be seen, and a few, by good luck, are in perfect preservation.

The first I would show you is a Kylix, or drinking cup, about eight inches across, the picture painted in black upon its terra-cotta ground. The cup is placed very much askew upon its stem, but its balance is righted by the painting, as in this way the cup tips over to the left; but the crouching warrior, who is the subject of the picture on the under rim, presses to the right, leans his weight against the uphill slope of the cup, and rights its balance. On either side of this warrior are wide-open eyes, such as were commonly used to avert the Evil Eye; they play a very important part in the composition. The crouching warrior is waiting in ambush (in one of those ambushes which Homer describes as being trying to the nerve of even the boldest of the Heroes). It is difficult to describe the vigilance (which is yet so visible) of this painted figure, for the figure itself only very partially expresses it. It is, of course, from those wide-open eyes that we get the idea of watchfulness—this much is obvious. But what is not so obvious is why we know for certain that these two eyes have been on the watch ever since the warrior took up his position many hours ago; and, what is more, that they will go on watching with unbated vigilance for hours and hours to come—indeed, till all need for watching is over.

We are face to face with the warrior in a fleeting moment of present time, suspended between the past and the future, and the strange thing is that all three are simultaneously visible under our eyes. What is it that gives us this realization of the past? And why do we anticipate the future in this expectant way? They are strange things to find in a picture! The flat paintings such as we are accustomed to, have no power of expressing the passing of time. They deal only with the present moment. And sure enough it is the curved surface of the vase that makes these things visible, that brings them home to us. For the part of the picture which is opposite our eye we feel, of course, as the present; while we instinctively push the rear part of the picture—i.e. the part behind the figure—into the past, and the part in front of him we instinctively look upon as the future.

So much for the eyes which watch over this warrior. Let us catch now the action of the ears which are open to every sound. His own ears are not even visible, and even if they were we should not gather much information from them. It is the handles of the cup which act as ears for him, pricked ears on the qui vive for the tread far away of the coming enemy, and he is quite safe where, like a tiger, he crouches with such ears to act as his sentinels.

The potter and the painter between them have made these eyes and ears to act in concert to keep watch for him, and between them they have given the warrior his expression of vigilance and alertness.

(No flat picture could have produced these effects. They are the special quality of vase-painting, and we, let it be noted, have not seen all this with our eye alone. Many other parts of our body have insisted on their evidence being listened to, like clamorous witnesses, who will not be denied a hearing—while our eyes have seen the thing, our body has, in some sketchy and

rudimentary fashion, done it! and between them we have for the time being literally lived the life of the vase.)

My next example is also a Kylix. This cup is about the same size as the last, i.e. about eight inches across, but its shape is much less crooked; instead of being askew on its stem, the cup grows out of it straight, like a flower, and the picture is placed exactly in the middle, where it gets the benefit of the stem's upward lift.

The little picture represents a chariot with its owner, an armed warrior, standing behind it. His charioteer holds back his impatient team till he is ready to get in. The whole group is in a state of tension and we, who watch it, feel almost tense, too, as we wait for the moment when the warrior will spring on to the light chariot, and the eager horses will take the sudden swinging upwards of the pole as the signal to start, and will be off at a bound at racing speed.

We feel that it has all happened many times before! Indeed, all the chariots and horses in the Iliad come stirring into our memory, so vividly is the idea of the past evoked by this little group, and yet it is made visible to us only by the curved surface of the cup, stretching behind the chariot while conversely the curved surface in front of it stretches forward on and on into the future. And it is into this future that we feel that these horses are going, without flagging for leagues and leagues at a stretch. But what is it that makes us so sure of their "staying power"? What is making it visible while they themselves are only standing still? It is the stretch outward of the handles of the cup. They pull against each other in their efforts to reach out, yet wider, into space. They have an appearance of such resilient energy that there will never be any slackening in their action. We feel an echo of all this in our own bodies, of course, and we

pass the feeling on to the horses, the charioteer and the warrior. The little group, horses included, is barely two inches long, but the stretch of the handles on either side of them has so to speak endowed them with miles and miles of space.

The painter has taken up the peculiarities of shape in the vase, and has used them as a dynamic force in the making of his picture. The potter and the painter between them have produced even on this humble little cup an art as rich and as complex than that of the Renaissance frescoe painter "flaming out his thoughts upon a palace wall for Rome to see."

So far we have been examining terra-cotta coloured vases on which the figures have been painted in black. But now I want to show you a vase of a later date and on which therefore the background is painted black, while the figures are left the natural colour of baked clay.

One might imagine at first that red figures on a black ground were merely a reversal of black figures on a red ; but the difference between the two styles is immense, so much so that I must make a parenthesis to show it to you before we proceed to look at the next vase. Here is a picture on a vase at Palermo on which the artist has shown the two methods in juxtaposition. Notice how thin and almost empty the black warrior on the light ground looks in comparison to the red warrior on the black ground, who looks widely developed and full of energy. Moreover, he is all of a piece ! One's eye takes in every part of him at once. It stamps down on to him, so to speak, whereas we fail to see the black warrior in this simple direct fashion, so he looks much less masculine. He has much less purpose, much less "drive." If, however, we make the experiment of drawing the group the reverse way, making the light warrior black and black warrior light, we find that the "drive" and energy have in a great

measure deserted the left-hand warrior, whereas the warrior on the right has become more emphatic than he was before. So, going back to the original picture, the experiment has made clear to us that it is to his black background that left-hand warrior owes most of his qualities as a fighting man. It is thanks to his black background that our eye stamps down upon every part of him at once, so that we see every part in close connection, because it is the background that has been so carefully worked up, that every scrap of it has its own delicate and clear-cut shape, so our eye travels about on it freely and confidently from every point to every other point, for every fraction of it is alive and holds one's eye. It is no passive black void. It is the void in action ! and one sees its whole expanse as steadily as one sees the figure it surrounds, and we realize that its resolute, clean outlines have doubled the intensity of the contour of the white figure, for the figure possesses two outlines—its own and that of the background. Moreover, our eye can pierce past the warrior into the space around him, and beyond him. The space bears the weight of our eye in some light elastic fashion, and we feel the real bulk and weight of the warrior, massed in the space that makes his environment.

This method of painting followed after that of the black figures painted on the plain terra-cotta surface of the vases—it was the final refinement of Greek vase-painting, its highest pitch of exquisite technique.

Now to return to the vases themselves. I will take as my last example an Amphora about half a metre high, a fine specimen of the " red figured " vases of the technique of which we have just been speaking.

(Directly we look at it we are made conscious of the enormous importance of its rounded shape, for, thanks to the queer instinct that we have noticed as we went along, we identify our own shape with the shape of this thing that we are looking at, and it suddenly pulls

us backwards into an acute consciousness of the existence of the muscles of our own back—we find we can lean confidently back upon our ownselves with a quite real sense of support. And we go on rapidly assimilating the shape of the vase till we suddenly find ourselves harbouring the illusion that the foreground of the picture is behind us! while the background remains in its place in front of us, and we ourselves—*our consciousness*,[1] I suppose, *I mean by "we ourselves"*—seem to be somehow and somewhere about the centre of it. So, though we are seeing the picture with our eyes which look out to the front, the doing of it is taking place inside us. Have we swallowed the vase! or is it, on the contrary, the vase that has swallowed us! I do not know, but anyhow we are seeing it with a delightful feeling of completely possessing it.

Of this Amphora only the upper part of the body is painted, and the figures on it are flying figures, many of them in actual flight. The rest are sitting on clouds, and they also would fly had they not anchored themselves down by the grip of their feet on the air beneath. The figures are here at this moment, but in a flash they will surely change their place. It is a fugitive glimpse of them that we are offered, but we get it without the effort usually attendant upon fugitive glimpses, for we are seeing the past, the present and the future all spread out simultaneously under our eyes.

The vase seems to be floating in a buoyant element that supports it, and the power of flight of the flying

[1] Please remark this admission. Let me say once for all that my previous footnote applies to *all* similar passages in any part of the following Essays and Fragments. I have occasionally omitted such, to my mind, equally unproven and unnecessary explanations. I have purposely left them in the present essay, so as to afford a complete specimen of C. A.-T.'s views, and also because these references to our own bodily adjustments connect with the views which both C. A.-T. and myself published originally in *Beauty and Ugliness*.—V.L.

figures is increased and, at the same time, controlled by the stretch of enclosed space between the handles. The handles seem, each of them, to lay their hold upon the air as oars would lay their hold upon water, and the air seems to respond willingly to their hold, and bears them up. Indeed, this impression of the tremendous buoyancy of the air is so enhanced by the dark void of the background, every millimetre of which seems alive, that it is difficult to make oneself believe that the delicate pressure of the surrounding air which one feels on oneself is not a reality but an illusion.

As before pointed out, our eye penetrates into the dark background right past the figures, and in returning it seems to us to draw the figures outward in that strange region, which we feel inside us as the space which belongs to the vase and inside this space, up and down, right and left, backward and forward, or upside-down, for the matter of that, are all equally natural and easy, so the fact that many of the figures on the vase are placed upon a steep slope where they couldn't possibly keep their balance does not inconvenience at all, for we seem to hold them safe in the region round about our diaphragm, and in this region each figure, which we are seeing with our eyes upon the vase, has its own place with plenty of space all round it.

There was no need for the Greeks to give their time to studying values or inventing perspective when by means of their vases they could bring the 3rd dimension into play on the actual living body of each spectator.

On the wall close by, the authorities have thoughtfully hung a big outline drawing of the picture on this vase, and every item is most carefully reproduced. But as our eye falls upon it we have a sudden feeling of blank disappointment—nothing has happened to disappoint us, but there the feeling is, and we rapidly locate it in the very obvious fact that the drawing is flat and that the whole interest in the picture has

stopped, stopped as a watch would stop if we threw it on to the floor. The flatness of the drawing has suddenly taken away from us all the delightful impression which the round vase had given us. It has taken away the comforting consciousness we had of the presence of our own back; we can no longer lean back confidently, for we have nothing to lean back on to. Our eye wanders about over the drawing, but no other part of us sends us in any messages; it is a dull time, for all our activities are at an unwilling standstill. Moreover, the past and future are non-existent on this flat picture; everything is happening in this one insipid and tepid present moment, which stays where it is because it has no power of stretching into the region of Time's twin brother, Space.

Furthermore, none of the flying figures are really flying, for they are on a flat, dull surface, where there is no free room in the air, nor indeed any air at all for them to fly in. There is no buoyant resistance about this background; it is mere blank paper.

We turn from the drawing and go back to the vase with a feeling of relief and expansion, with a feeling even of joy! And this is not an exaggerated statement, for, think of it! this clay vase, half a metre high, has the power of corroborating to ourselves the reality of our own existence, and in so complete a fashion that the very act of being alive, of living, becomes a wider, a keener, a more complex act all the time we go on looking at it.

The Wild-Boar Plate

(A Lecture)

Our experiments with the drawings of the flat vases showed us the power that decorative pattern has over forms (at least, how much it had when pattern was alive). With the fifth- and sixth-century Greeks every pattern on a vase had some special work to do, and every inch of it played its part in giving the vase its shape. But it is the easiest thing in the world to kill, in a pattern its power of doing anything; you have only to draw it absolutely straight, make it absolutely regular, get both sides of it exactly equal, as a modern draughtsman would do; and without more ado it is dead! Here also, as in the case of the shape of the vase, if it is to move, it must come off the straight. On the other hand, merely making it crooked will not make a pattern alive. For that one crookedness has to balance with another crookedness, so that first one part gets the better of the other, and then the other in its turn gets the better of the first. There must be pull and counter-pull in order to produce a crookedness that we, looking on, realize as satisfactory.

Here are some examples of patterns.[1]

This pattern is the foundation of the Wave pattern, with which we will begin our list. Its business is to move forward against the resistance of its own back spiral; to make the move forward regular, its front and back spirals about balance each other as to size. The resistance of the back spirals is experienced in the

[1] The illustrations are not among C. A.-T.'s MSS.—V.L.

shape of their curves. This pattern looks simple, but it is in its expression very delicate and very complex.

Next what is called the " key " pattern or "meander" pattern. Its business is to put a sudden check on movement ; it stops short, with its gesture like a clenched fist ! It produces a *very energetic standing still* in the part where it is placed, and so the Greek vase painters used it as the pattern for the ground underfoot ; and in nearly all cases we shall find it under the feet of the painted figures, giving additional rapidity to their movements by its own steady resistance to movement : for I would have you realize that it is never passively standing still—it is always actively pulling up short, like two hands, the fingers inter-clenched, pulling against each other.

Next we have the pattern that presses outwards against a force that encloses it, and presses it inwards. It is called the palmette or honeysuckle pattern. Sometimes the enclosing force is the strongest, and at other times the force pressing outwards gets the upper hand, as in this illustration.

The leaf pattern presses down like the fingers of a hand gripping down on the surface of the vase ; and the Spike pattern, as we have already seen on the drawing of the vase, lifts upwards. And of course there are numerous combinations of these patterns with numerous combinations of their various movements and activities.

As we have already seen in the three pictures of the flat vase, living figures and ornament work together quite harmoniously, for the same way of being was common to both. This is well exemplified by the design[1] in which expansion and holding inwards are the dominant activities. The subject, as you see, is a wild boar striding across ; his object, of course, is to

[1] The plate is in the British Museum ; it is so well known that there are postcards of it on sale.—V.L.

push on outwards ; but look at the movement of the other parts of the composition. They pull in, and the two counter-activities balance each other. This is a very wonderful plate, for it does not matter which part of it you put uppermost the design is good from every point of view. A modern realistic painting of a wild boar ranging about in conventional-looking pattern would be impossible to look at upside-down, for there would be no link of reciprocal movement between the live animal and the inanimate ornament. They would have nothing in common. It would certainly be impossible to look at it upside-down. It would no doubt be disagreeable even to look at it right side up ; whereas the design on this plate, even upside-down, looks both decorative and alive.

In order that you should appreciate Greek pattern I must begin by showing you something of the wonderful outline drawing of the Greek painters, for I believe that never again will drawing touch the pitch of perfection that it reached in their hands. Drawings that look quite simple in design and quite rough in execution show, when examined closely, along with great boldness of handling, a most exquisite expressiveness. This extraordinary skill in the Greeks must have been due, I think, to their athletic training, which gave them a command of their nerves and muscles such as we moderns could never attain to.

Here is a little bit of Greek outline drawn with a paint-brush on the surface of a vase. You will notice that the line is continually getting either thicker or thinner as it goes along. It never remains at the same thickness. This was not because the draughtsman could not make an even line, but because he wished the outside of his line and the inside to tell quite different stories, so to speak, and to move at quite different rates of speed.

Notice the roll over of the front spiral. It swings

slowly along on wide-squared curves, but on the inside the curves are much rounder and turn more rapidly. The inside revolves while the outside only swings over ; while the second spiral, the one behind, holds back, puts the drag on to, the forward roll of the front spiral by the shape of the curve inside the outline. While it pushes forward by the shape of its outside curve these two contradictory things are both made visible in the same outline ! The black dashes like drops of spray seem to be holding the ground below the front spiral, while the other set of dashes are flinging themselves upwards like the [illegible] of a nautilus out of its shell.

Try to copy this drawing, try even to trace it ! You will find that you cannot even by slowly tracing give all the inflections of movement that are contained in it. And yet this is only one ornament, and a rough ornament at that, off one vase taken more or less at random.

The Greeks seem to have regarded each spiral as a living thing, whose pace they could regulate as I should regulate the speed of a horse.

Interlude. Art as Composition

(Fragment of a Lecture)

In the suggestions I have to make on Art, I shall deal with the subject solely from the point of view of how Art affects the spectator. I am making no attempt to deal with the subject either critically or technically. I am only trying to show the way in which, as we are miming beings, Art has the power to affect us. In speaking of Art, therefore, I do not attempt to speak of what the artist had in view. My purpose is limited to showing the effect of an artist's work *upon the spectator;* this I can only hope to do in a very fragmentary manner, because the æsthetic emotion is a very complex thing, and most of its manifestations having escaped observation, *by our having become so accustomed to our own organism*, it is almost impossible to notice its modifications. Each art affects us in a way special to itself, and each individual is more or less sensitive to some of the arts and indifferent to the others, and in each of the arts every individual likes some things and dislikes others as they suit or do not suit his special organization. But there are certain qualities which all great art has in common, and these are the qualities I wish to try and point out.

Composition being the scheme of the arrangements of the work of art as a whole, the science of composition is the selecting out of the mass of forms that exist those particular ones that will suit the purpose, and their combining so as to ensure that the principal parts shall strike us most, that the unimportant parts

shall strike us least, and that all the parts shall combine together to form a *complete thing:* a complete thing explaining the subject well in the art of painting and of sculpture, where the subject goes for a great deal; complete also in architecture, which has in itself no subject. Composition, therefore, besides explaining the *subject*, has a wider scope, which includes all three arts. The end and aim of composition is to give us an arrangement so homogeneous that in looking at it we do not want anything from the outside; an arrangement complete in itself, which fits our nature, and which gives us the special sort of pleasure which is produced by harmony.

Arrangements giving us these sensations of well-being sometimes occur in nature, although we cannot *depend* upon getting them often, for the reason that nature is busy making things live and grow, and is indifferent as to our having æsthetic impressions or not, and so does not provide us with a framework to keep our mood steady. This framework we must supply for ourselves by the means of composition. Whether the artist is conscious of it or not, his aim in composition is so to arrange the various objects that they may form an evenly balanced whole such as we ourselves represent, and two evenly balanced sides such as we ourselves possess; an arrangement we can look at without disturbing our balance, and which we can see easily with both eyes and breathe easily with both lungs.[1]

Composition limits the size of the subject to that which our eye can take in as a whole and our lungs can breathe in one long breath, for we are finite beings and cannot live up to overpowering strength for more than a fraction of time. Art must, for the main part, keep well within what we can manage on pain of breaking us. Composition arranges the shape of the work of

[1] Cf. my footnote, p. 37.

art on a system resembling that on which *we* ourselves are arranged, viz. the pressure on the ground; the upspringing of the middle part, met by the resistance of a slight weight on the top as we feel the pressure of our feet on the ground; the upward lift of the body being met by the weight of the head. We are burdened by our own weight, and by the constant drag on us of the force of gravitation; and as these are sensations we do not like, composition does not give them in their full force. It redoubles the force of the upspringing movements and uses only enough weight to steady the upspringing. (Composition, in possessing this system of *lifts* and *pressures*, is free to take fragmentary things and unite them into a complete whole. As an example, the best Renaissance busts do not look in the least like the cut-off head and shoulders of full-length persons; they look whole and complete in themselves. This is due to the arrangement of pressure on the ground, the lift up of the middle part and the slight downward pressure of the head.)

This system of composition is shown also in the villas of the Renaissance, with their beautiful short towers battlemented on the top. But all the best Renaissance architecture, and all the best composition of every kind, are examples of this system. All the best cups and chalices by the great goldsmiths of the past are arranged on this system of pressure on the ground, upspringing of the middle part and pressure on the top. Those which strike us at once as having the organic quality are those in which the proportions of weight to strength appear quite harmonious. Many modern cups feel to us vaguely unsatisfactory; we do not care to look at them, they do not make us feel at ease; and this is due to the proportion of their lifts and pressures not being in a harmonious ratio, or being still oftener in no ration at all. Good composition combines things into a whole so homogeneous and complete that it pro-

duces in us what I can only describe as the *specific sense of the ensemble.*

Besides arranging things into shapes that we feel as harmonious, *composition acts as a framework to keep our mood steady.* As long as we continue to look at the composition we, without effort, feel the same particular mood. The power Art possesses of both giving us the mood, and of keeping it steady for as long as we like, is of the utmost importance in the connection between man and art. If Art only gave fugitive moods, it could not hold its own against real life for a moment ; but this power art has of holding our emotion steady gives it a hold over us that nothing else possesses, for observe that emotions in real life are not diffused nor equal, they have ups and downs, and often last either a longer or shorter time than we find pleasant ; but the æsthetic emotions are always pleasant and last as long as we like.

Of enormous importance is the fact that Art has the strange power of ridding us of the sense of the passing of time, for while looking at great works of art all sense of hurry drops off us ; we no longer feel driven along by the shortness of time. In fact, we seem to stand in a little railed off piece of eternity, and in this region of timelessness there is calm, and in this calm we become sensitive to æsthetic impressions.

III

DESIDERIO'S TOMB IN SANTA CROCE AND RENAISSANCE PATTERN-COMPOSITION

Desiderio's Tomb in Santa Croce and Renaissance Pattern-Composition [1]

One could imagine some altered condition of mankind when music, which is now a living art, understood and beloved of all men, should have become a lost and extinct one, so that the notes which now unite into power and charm should cease to be understood in their relation and significance, and instead of making bars, passages, airs, symphonies, sound separate through the world, or in a juxtaposition meaningless and shapeless. And one could imagine also that, after a long lapse of time, some individuals more sensitive to sounds than their contemporaries, might tentatively piece together some of these scattered notes, and gradually stumble on the idea that they were not accidentally united: that these seemingly scattered notes were once combined into forms which were wonderful and delightful to listen to. And thus by gradual gropings there would arise a partial comprehension of the great dead art of music; nay, who knows, the lost secret of melodic and harmonic proportions being at length recovered, the masterpieces of the past would live anew in the souls of men who understood them.

Far-fetched as is this fancy when applied to music, it may explain by analogy what seems actually to have happened with regard to the great decorative sculpture of the Florentine fifteenth century, which was presumably understood and loved by the people at large,

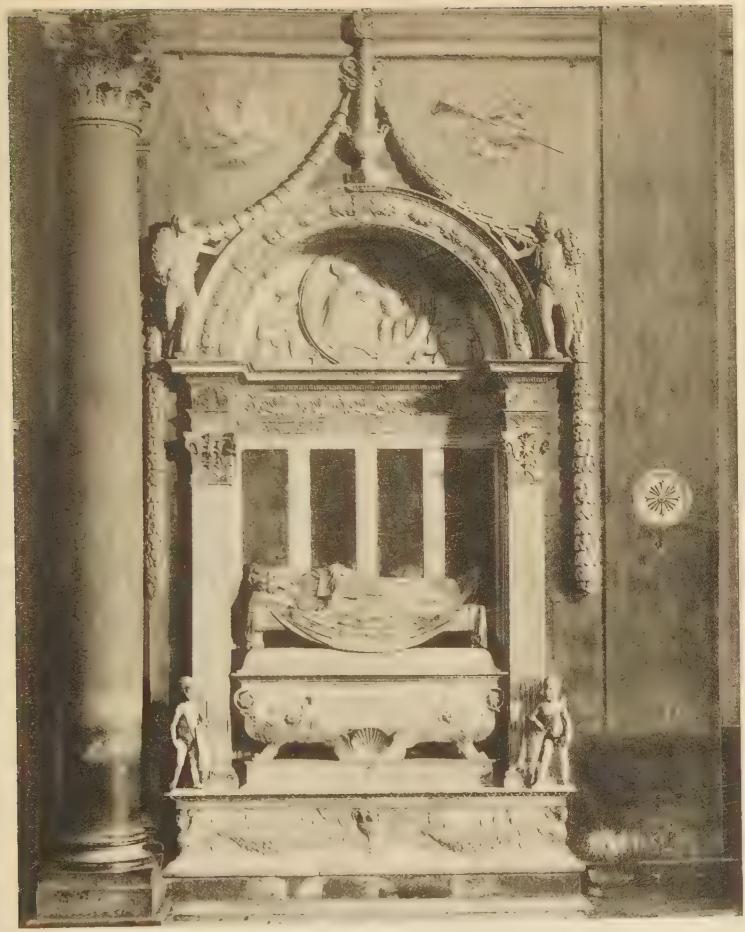
[1] This essay is a joint production, like that, later on, on Michelangelo. The psychological passages and general arrangement only are by me.—V.L.

since the people at large encouraged its production; but which has now lapsed so far from general comprehension that even writers on art, with alas! no less a man than Ruskin at their head, are apt to treat it as a meaningless and heartless display of mere mechanical skill, even as we have imagined that the melodies and harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven, the counterpoint of Bach, might be treated as mere idle virtuosities of sound by some oblivious future for whom musical notes had lost their sense, as lines and masses of carved marble have done for us. Continuing our musical analogy, it is to those among our readers who are sensitive to the phrases and symphonies of fifteenth-century sculpture that we wish to submit these suggestions, in the hope that they may unite in our attempt to show what this lost art is, and how much we should all gain by its restored comprehension.

We have alluded to musical phrases and to such combinations of them as symphonies. The symphonies made by the great decorative sculptors of the early Renaissance are the whole monuments, tombs, fountains, fireplaces and so forth. We may compare to musical phrases the single patterns or ornaments of which such monuments consist.

So let us begin by looking at some fifteenth-century Florentine patterns, or ornament.

In our day ornament is a thing put on to an already existing space or form in the belief that it will make this space or form look nice. The "egg and dart," the "dog tooth," the "honeysuckle" patterns and a dozen others, are taken, so to speak, off a reel, and so many yards or feet or inches thereof are stuck on to the space which requires "filling up," or the form which requires "to be made interesting." But this simple process is not that of the early Renaissance decorative sculptors. To them ornament was not a thing to be super-added; pattern was not to be taken,



Desiderio's Tomb of Marsuppini in S. Croce.
Rembrandt process from photograph by Brogi.

as much as was wanted, and ready made. Ornament was for them an essential part of what they wished to express. Patterns, so to speak were *verbs*, they *did things*, and did all sorts of things ; they were made to look energetic, and to live and act in different capacities. Some patterns had the look of shooting up, of holding up the space above them ; others had the look of pressing down ; some of falling inwards and contracting the form ; others of reaching out sideways and expanding it. And being thus apparently full of various activities, patterns were combined in close relations of action and reaction. As an instance of this, we might ask the reader to compare a fragment of ornament of a tomb by Desiderio da Settignano with a fragment of ornament ostensibly in the same "style" from a pseudo-Renaissance tomb produced in 1890.

The first difference which would occur on this comparison is that as the parts of the modern pattern are not designed—in the most literal sense of *intended*, *thought*, *felt*—with reference to one another ; it is impossible to get any whole impression from looking at them ; and it therefore becomes as wearisome to do so steadily as it would be to follow the patter of raindrops on a roof ; a patter without accent or rhythm In the old Florentine ornament, on the contrary, all the parts lean towards each other, they seem to care for each other, and we take them in as a whole, an intelligible phrase or portion of a phrase.

Notice how Desiderio makes his honeysuckle pattern lift upwards, and how the pattern on either side swings round in a coil. Notice the holding-power of the strung beads and how the leaf pattern seems to support the marble above it, like the fingers of a hand. Then, passing on to the capital, notice how the pattern is drawn up to all its height in the middle and curves over at either side like waves, its curves held back like pulling horses, so that we feel their strength by getting

the idea of their resistance. One would look vainly for any similar *passage* (if we may return to our musical simile) of contrasted and combined movements in that modern imitation of Renaissance work. But the comparison between the two pieces of ornament brings home another difference. The fifteenth-century pattern never catches our eye ; everything happens inside the composition, and if we want to see it we must carry our attention in towards it ; it *does not look outward at us :* a characteristic, this restraint and pride, of every kind of art when it is good. The decorative sculpture of modern days *does* look outward as if to catch our eye, giving us an uncomfortable sense of indiscretion. And this *looking outward*, this *catching the eye*, is due to the lack of interchange of the forces in the pattern itself, of that close action and reaction of every part, which makes the fifteenth-century pattern appear self-contained and intent on its business. To this fact, a parallel one could be found in music : notes which lack melodic grouping are apt to strike us as aggressive and impertinent.

And here let us explain why this marble work of the fifteenth century, this representation in inert material of objects—shells, wings, garlands, columns and dead men, inert themselves—should have suggested a comparison with music, whose shapes exist in time and are actually made up of continually changing motion. The reason is that, as we have already said, visible patterns, when interesting, strike us as not merely *being* what they are but as *becoming* it, in the same way that water or flame *becomes*, *does*, so to speak, its visible shape. Why we should associate movement with the shapes of motionless things is an obscure and complex question with which modern psychology is only now beginning to deal.[1] And for our present purpose it suffices to point out this psychological fact and bring it home by

[1] See Introduction, Chapter XIV.—V.L.

a few examples which will recall experiences well known to every reader.

Thus, such of us as have a sense of motion and an eye for shapes remember and associate the appearance of a galloping horse with the feeling of galloping or being galloped with ; so that the sight of the familiar stride, and even occasionally the mere name of it, awakens an accompanying sense of rapid movement of a particular rhythm. Similarly our experience of handling supple and resilient branches, or pieces of whalebone, has left in our mind and our nerves an associated memory of a given curve and a given pull and resistance : when we see the shape of a bow, we imagine the pull of the two ends of the wood against the restraining string. And we associate the change from strength to weakness of strain with an alteration of the bow's shape, such that we describe it as a *loss of spring*. Or, taking more delicate kinds of movement ; we cannot see a shape like a full-blown flower without a sense of that shape resulting from the opening out of the petals, even if the rose-shape be that of a chalice about which we know perfectly well that it was never a bud and has never unfolded.

In a similar manner our memory of visible things is full of associations with the growth of plants and the movements of branches : their poise in the air, for instance, and their rebound when we have held them back ; we feel these movements of poising and rebounding in looking or remembering them, and we feel them whenever we see shapes recalling something in objects quite incapable of poising or rebounding. In fact, our acts of seeing are always accompanied by feelings or remembrances, what we call *ideas* of motion and weight and texture ; of forces, resistances, pressures and upliftings, all the unseeable facts which make up one-half at least of our knowledge of the outer world. And the interest of visible shapes depends

nine-tenths on the vividness with which arrangements of lines and curves enable, or rather oblige, us thus to feel the presence of movement while looking at motionless objects; for life is movement, our consciousness is seething with impressions of motion; and forms which appear inert are therefore alien to our whole way of being. How could inertness attract or retain our attention, and compete with the sense of force and motion and change, which makes up so large a portion of our life? Indeed, it would seem as if the consciousness of our own movements, and consequently of our own shape, were so predominant that we could be thoroughly interested only in such visible shapes as suggest movements, strains and resistances, poises and pressures similar to those which we are aware of in ourselves, as if our preference for some natural forms over others, for certain movements in external nature, were due to their awakening in some heightened or harmonized manner the feelings which accompany our own free and vigorous and harmonious activities.

To illustrate these psychological facts, which are at the base of all æsthetics, let us analyze what happens in ourselves when we look, for instance, at a piece of wave-pattern carved by Desiderio da Settignano in that tomb at S. Croce. An unformulated artistic intuition told him that by selecting and combining certain suggestive lines and curves he could revive in those who had watched it, the movement of incoming waves, their rearing advance, the topple of their crests and their crash into spray. He has made the upgoing curve of the pattern look like the neck of a galloping horse, and this suggestion seems to move us along; then, at the turn over, the line actually resembles that of a toppling wave, so that we are moved along (so to say) still more. Then, while the outlying curved threefold tuft tosses up like spray in front of it, the wave itself becomes a coiled watch-spring and rolls inward, turning

into a five-petalled revolving flower; a flower we feel to be revolving because the petals are set on at a point off the vertical, and therefore seem to be turning; and meanwhile the threefold tuft behind it seems to sweep back with the gesture of a hand with upturned palm. And remark that each of these fancied movements of the pattern seems to become some other one at the moment of its own consummation, so that our attention is always kept moving at full steam from climax to climax.

There is nothing in the least analogous to this in any of the detail of the pseudo-Renaissance monument. Nor shall we find any such interplay of forces and movements, of lifts and weights, even in this modern monument's whole composition; whatever sense of motion and pressure there is about it being accidental and always suggested at the wrong place, so as to make no impression, or the reverse of what was wanted. No portion of the composition looks as if it were doing anything in particular. The lower part does not look as if it were pressing on the ground; the pilastres have no look of pressing upwards. The capitals do not seem to be holding up the entablature, but rather to be flattened by its weight. The arch surmounting the entablature gives no impression of spanning its space, but rather the reverse impression, owing to its wide span, which seems to be slipping wider and wider owing to the weight of the things above it, till one almost expects that the arch and the wreath and the boy at the top of it all will together come down in a heap like a landslip.

These examples and comparisons will have served, we hope, to explain that the pattern and the composition of the fifteenth-century Florentine school as, of course, of every other school of really living art, sculpture or architecture or painting, are all constructed on a system of *lifts up* and *pressures down*, of

expansions and contractions, similar to those of which human beings are conscious in their own selves. These great artists—and we may as well say, *all* great artists—were acutely sensitive to the suggestions of movement contained in motionless things, in lines and planes and all things containing them. Movements of lines and planes, opposing forces apparently embodied in visible shapes, were the language they worked in ; everything they made was a combination of such movements and forces in different ratios. And to make such combinations more or less complex, but always equally significant and harmonious, was the constant and dominant tendency of their endeavour, as it has been the constant and dominant tendency in every kind and period of really organic artistic production. For what we have described is no other than the tendency to make visible things beautiful.

And here we must pause to make a distinction between the two main currents of an artist's inventive activity : the ostensible, deliberate attempt to carry out a programme ; and the habitual, unspoken, unformulated tendency to create beautiful visible things. For the work of art is often, and in great artistic periods always, an object having some practical use or emotional purpose : it is a vessel, a weapon, a building intended to shelter or commemorate, it is a portrait or illustration intended to record or edify or instruct. And, as one or other of these things, the work of art answers to some one varying and definite set of material and intellectual requirements. This practical or emotional function of the work of art constitutes its *programme ;* and to embody this programme the artist invents, adapts and combines the forms which are habitual to himself and his school. But besides thus serving a purpose, a work of art can be such as to repel, to bore or to fascinate the beholder ; besides being useful, instructive or expressive of some intended emotion, it

is bound to be more or less ugly or more or less beautiful. Now, what distinguishes the artist from the mechanic, from the scientific demonstrator or the preacher or pleader, is that all he produces has, besides any other reasons for existing, the reason for existence of being beautiful, of being fit to look at and remember. And while the programme accepted by him may vary from object to object, a Florentine of the fifteenth century making turn about a sword, a chalice, an embroidery, a missal border, a woodcut, a tomb, a fountain, a portrait, a shrine image, a palace or a church, there is working, deep down in his mind, an unvarying habit due to his temperament and tradition, the habit of making, whatever he does make, beautiful to look at, and beautiful, moreover, in the style which is dominant in his time and country. He is therefore doing two things : deliberately embodying the programme, and instinctively conforming this embodiment to his deeply organized, personal and traditional preferences for certain forms and combinations of forms. And, as always happens whenever the occasional meets the permanent, the deeply organized, the personal and traditional habits subdue condition and qualify the deliberate programme : the shapes suited to the particular use, record, expression, or whatever else the purpose, are modified and transfigured into shapes satisfying the artist's demand for clearness, significance and harmony. And this process of adaptation of the programme to the æsthetic preferences is so inevitable, so taken for granted, as to become, what we incorrectly call, *unconscious* and *automatic*. In other words, if asked what he is doing, our Florentine of the fifteenth century would answer that he is making a vessel or weapon ; that he is building a chapel or belfry ; that he is representing the death of the Baptist or copying the features of a Medici ; but would no more dream of saying that he is combining an arrangement of lines and planes

than of answering our question by mentioning that he is adjusting his sight, his muscles, his balance, his breathing in the most wonderful and complex fashion —in fact, that he is doing the habitual but essential thing called *living*.

Such are the two currents of activity in every great artist, in every artist, great or small, of what we call great artistic periods. In the times, on the contrary, when any art has ceased to be universally understood, even the great artist may often get hopelessly confused between the requirements of the programme he has accepted or invented, and the requirements of his ill-organized and unstable artistic preferences ; while the lesser artist, however considerable his technical powers, will be unable to give his attention to anything besides that particular programme, a programme nearly always temporary and often intrinsically uninteresting.

Having, we trust, made this much clear, let us now return to Santa Croce and see it exemplified.

Here are two monuments whose programme is to express the glory of a dead man of letters and the regret of the people at his loss. One is a monument to an orator and humanist of the fifteenth century, Carlo Marsuppini : his works and deeds are utterly forgotten, his name is unknown save to Renaissance students ; but his tomb is immortal, because it is by Desiderio da Settignano. The other monument is by a bad sculptor of the dreary 1830 school ; but it is to no less a poet than Dante. Let us look at both these monuments, and begin by the second.

There are two allegorical figures, Italy and Poetry, on either side of a sarcophagus raised on steps ; and above them, at the very top of the monument, is seated Dante. Dante looks very much as a real man might look ; indeed, except for the scantiness of his clothing, doubtless very much as he looked in real life. But he does not look inspired, and still less immortal. For he

is slack and all hunched together, and the heavy, involved folds of his drapery hold and almost drag him down. This matter of the drapery would probably not have struck us in real life ; and, had we come across him as he is here represented, we should probably have bestowed little attention to so temporary a thing as his way of sitting, or so accessory a one as his garments ; we should have come away, very probably, with no clear impression except of his face. But a monument is a permanent thing, and in looking at it almost every line forces itself upon the attention, so that we are obliged to look at this marble Dante's hunched-up body and his dragging drapery quite as much as at his face. So much for Dante himself. Below him, on either side of the marble coffin, are two female figures. They are sufficiently like large-sized real women in classic garments ; but they are not at all like Italy or Poetry. The standing one with the mural crown has an arm outstretched to point out Dante to the passer by. The other figure has collapsed with grief and is resting her head and shoulder on the marble coffin, in such a manner that the weight of her unbraced form is painfully felt by us, and tires us without making us sympathize, for there is neither dignity nor charm about the composition. Moreover, these three figures have nothing in common, except the fact of being located on the same arrangement of steps, for there are no lines of composition to bind them together and form them into a whole shape : they are coexistent in space, but not correlated.

In comparing with this tomb of Dante the tomb by Desiderio da Settignano of Marsuppini, we had better begin by remarking that, while the things represented in the first are all strictly connected with the fact of Dante's personality, his genius and his fame (for here is Dante sitting at the top, and here is a woman representing Italy pointing to him, and another woman

representing Poetry collapsing over his coffin), the things represented in the second are mostly utterly irrelevant to Marsuppini, his life and his death. Besides the recumbent figure of the old scholar clasping a book to his heart, and the image of the Virgin and Child who may be supposed to be watching over him from on high, there is really nothing to tell us who was the occupant of the tomb nor why it was erected. For there seems no reason why two naked cupids should guard the base of this triumphal arch, nor why two beautiful draped boys should stand at its gable ends holding up ropes of fruit and flowers. Why should an elderly humanist, a secretary of the Commonwealth, occasional ambassador and writer of Latin verses, lie in state surrounded by yards of fruit garlands like those which still decorate Venetian fruiterers' shops, by vases of flames, shells, wings, acanthus leaves, lions' claws and beautiful wicked harpies? All these properties are as irrelevant as the details of a fairy story, as little connected with Marsuppini, dead or alive, as a Christmas tree. And yet, as we have seen, the monument of Dante, all thought out in strictest relation to what he was (the poet at the top, the pointing Italy, the Muse mourning over the coffin) and what people thought about him, is not only dull, but expressive only of human weakness and depression on the part of Dante, and indifferent posing on the part of the two other figures. The inscription tells us to honour the *highest of poets;* but how much high poetry is there about this dreary and desultory piece of ugliness? Instead of which forgotten Carlo Marsuppini, estimable ambassador and secretary of the Commonwealth, pedant no doubt in his Latin and Greek, lies enshrined in such a poem of wonder and of glory as the world never saw: he is transfigured by Desiderio even as his brother Grammarian, he of the *Funeral*, is transfigured for ever by Browning

Now let us look at Desiderio's monument and try to understand how it comes to be such a triumphant symphony of visible shapes. Roughly stated, because these shapes are shapes suggestive of living forces, and because they are combined so that their suggestions form a complex unity of varied action and reaction, of movements, accents and rhythms. We have just called it a symphony; we began this paper by comparing this kind of sculpture to music: if the reader has ever analyzed a quartette of Beethoven or a concerto of Mozart, let him bear it in mind in following our analysis of the Marsuppini tomb.

We must preface this analysis by reminding the reader of what we have already laid down as a main principle deduced from all the greatest works of architecture and sculpture; namely, that we take æsthetic pleasure only in such arrangements of shapes[1] as suggest the activities of which we are conscious in ourselves, and chiefly those of lifting up, pressing down, stretching out sideways and balancing on our centre. We shall find these activities suggested throughout the main composition of the Marsuppini tomb; besides every kind of combined activity in its details, since every line of this work is doing something and subserving a complex and subtle unity. Notice how the base presses against the ground, presses as if resisting, and how the impetuous Harpies at the corners would fly outwards if they were not pulled back by the garlands. The sarcophagus grips the ground with the lion's paws holding down against the upward lift of the flying wings in the centre. The ends of the sarcophagus look like angry swans wanting to fly, were they not held down by the weight of the sarcophagus laid above them. They are pulled inwards by the outstretched slab of

[1] Such readers as have not German enough to consult Theodor Lipps' great work *Raum-Asthetik* may refer to my account of it in our joint volume *Beauty and Ugliness* (John Lane, 1913).

the inscription, and this inward pull is just balanced by the leaning outwards of the two little boy angels on either side, who put the thing into most delicate equilibrium. Notice that these boys are poised like pigeons ; they have wings, so they do not press their feet hard on the ground as terrestrial creatures are obliged to do. The pilasters go up very rapidly, because of the dotted lines between the flutings, and the capitals lift the arch upwards. The arch has a strong spring upwards, but its pace is steadied by the big bunches of fruit that space it. The spring upwards on either side is brought to a halt by the downward movement of the bunch of olive leaves at the top, which act as a keystone.

See how the lamp stands balancing above the arch between the two hanging garlands, and how the patterns on it increase its existence by making us realize its shape, or, to be more exact, make us realize its movement, finishing in a blaze of flame. The lift-up of the lamp is balanced by the flow downwards of the garlands as the boys lift the stream of it, carrying it inwards across the capitals ; for the flow of the garlands is heavy like the flow of a deep river, a river which ceases suddenly in full stream.

In the quatrefoil is a medallion in which are poised a Madonna and Child ; they are so delicately balanced that they have a fugitive effect, and seem to be passing like a vision.

Having looked at this work in detail, let us consider how it strikes us as a whole. The pressure downwards of the steps and of the sarcophagus make us feel grave, and the great lift up of the pilasters brings home to us the weight of the arch overhead, the pattern on the curve puts out its strength to carry the curve. Everywhere there is strength, energy and great gravity. The forces are at work in earnest. In the very centre of all this movement, Marsuppini himself lies on a bier above

the sarcophagus ; there is movement above him and below him, but in his immediate presence there is suspension of all movement, but a suspension which is very braced ; for the great forces have each of them met their match and there is truce between them, the truce of perfect equilibrium ; and we actually see that they are at peace, we see a state of the things of which in life we have no actual experience. Desiderio has not carved a dead man but a resting man, who is floating as in deep water in what Browning calls the " eventual element of calm." Overhead the arch encloses him and shelters him ; but above it, and almost breaking free from it, the lamp lifts upward and the fire flames up toward the skies ; while the two garland-bearing boys, their heads thrown back, are singing some song of Victory over the grave, and rightly : since the mortal has taken on immortality for as long as the marble endures. And thus we leave him.

Now notice that the whole of this composition is rendered by lines and shapes ; there is no borrowing from literature in any part of it. Describing this composition in writing, we could only say that the lines were those of such and such an object ; but actually seen with our own eyes, even only in photographs, the things the sculptor had to tell are said in lines of movement. And what great things we should read if we could only see again as Desiderio and his contemporaries were able to see, in the days when movement in art was a familiar thing, which made a direct appeal to people's emotions.

A Postscript on Desiderio

Desiderio da Settignano, that most delicate artist, has not had good luck in the way that his works have been handed down to us. For Donatello's commanding personality has overshadowed him to the extent that many of his undoubted works are attributed to Donatello to this day. And he has had the further ill luck to be bound up in some inexplicable way with another man, a very inferior artist, Simone Ferrucci, also a Florentine. Ferrucci is known to have imitated several of his contemporaries, and he was certainly merciless in the way in which he imitated Desiderio, leaving the memory of that great sculptor weighted down by many mediocre works which his chisel certainly never touched.

I should like to put side by side a few of Desiderio's works with the travesties of them produced by Ferrucci.

I would begin with the beautiful relief in gesso, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. According to the official catalogue, it was bought out of the Castellani collection ; and all further details are lacking. But when one examines the beauty of the work there is no ground left for doubt that it is the work of Desiderio ; it is full of delicacy and fire, and every line is alive and in harmony with the rest. Why it was made in so perishable a material as gesso is a riddle which we are centuries too late to solve. But Ferrucci's wretched copy of it was worked in marble and stands to this day on the wall of a palace at Solarolo, a little fortified town near Ravenna. Accordingly, I went there from

Bologna on purpose to make the comparison. The relief is placed high in the office of the carabinieri on a whitewashed wall, but the light is good, and an old man with a ladder made it easy to see as close as I liked. It is of tremendously polished, dark cream-coloured marble, and has the Parma-violet streaks about it that one remembers in a relief of the epoch in South Kensington. This Parma-violet is in the hair of the child, the garland, the design on the pilasters ; the cushion has a criss-cross of it. The haloes have violet rays, and the remains of lettering are in violet round the outer edge, not visible in the photo. The chin of the Madonna has had dots of violet, but most are effaced. This violet is a very charming colour.

The two figures are very dumpy and slack. The Child has no poise ; he is tumbling over to the left. The Madonna has no poise either ; she is leaning back-towards the left. There is no action and no counter action. The movement is all over the place. They both look faintly, very faintly, like pigs. The Child has a long nose and a sticking out upper lip. And as I see by craning round the corner, the Madonna's face is abruptly cut away on the side nearest the Child and undercut to make a deep shadow. The inscription round the Madonna's halo is nearly all rubbed off, but a part of the Child's reads something like " Ego sum Lux Mundi," is likewise this Parma-violet colour and the lettering is very nice.

As the only individual part of this relief is the garland, one of course says to oneself, let us match the foliage in the garland with some other foliage of Simone de Ferrucci's, and we have an important clue. *Beau et bien*, yes ; but I can't find these garlands elsewhere, yet I hope I shall later. The only one is the poppy seed in the cornucopia at the top, which shows again in the San Domenico monument (by Ferrucci). For the rest, the rather pretty drawing of a bean-

pattern and the drawing of a vine-leaf have not yet shown themselves elsewhere.

The Madonna's almond-shaped brooch (drawn in C. A.-T.'s text) is very nice workmanship. The whole *ensemble* is very heavy, very dull, very lifeless, like the South Kensington relief, as if had been traced from it in some transparent material, but as unlike as can well be in that still more transparent material " the spirit."

C. A.-T. came to the conclusion that the gesso relief in South Kensington is the original by Desiderio, and that the relief at Solarolo is a poor copy by Ferrucci. I have added this extract from C. A.-T.'s diary to the notes on Desiderio, as showing the way she hunted things to ground.—V.L.

IV

ARCHITECTURE

Lines and Dimensions and Balance in Buildings

Notes

Architecture deals with our perceptions of space; not space at large, but enclosed space; therefore the specific feeling we derive from architecture is a combination of our perception of the spatial dimensions, with a sense of the direction of the various lines. Neither music, sculpture, painting nor literature deals with our sense of space and size as such. Architecture alone deals with this sense in such a way as actually to alter our consciousness of our own size and shape when we look at some buildings. Architecture is the purest of the plastic arts, for it does not reproduce scenes from nature and it does not borrow any literary interest by representing subjects. It stands by itself on its own ground.

Architecture when seen from a distance is, of course, not an independent art—it is part of the landscape. From it we get picturesqueness, historical interest and associations of a hundred different kinds, but not the specific quality of architecture. We begin to get architecture as an independent art when we stand near enough to see a whole building by itself, when we find ourselves face to face with a regularly shaped building where the proportions of pressure down and lifting up, of which we spoke in regard to composition,[1] are so arranged as to give us a feeling of harmony in connection with our own arrangements of pressure and lifting up. Besides this arrangement of weights and

[1] See preceding essay on Desiderio.

lifts, Architecture deals with our feelings of shape and of size ; and these we feel fully only when we look at buildings whose shape in some way resembles our own shape ; and such buildings which resemble our own shape are nearly always churches, because they have a high middle part and two sides of equal size and shape . . . we can really take them in, they harmonize with our own shape.

For in looking at height we stretch upwards, and in looking at width we stretch wider, and since these stretches of our body affect our spirits, it will not be difficult to understand that the proportions of a building influence us strongly, so much so that the character of the building alters our *own* character for the time being. Take, for example, the façade of a Gothic cathedral, which is very high in comparison to its width ; it makes us stretch upward and upward more almost than we can bear, till we become aware of a power above us greatly superior to our own. This power brings a tense feeling not far removed from awe.

When we have become accustomed to these feelings, which are due to the building *en bloc*, we begin to look at the various parts separately and to be affected by the directions of the lines of the various parts of the building. It is certain that we, the lay public, are not interested in architecture from the point of view of construction, for most of us know nothing about construction, we care about architecture principally from the point of view of its power to give us agreeable sensations.[1] We are not interested in questions as to the vertical pressure upon different parts of the building, for, as questions of the carrying of weights are not of a pleasure-giving nature, we do not instinctively want to become aware of their existence. For instance, we only realize the weight of the cornices and capitals,

[1] I am glad to find this insisted on by an architect, Mr. G. Scott, in his interesting *Architecture of Humanism*.—V.L.

etc., as sufficient to steady the up-springing of the walls and columns ; if we felt them to be more weighty than was required for that purpose they would make us very uncomfortable. It is only where the construction does something we can follow pleasantly with our bodies, that we want the construction to be plainly visible to us.

A modern arch with both sides exactly alike we do not find interesting, *for nothing is happening*, the pressure of the two sides against each other having the appearance of a passive pressure. But an arch such as the early Venetian architects built is very interesting indeed, for we see the two sides of the arch *actively* pressing against each other ; and this at once calls up in us feelings of increased energy, and awakens in us active sensations of equilibrium. As already pointed out, we are always balancing more or less, and we become so accustomed to balancing that we do not notice the process in ordinary life ; when, however, we see something else balancing, our own balance seems to swing on a wider scale, and this wider balance brings us, if I may generalize from my own sensations, feelings of our boundaries being enlarged in every direction, feelings of living over a much wider area.

This arch may, or may not, be satisfactory from a building point of view, but it is eminently satisfactory from an æsthetic point of view, for we see it as a thing that has life and activity ; and this is the case not in the arches only, but in every part of these wonderful buildings.

The sensations we get from the inside of the building are of a much more complex nature than those we get from looking at the outside. From the outside the sensation is that of looking at a picture. Inside the building the feeling is of an entirely different character: *we are then in the power of the building, and it affects us in every direction.*

Churches are the only buildings that give us the

specific emotions of architecture, because, though palaces and castles may be equally beautiful outside, the inside is principally designed for convenience or for defence ; in any case, the purely æsthetic quality is of merely secondary importance. It is only in churches that the æsthetic quality is *all* important ; it is only from the inside of churches that we get the specific emotion of architecture, due to their proportions, and to their being built with aisles on each side and with arches overhead.

When we enter a church we suddenly see on a much wider scale, on even a wider scale than when we walked about, for in the church we have this wide view made still wider even when we are standing still. The reason we see so widely now is that the aisles have caught the outside of our eyes, and we seem to see with the whole of both eyes instead of only with the fovea.

Not only do we see more widely because of the aisles, but we see much higher than is usual on account of the roof. We are no longer interested in the ground, our whole interest is above the eye in the cornices and capitals, and more particularly in the arches of the roof ; we breathe much higher than we did outside the building ; and we feel taller, for our high breathing stretches us up. These sensations of increased expansion and of increased height are, however, only enlargements of feeling we always possess. The third dimension, distance, we feel satisfactorily only when we move about. When we stand still we only feel it in miming lines above the eye, in streets for instance, or on a plane level with the chest ; in fact, only in exceptional circumstances, for the greater part of the time we have to do without it, and the doing without it, quite unconsciously to ourselves, makes us a little out of harmony with the outer world. No sooner do we go inside a church than we are at once in full possession of the third dimension, for the roof and the cornices, etc.,

show that dimension to us plainly above the eye ; and we take it in without the least effort. As soon as we are equally in full possession of all the three dimensions we feel a strange sense of completeness in ourselves, a great sense of peace and of being in much closer relations with the outer world. We have lost the sense of isolation, which we did not notice until it was taken away ; and we have gained an immense confidence in the outer world, for we *see* it, and are in touch with it. We seem also to be suddenly seeing the near future, if I may so describe it, and the sight of it gives us a feeling of confidence.

We seem to be buoyed up by our lungs, we feel our weight on the ground as much less than we felt it outside ; and we cannot take any interest in the ground underfoot. All our interest is overhead, for the arches of the roof have caught us by the head. We suddenly become conscious of the *existence* of our head, for it has become extraordinarily active, not *mentally* active, but active in the way of making us conscious of its shape ; we feel the back and the top of our head, which we were not conscious of feeling before. We seem suddenly to wake up to the consciousness of having ears, we seem to feel the aisles of the church by some unconscious movements of our ears almost as much as we see them with our eyes ; and this sensation sideways gives us the curious sense of living sideways as well as living to the front. The sensation which we have of the top of our head gives us the impression of living upwards ; for the curious part of all these sensations of directions is that they come from inside our head and go outwards. They feel as the ramifications of a wreath might feel if it was part of our head and if the leaves grew rapidly outwards in all directions ; for we feel the shape of our head and the pull outwards of the different directions as perfectly tangible sensations, more tangible than that of having firm ground under-

foot, since that is no longer a very tangible sensation, our sensations of living being all concentrated at present in our head and chest. And the feeling we have of being stretched higher by our high breathing seems to connect itself with the feeling of attraction upwards which we have in our head, into a double sensation of upwardness inside ourselves, which is then again projected outside us.

I now turn to our sense of size. Our sense of size is not based upon a sense of size in general, for that would be an impossible sensation, but of size in relation to *ourselves*.

In ordinary life we do not experience any sensation of our own size; but architecture, by its power of stretching us, awakens in us this sensation, and furthermore gives us one of our size in relation to the size of the building, by the amount of stretching we have to do in order to grasp that size. We have pleasure in size such as the eye can grasp easily in one breath, and which, when we go into the building, affects us as *intimate size*. The Pazzi Chapel in Florence is an example of this. Size, on the other hand, which, when we go into the building, our eye at its widest can only just grasp as a whole, in one breath at its fullest, represents to us great size, and we feel with it an actual emotion. Size that is larger than this we do not attempt to feel or measure by breath; we recognize with our minds that it *is* very large, and it remains an intellectual conception quite outside our feelings, though we recognize the size mentally. As an instance, the Duomo of Florence makes us feel how large it is because we can just take it in by a great stretch. But in a building twice the size of the Duomo we should be unable to feel the size; we should not try to feel it any more than we should try to realize what forty miles felt like. We should have the *thought* of the bigness, but we could not have the sensation, because the

sensation is of a stretch of the body and is limited to what the body can do. The sense of size consists of a stretching of our lungs, which we feel as the movement of growing bigger. To get the sensation of size as a *vital sensation*, the lungs once stretched out fully must have the power to pause for a moment at full stretch; great architecture enables us to do so, because it acts as a framework to keep our miming instincts steady. This sensation of drawing a long breath and remaining poised for a moment on our inflated lungs is a sensation quite out of the ordinary routine of our breathing, and we feel it as a very special sort of movement; the feeling of breathing we feel, of course, as movement, but this feeling of pausing after breathing we feel as movement of a different kind. It is the movement of resisting and overcoming the contrary movements of expiration which would empty the lungs of air. This power we get of keeping the lungs for a short time full of air, despite the contrary pressure, brings with it an extraordinary sensation of buoyancy which we only get from sensations of triumph or from looking at a great work of art.[1] The art which can, in any form, give us the power of keeping our lungs inflated for a brief time, is great art, art with the vital quality, such as great pictures have. But great architecture, as we are actually *inside it*, gives us this sensation to a much greater extent, as the process of miming is a much more complete one.

We get it inside a great building like the Duomo of Florence. There the sense of shape is engulfed by the sense of size; we do not feel the *shape* of the building, we only feel immensely expanded and buoyed up as on deep water; we do not feel standing on our feet, for we no longer feel our weight. Passing from the nave

[1] I am unable to say whether these are personal idiosyncracies belonging to the "Motor Type" or the result of dragging things into consciousness by extreme introspection.—V.L.

into the cupola an extraordinary change takes place in our sensations ; while in the nave we felt an attraction forward and confidence ahead from the visible pressure of the third dimension, here, in the cupola, we suddenly feel *surrounded*, we no longer want to go forward, we want to remain still, we feel in some strange way enveloped and protected by some power outside us, and all round us, we feel *backed up* by a power that we feel but which we cannot see. We feel this power as something so real and tangible that no amount of reasoning can shake the conviction. It brings us a feeling of immense peace and calm ; a feeling similar to that of cool peacefulness resulting from a suddenly cured attack of neuralgia.[1]

From the round shape of the Baptistery in Florence, and of the Chapter House at Westminster, we get the delightful impression of being enveloped all round. But under the cupola of the Duomo in Florence the impression is complex and almost overpowering.

The sensations we get in the church of Santa Croce in Florence are of a different nature, for here the roof is not arched, but spanned by horizontal beams, and here we have no sensations of a mystic nature. We feel, however, expanded, happy, and in closer relation with our fellow-creatures than we were outside.

While we do not feel any interest in looking at a square cube, we do feel interest in looking at the oscillations of a pair of scales. While seeing them balance we suddenly become aware of our own balance, which up till now we had taken as a matter of course. We notice our own balance because it has become more active : instead of standing more or less still, we have begun to swing a little, and our balance gives us a sensation. We feel a kind of enlargement of our boundaries. The vital quality in the art of irregular

[1] Though unable to confirm the foregoing results of C. A.-T.'s introspection, the above is within my normal experience.—V.L.

equilibrium is the power that best art has of increasing our swinging power. It gives us the sensation of swinging to and fro in wide sweeps over our centre of gravity. This brings us a sensation of living over a wider area of life ; we seem to be living on both sides reciprocally ; and this existence is a harmonious bi-lateral one. We get this sensation from the pictures of Titian and Giorgione. At present I want only to speak of this vital quality in reference to architecture. The actual moving up and down of a pair of scales makes us feel the balancing, but in what way do we get the equivalent in a work of art which cannot make any real movements ?

I know of two forms of irregular equilibrium : first a rapid saving of the balance, just as it topples over, by a movement of readjustment ; and, secondly, the delicate balancing over one point when we stand on one foot instead of on both feet. The first is the toppling of the weight right over to one side, off the centre of gravity, saved at the critical moment by a rapid contrary movement of readjustment, in the same way that in skating a very small contrary movement, rapidly executed, will readjust the balance when we are leaning over to one side.

The vital quality in the art of irregular equilibrium —i.e. Gothic Architecture—is the power the best art has of making us realize the feeling of balance in a very keen and complex way. Gothic is a very exciting art ; we are conscious of being on tenterhooks the whole time. It brings us a feeling of increased power of balance, amounting almost to a sixth sense, and combines with a sensation of clear-headedness such as we never felt before. The whole time we seem to be living life at twice the usual pace, and life feels twice as well worth living.

Great Gothic architecture, as everybody knows, is a system of building by which the weight, which no part

would be strong enough to carry by itself, is carried by the resistance of two opposite forces, pushing against each other. For instance, the thrust of the roof would burst the nave outward if the buttresses, which are falling inwards, did not press it in on both sides. Each arch consists of two curves both of which fall inwards were it not that they meet each other at the top and keep each other in position. The aisle arches carry the weight of the triforium and clerestory on the points of their arches; the arches do not give way at the sides, because in their turn the arches alongside press them in, and are themselves pressed in; everything is managed, not by strength, but by reciprocal pressing and leaning. Moreover, the early French builders with their great dynamic art did more than find the means of making one push counteract another push. Besides their constructive feats as builders they did wonderful feats of jugglery with the *apparent* equilibrium of their architecture. I say *apparent*, because they make things visible to the ordinary spectator, who can see the opposing forms in, so to speak, *active* movement. This does not seem to have been necessary from the building point of view, for modern Gothic does not show a trace of it. It would seem to have been an æsthetic instinct that made the mediæval builders endow their buildings with the vital quality. The power of binding different items into a group by the interdependence of balance already alluded to, allowed them to combine the most heterogeneous shapes and sizes into complete organic groups, because they could do more than oppose a push in one direction by an equal push in the other direction. When they had irregular shapes to deal with, they let the push from one side run on past its centre of gravity, quite unconcernedly, and then, just as we feel that an overbalance is imminent, they meet the pressure and right the balance by a rapid push back from the other

side ; and the whole rocks back into equilibrium, saved by the instinct which felt the exact rapidity of thrust back that would meet and counteract the overbalancing pressure forward. For the wonderful thing that they did was *to oppose speed to weight in the exact relations in which one balances the other.* This power of opposing speed to weight made them quite independent of symmetry ; they could arrange things in as lop-sided a way as they chose, seeing that they could counteract the appearance of any amount of weight by an appearance of rapid push back on the opposite side. So the Gothic lent itself to every sort of building, thanks to its flexibility.

As an illustration of the great Gothic builders' way of arranging groups, I will take a group of three small arches, similar to those set in the walls of the aisles in Westminster Abbey. We should expect a group of three arches would be arranged symmetrically so as to form a well-balanced whole, but this is just the way in which the great Gothic builders *did not* arrange their groups. In the group of three arches which I have in my mind the right-hand one is higher than the rest, and moreover has a more pointed arch ; the one in the middle is not so high, but almost double as wide ; while the last one is the same height as the middle one, but much less wide. Here we have three very ill-matched arches of different heights, of different degrees of pointedness and of different spaces. How can they be united into one harmonious whole ? They are tied into harmony by the *movement of the lines ;* that is, by their appearance of holding back, of leaning forward, of steadying themselves or of shooting upwards. These various directions of the lines we unconsciously mime by a slight shifting of our balance, and in this way they become real to us. In fact, the look of movement in the lines is *so* real that we can best describe the movement in terms of human movement.

The right-hand arch, the narrow pointed one, steadies itself on both feet, so to speak, and draws itself up leaning its weight very slightly away from the middle arch, so as to give it *ballast;* the middle arch strides off its capital with a swing which lands it, still full of impetus, alongside of the last arch, but starts on its own stride at the same rapid pace; it is only when it has passed its middle and is going down the further side that it suddenly resists all this weigh on, leans back, so to speak, puts its foot down and checks the whole movement at once. We are brought up short with our balance, saved by a hair's breadth. If we look at each arch separately they scarcely stand at all, but taken altogether they make a group *organically* complete. I do not know how much of this is dictated by the science of building, or how much is due purely to the æsthetic instinct of balance of the Gothic builders, but their use of dripstones inside Westminster Abbey, where there is no rain to catch, points to a very imperious æsthetic instinct; for these dripstones, useless from a practical point of view, play a most important part æsthetically, since much of the expression of movement in the arches is due to the appearance they give of squeezing the arches or of opening them out, the charming mediæval heads in which they end turning inward or outward as the movement dictates. The dripstones and the heads are not separate items, but form between them a thing that has life all through it, and this is the characteristic of all the best work in the great period. On entering a great Gothic church the whole building seems to be *swinging;* every part appears to be balancing; the columns that carry the arches seem to be balancing on their bases, and the bases have the appearance of gripping the ground. No column is quite rigid; there is always a slight deviation from the perpendicular, righted at once by a return to the perpendicular, so

we feel that the perpendiculars *are* perpendicular, because we see them in movement. This is equally the case with the horizontal lines : none of them are quite horizontal, they curve up very slightly as if overcoming the force of gravitation, so we feel the horizontal movement *as going on. The sensation of direction clings to us all the time because the movement is perpetually going on.* We are never suffered to take the direction once for all a matter of course, as is the case in modern Gothic. In the best Gothic the arches of the aisles have rarely equal sides ; the push to one side of one arch is readjusted by a push back in the next arch and so on all down the aisle, the whole of the arches forming a group bound together by the interdependence of their balance. Both inside and outside these qualities are shown in every part of the building from the main parts down to the very smallest bit of ornament on the least important detail, all moves and balances and in short *lives !* For the whole is organic in every part. All this balancing has an *immediate* effect upon our feelings, it appeals to our sensations of balance (which, as we have seen, usually go on unnoticed) and develops them to a degree that almost amounts to a sixth sense ! We feel our balance in every direction and we really *are* balancing in every direction, for we are quite unable to stand evenly on both feet. We feel *out of step* with our surroundings unless we put our weight almost entirely on one foot ; as soon as we do this we feel in harmony with out surroundings, and we can see everything comfortably and harmoniously.

This delicate equilibrium which we have been bound to adopt has a very singular effect upon the head. It brings us an illusion of clear-headedness such as we never felt before : we feel as if there is nothing we could not understand. This illusion of mental lucidity seems due to an unusual activity in the back of the head, brought into play by this unusual demand upon

our balancing powers. What actually happens inside our heads to produce this sensation is a question I must leave to physiologists to answer. With this feeling of lucidity goes a feeling of very keen excitement: we seem to be living at twice our usual rate, and life, for no particular reason, seems to us twice as well worth living. These feelings continue unabated all the time we are inside the building; we have no feelings of fatigue, for the building seems to be doing all for us.

Modern Gothic, with its dull, lifeless regularity, gives us none of these feelings. Restorations of ancient Gothic are practically impossible, *for the dynamic instinct no longer exists nowadays*, that instinct which feels the exact amount of movement that would counterbalance pressure. So restorers are doing more mischief than they realize when they pull down and attempt to restore ancient buildings, for, with the best will in the world, in every carved stone they are replacing an alive art by a dead pattern. In the best Gothic every part shows movement met by counterbalancing movement. The wonder is, that it is always harmonious movement; whatever the swing of the first movement may be, the one that counterbalances it is always delicately calculated to meet it, but not to overpower it. In the balance of architecture we can abandon ourselves to the swing of our balance with perfect confidence. The human balance is a very touch-and-go thing, and any tampering with it gives us great discomfort—a curious complicated sort of discomfort—into which enters a tormenting feeling of the illogical, a feeling of slight vertigo, a feeling, in short, of some organic discordance.

Gothic sculpture is allied to Gothic architecture in so close a way that we do not feel the point where architecture ends and sculpture begins. In many cases the movement of figures and plants are used with beautiful effect to counteract the overbalancing of the masonry.

The colour, or perhaps we ought to call it the polychrome rather than colour, painted on the stone, enabled the eye to seize all these wonderful feats of equilibrium at once in a flash. Now that the colour has worn off or been whitewashed, it needs an immense amount of vigilance to detect these movements of balance, for the eye has nothing to guide it from one point to another. Colour enabled the eye to hold on steadily, for without the colour the eye is perpetually slipping off, and colour makes the eye take in the shape of the whole object very rapidly ; it makes objects look alive, because it has such an exciting effect upon us that we ourselves feel suddenly more alive. The sober appearance of Gothic stonework, now that the colour has gone, produces a feeble emotion in us compared to that we should have felt in the twelfth century. In the coloured chapel in the cathedral at Reims, for instance, we see the whole thing in a flash ; the vivid colours and the gilding do not strike us as the least barbaric ; on the contrary, they strike us as splendid, we feel the pleasure in them that children would, because they excite us. The strange power colour seems to have of exciting the top of the throat produces at once a reaction of pleasure and excitement ; we want at once to say something in answer.

The other form of irregular equilibrium is the balance over one point. This is a form of balance so delicate that we only really feel it when we go to meet the work of art half-way and when we rest on one foot, because only then is our own balance delicate enough to put us in touch with it.

The wonderful French Gothic groups of the Madonna standing with the Child in her arms, groups, various modifications of which we meet with in so many Gothic churches, owe their extraordinary quality of poignancy to this delicate equilibrium. The Madonna, her figure curved back at an impossible angle, leans

away from the Child and yet yearns towards him, attracted towards him by some vital link that we feel rather than actually see ; the two are made one by the way they are posed, almost oscillating over the centre of gravity. A hair's breadth more or less on one side and the link between them would be broken, for the balance of the spectator would be upset.

The Madonna and Child of Giovanni Pisano in the Arena Chapel at Padua is such a masterpiece of delicate balance. I suppose Giovanni learnt from the French sculptors the secret of drawing his figures up to the extreme limit of height, and poising them over the centre of gravity ; poising on what I must call the apex movement. Art that gives us this sensation gives us a brief immortal moment of consummation.

[I am publishing this and the following series of rough notes on Gothic architecture without interruptions and with all their redundancies, just as they stand in C. A.-T.'s diaries, because this amount of repetition is perhaps not too much to familiarize us with ideas as peculiar as they are, I think, important. —V.L.]

Gothic Architecture : Notre Dame

(From C. A.-T.'s Diary, April, 1906)

I went to Notre Dame this evening about 5 p.m., feeling very sad and harassed. I looked at the façade, for the church was shut. If it had been open I probably should not have spent so much time and patience over the outside ; but as things were I looked first at the three portals for a long time and felt rather disappointed not to make out more in them after all the time I have spent at the Trocadero Museum of Castos. Then I looked at the whole façade and found out that the way to see the outside of a Gothic cathedral satisfactorily is to walk about, as then, by one's own movement, one gets into connection with its movement, and then one sees it strung up into a whole.

I can't say that I could see the different forces at work very distinctly yet, but I could see that they are there.

What I did see, for certain, was a whole so harmonious and agreeable that I kept on looking at it, on and on.

And I found myself looking back longingly at it when I tried to go away; so, though it was getting late, I turned back and stayed there a long, long time, walking to and fro. If I stopped walking about and looked at it, it stopped doing whatever it was that it was doing while I was standing still.

At last, as it was getting dark, I turned to go home. And as I walked away I found, to my surprise, that something had changed in me, and that a spirit of high peace had taken possession of me. I could not feel

sorrow any more. All the way home I felt protected and at peace. I walked all the way home (though I don't like walking) for fear of losing this precious sensation of being borne up on to a plateau of high serenity.

I gather that it must have been the sight of the great forces at work in the building which, though I only realized them vaguely, revived and put back heart into me. If that is so, what a work these great cathedrals must have wrought through the centuries, unconsciously upon unconscious people, giving them fresh life and spirit!

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The outside of Notre Dame lends itself to being seen from all distances with fresh interest at each. Firstly, the façade from a distance as a whole—it draws us up straight; in fact, *it straightens us out and puts our consciousness over its centre of gravity* in some odd way.

Going nearer, the band of Kings, *the string-course of Kings* (as we might call it), becomes important: it contrasts with the balustrade just above them, which is also a band across the façade; but the Kings bind much closer, for they bind by their gestures and the turn of their heads, as well as by their position to each other. Besides binding across the building, they influence downwards, for they look down on to us grandly and responsibly from out of their niches—the columns between them hold upwards, but they incline their influence down. I use the word "influence" advisedly, for their *above-headness* to us does give them an influence on us—a sort of mental sheltering is the effect; it is not very strong, but it is quite perceptible. The four figures in the niches are *tied* into their places by the presence of the pattern below them, and the pressure down of the roofs over their heads; they have *got* to stay there, that is positively certain! They are very weighty; two of them move sideways, but they

balance back again on to the same spot with their feet on solid ground. In curious contrast to them are the saints inside the portals; they are most of them shaped like streaks: vertical streaks, and their feet do not rest on the ground, they merely touch the moving creatures below them, without pressing on them: they look like visions, for they seem to hang by their heads from their niches, and the niches are in movement and seem to have opened upwards for a moment, poised like rearing horses that rear up to reveal the saints to view. The saints are dead still; we see them quite well for the moment, but they are like visions, and they will float upwards as soon as they get the signal from the Higher Powers—there is nothing to tie them to the earth now; they are at rest. The arches fly upwards, the angels inside them going up, so to speak, in spirts, like spirting waters. The *inside* arch of angels changes its movement and looks downwards at the supernatural events going on below them in the quatrefoils, while the keystone figures poise like birds on the wing—soaring and waiting. Gothic work does not show movement acting against weight, *but movement acting against other movement.* The effect of being inside the building is that it pulls us upwards much higher than we can go up by ourselves. If William James was right in saying that we could shake off depression by managing to hold up our heads and straighten our backs, a church is the place in which to do it, a *great* church like this one, for it does this for us, and on a scale that is more appropriate to Titans than to people of our size. We could *never* achieve sensations on that scale off our own bat. Feeling of our consciousness being over the centre of gravity brings a feeling of peace, but not the peace of a calm harbour, a livelier sort of peace than that; we feel very wide awake, but not pulled forward, not anxious, not harassed, above all things not pulled forward by disquietude!

The three supernatural scenes in the quatrefoils are treated quite differently to the groups below them. The groups below show individuals, not united; whereas the supernatural groups in the lunettes are very broadly treated, balanced in exquisite fashion so as to *form a perfect whole*, they are wide spreading like the sun, they all seem to lean back into the far away—we have to follow them in if we want to see them. (Of course, and this is the case in all great works, we have to go inside after them; they do not come out and display themselves to us.) Looking at them, even approximately as the people of Gothic times saw them, we are awed—the word is really not too strong—for while we look at them our mood is not our own, we are under the dominion of great forces, so we go in to watch these great compositions of the Life of Christ and the Virgin as in very truth on to Holy Ground.

The fact is we only see the supernatural scenes in these sculptures if we stand on tiptoe, because they have no weight and they stretch forward. On tiptoe we lose the sense of our own weight, and it is a very pleasant sensation; we get it by the very smallest lift, if the heel is half an inch off the ground it is sufficient. Judging by the look of the people in these sculptures they mostly *were* on tiptoe, or else walking like people balancing on a rope: they evidently did not stump along as we do.

It is to be noticed that, besides the passionate thrusts and twists we see all through Gothic work, those complex-natured craftsmen had another side, namely, fondness for the just adequate amount of weight and movement which the subject required. We see it constantly, and it gives us a curiously caressing gesture wherever it exists. It is also to be noticed that they show a dimension of OVER-HEADNESS and UNDER-FOOTNESS which are very distinct dimensions—I mean they are very perceptible. (I see this also in

pictures, in Giorgione's " Fête Champêtre," Raffael's youthful pictures, Titian and Leonardo ; in the latter so much that it seems almost to come down like rain on the Mona Lisa's delicate head.)

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There is a quality in this great Gothic art of projecting the movement beyond the limits of the sculptured form. I think the gargoyles projecting the waterspouts far beyond themselves on every rainy day must have suggested the idea, but *toujours est-il*, that often we feel a curve *beyond the visible thing we are looking at!*

The façade of Notre Dame shows in the first storey, so to speak, a very crooked string course running right up towards the right hand, this being deftly balanced by the gable over the left portal. The skill of placing their sculpture in the architecture is splendidly shown in the figures above the string course of kings ; the figures I speak of are those of the Virgin and Child and two angels in the middle, and on the one side Adam and on the other side Eve. Adam and Eve, poor meagre things, are each planted in front of one of the big windows, and the arches seem to come hammering down on them, the illusion being helped by the heavy blocks of ornaments on the arches, ornaments with no flow of movement, rather like knocks on an anvil, while above the arches of the windows are the two circles towards which the column of the window runs up ; the effect from below is of two forlorn and empty worlds, one on either side of the façade ; and from each of these two forlorn worlds a forlorn little figure seems to hang : one poor little mortal is the father and the other poor little mortal is the mother of us other mortals, and we are all dwarfed into nothingness by the importance of the surroundings.

In great contrast to these, the groups of the Virgin and Child stand in the centre of the façade. The

angels on either side give balance and opulence to the group; their background is very different to that of the arches that hammer down on Adam and Eve. The Virgin and Child, on the contrary, are the main point in a circle, the great rose window being their background, and the spokes of the wheel of the window seem to radiate outwards from behind the Madonna's head. The tracery round the middle of the window, moreover, makes a curious suggestion of fantastic wings behind the two angels, of wings gigantic enough to sweep the angels away through space into Eternity, but at present used for more passive service, as the half-way circle of the great rose window. The round of the window gives an elastic feeling to the façade—there is no dead pull here—there is spring and buoyancy, *the specific quality of a circle*, and it is made astonishingly visible.

The great lift upward of the buttresses on either side of the great windows is made a yet stronger lift upwards by the contrast of the pressing down of the trefoils above the windows. Notice that instead of filling the angle, as such things generally do, these trefoils are turned uncompromisingly down; it is not weight exactly, it is rather downward impetus; and nothing bolder has to my mind ever been done than their use in this way.

In contrast, the arcades of columns above show the columns not as supporting the arches above them, but more as if the powerful arches were *sinking* the slim columns upwards and holding them suspended; they give a singularly light-hearted feeling to the sympathetic spectator; they send him wafts of hopefulness; quite unconsciously to himself his spirits improve. Cover the arcade over in the photograph, and see how heavy and sad the building becomes. It is great forces counterbalanced by great forces, in the region of emotion as in the region of dynamics.

V

"MOVEMENT OF LINES" AND EXPRESSION IN GREEK SCULPTURE

The Aberdeen Head

The original of this cast is in the British Museum. It was brought from Greece many years ago by a Lord Aberdeen, so it is called the Aberdeen Head. Nothing seems to be known of its history ; but the all-important fact that it is a genuine Praxiteles was discovered by Mrs. Arthur Strong.

Before beginning to study this young Heracles of Praxiteles we must spend a little time in getting him to look as approximately right as we can.

First, as to position, we must of course put the bust high up above the eye ; and the head must be tilted back a good inch on its pedestal and made to incline over to the left side, which is to the spectator's right side.

And, secondly, we cannot harm the cast, and we may perhaps add to our own interest in looking at it, if we take some modelling wax, toned to the colour of the plaster, and fill up with it the broken parts of the head : the nose, the right ear, tip of left ear, left eyebrow, tip of chin, neck and some of the hair, and the piece which is cut out of the side of the head. This patching of the broken parts will at least give us back the main movements of the lines, as we will follow out their direction from where they are broken short till we carry them to their destination ; hoping, by this means, to borrow from the cast for an hour or two some faint idea of how the marble head would have looked unbroken. Only we must stand sufficiently far from the bust to hide from ourselves the coarseness of the patches I have made ; for even in the days of my youth,

when Dalou taught me the rudiments of modelling, I was anything but skilful, and that is so many years ago that my hand has lost even the modicum of acquired cunning it then had. So these patches, though reverently done, are absolutely barbarous in execution. It is a comforting thought, however, that three minutes will wash them all off again, leaving the bust as it was before. So we proceed! But I would give much for a cast of the Olympian Hermes! I would give much even for a *look* at the cast of the Olympian Hermes! But as there is not one available; like a ship without a pilot, we must do the best we can.

When we have finished patching the bust we find that he is very like a head of a youth on the stairs at the Uffizi in Florence, who has a big oak wreath round his head: and that he is also like a youth in the Conservatori in Rome, who has a thick twisted filet round his head. He is so like them as to suggest that they are perhaps adaptations from him. So we will borrow from them the neck and shoulders which he lacks.

When we begin to look at the bust full face we find that, if we want to see the face peacefully, we cannot stand where we like; we *have* to meet his eye! For he has a very compelling look in spite of having eyes of quite plain surface; but their shape is very subtly modelled, as are the eyelids; so there is no hesitation as to the direction of his glance; and, as I said, we *have* to meet it. So, to do this, we must move round a little past his full face to our right hand; and, when we get there, we see a youth with wide-open, happy eyes, looking out on to the world with a very wide angle of vision, much wider than our own; a youth who has no cares to weigh him down, for his brow is carried high by an immensely strong roll of muscle as no human brow has ever been carried, and it seems to endow him with a charmed existence, immune from age, immune from griefs, immune from care of every sort. The

"Aberdeen Head" (Brit. Museum), photographed from C.A.-T.'s restoration of the plaster cast.

locks of hair above his right temple, where the hair is fortunately preserved unbroken, lifts upwards and, by lifting our eyes upwards with it, seems to lift his head still more aloft. The cluster of hair above the left temple, which balances this right side, is in ruins, so we cannot do more than follow its general movement which is to draw our eye upwards and, by the bias it gives the head to its left side, to balance the cluster of curls on its right.

[In speaking of the hair I, of course, pass over in silence the parts I have patched, as naturally I could not do so absurd a thing as to draw conclusions from my own patches! So, wherever a patch is put on, I leave the part out altogether and speak of the head only at the point where the original parts begin again.]

To go back to the hair on the right side; it is in such good preservation that we can follow its movements, and it is full of movements, of actions and counter-actions. The cluster of curls, which we have already spoken of, lifts upwards and outwards. The next, with a movement like a vine tendril, curves the other way, towards the middle of the brow, and it connects in some strange way with the corner of the mouth which it certainly pulls upward. This curl plays a very important part in the head: it certainly is *not* just a curl! The swing of its shape swings the man's whole head over to its left side, gives it the easy, swinging poise, varying with each step he would walk, that one *sees* mentally, in spite of its being impossible to see it in a head with no body! Well, it is the movement of this little curl that shows it to us, and we may be sure that the sculptor meant us to see it, for there are no waste movements about the best antique sculpture.

The curls on the middle of the brow press downwards; their movement is to hold steady; they are, so to speak, anchored down to his brow. Beyond this

the hair is in ruins on his left side till we come to the left ear. So we will sum up the general effect of his hair from the full-face view. We get a general effect of upward movement from his ears and his hair, a wreath-like effect, going triumphantly upwards towards his brow, where the movement changes, becomes grave and presses down. The stability of expression on the youth's face comes from this downward pressure above the brow.

The original nose, alas ! does not exist—we can draw no conclusions from it. So we go on to the mouth. It is a little damaged on its left side, but its right side is fortunately intact. The first thing that strikes us is that it is very crooked, that it is a good deal higher on its left side than on its right. The whole face is very crooked for the matter of that ; the left cheek is tenser and more thick-set than the right cheek, and the eyebrow towards the temple overhangs the left eye : this does not happen on the right side, where, in fact, the eyebrow and temple lift instead of pressing.

But to return to the mouth. It is slightly open and, on the right side, the undamaged side, the upper lip curves away from the middle, curves away to the corner of the mouth. The shape of this half of the upper lip is absurdly like a little dolphin playing above the sea, and the leap of this semi-suggested movement takes us rapidly to the corner of the mouth. The left side of the upper lip being damaged, we are unable to follow its movement ; but, when we come to the corner of the mouth, we find on both right and left side alike a round drill hole which brings us up short. Now, what is the effect of these drill holes ? or rather, how does the whole mouth affect us ? He seems to be drawing in a sharp, sudden, deep breath of pleasure. One feels a faint responsive thrill of it oneself, even looking at it now over the twenty-four centuries that separate us from him. This sudden drawing in of his breath, this

look of *joie de vivre*, almost one might say of rapture, is expressed by the extraordinarily simple means of the drill holes we have just spoken of. The corners of his mouth are most delicately worked into these round holes, which are graduated inwards into smaller and smaller circles, till the end one is as small as a pin's head. They do not make dark dots of shade as one would expect : on the contrary, such is the skill of the curving that they make two round points of light at either corner of his mouth, they are almost like dimples and they act like dimples in making him smile.

This smiling mouth, wide-open eyes and head tilted a little sideways and carried high, give him a look of gay self-confidence : he is sure of pleasing and of being pleased. He seems, by the modelling of his lower lip, to be singing as he walks along, *à fleur de lévres*. He is success personified. He had reason ; for, think of it, he was the strongest of men when human strength counted ! He was, so to speak, the Premier Human Being ! No wonder he looks successful !

Let us go round now to his left side, and look at him in profile.

We find again here, as we did when looking at his full face, that we cannot stand where we please ; we are pushed, by instinct, into standing a few inches behind the mere profile view so as to get his eye in profile, as we are not at peace till we can follow the direction of his glance. In this position we are opposite his ear, and then we notice that his ear is in extraordinarily close connection with his eyes, nose and mouth : in fact of all his features his ear seems to be playing the principal part—at any rate, it does if taken in connection with his hair.

However, to begin with the general effect of the profile. We find that we are in the presence of a totally different person to the youth we have just left. There is nothing of youthfulness about this man except that

he is beardless, and nothing of the gaiety of the singing boy. The high carriage of his head here makes him dauntless—it does not make him gay; and every feature wears a different expression to those they wore on the full face. Here he seems to be measuring his distance, and he looks tremendously in earnest, tremendously alert and tremendously intent upon what he is doing; evidently a man who is not in the habit of making mistakes in situations where mistakes might mean sudden death. *Why* does he look like this? Or, to put it more correctly, *How* has the sculptor shown it to us?

First, the great roll of muscle above his eyes here gives his brow weight, presses it forward, looking like a frown without being a frown.

Then his eyelid presses down on to his eye under the temple, narrowing his gaze and making it intent. This pressing down of the eyelid was much less visible in the full-face view where his eyes look wide open. The eyelid and the eyebrow both slant forward, pointing his gaze like pointing arrows. They make him see miles and miles off, and he is very alert.

Only the top of the bridge of the original nose exists, so we go on at once to the mouth, which, though damaged on this side, gives us in its curves its direction unspoiled. There is no dimple at the corner here such as we saw in the full face. Here we see a restrained, rather tense mouth, the corner pulled back against the cheek, and showing there the contraction of the controlling muscle. The mouth, though slightly open, looks very set, and the upper lip is strained tight over the teeth, and the lower jaw lifts upwards. The cheek, it will be remembered, is thicker and squarer on this side of the face than on the other side, though, when seen full face, there seemed no particular reason for it. But here, in profile, the reason is visible; he is squaring his jaw, and the tenacity of purpose we see in the face

is produced in great measure by this means. He is tremendously in earnest.

We have already mentioned the importance of his ear as a means of expression. Let us look at it now, for on this side it fortunately exists in good preservation. It looks amazingly active, much more active than any other feature: the lower part of it seems to hold on to his head, while the upper part presses eagerly forward, presses forward as one might press one's shoulder forward against a shut gate. This appearance of pressing forward is evidently intended, for we may notice that the ear is quite vertical while his face is slanting backwards. In real life his ear would have followed the slant of his face, but here it is planted straight, or even a little cocked forward, and balanced on itself—so balanced, in fact, that it seems actually held in equilibrium by the curls of hair in front and behind it.

The immensely important part which the hair plays in giving the great Greek statues their look of movement, action, life, is becoming more and more evident to me every day. In this case the little curling lock in front of his ear leans back against the top part of the ear, steadying its push forward; while the long, curling locks behind his ear push his ear forward; indeed, they push the whole man onwards! His willingness to dare and do are greatly due to the movement of these locks of hair. The action of holding back, overcome by the stronger action of pressing forward, is so expressive that each time we look at the ear we seem to see the man framing a fresh resolve and deciding to go forward.

The thrust forward of his features seems to be controlled by these two locks of hair and his ear. It is really extraordinary that this should be the case, but it is. If we look at his eye in connection with the little curl in front of his ear, we shall see how it seems to rein his eye back, so to speak. The same curl at its

point connects with his nose, reining it back too ; while his mouth is held in check by the lower part of the curl behind his ear, which at its lower end leans suddenly back, as do the curls beyond it that lie on the back of his neck.

The big knots of curls on the back and top of his head lift upwards, carrying one's eye with them, while the curls on his brow press downwards. They are—as we noticed in the full face—anchored down on to his brow, and they make him grave. These curls on his brow are in direct connection with his ear ! They pull at each other, making his expression extraordinarily tense. The curls on his temple, though they are in ruins, play a very important part. They seem to lift up his brow and lift up his glance. The undefinable look, the sort of *flash* in his glance, is due to this lift up which he gets from these curls on his temple. One seems to see in this flash the agility of the man's strong body and the rapidity of resource he had in his brain. This is, after all, how we might expect him to look, for he was the man who was always asked to do the impossible—the only man who could do the impossible, the man who carried his will through by the strength of his own arm—a very different person to the singing boy we saw in the full face.

Let us go round now and look at the right profile. And again here, as in the other two views, we cannot look at the head from anywhere we please : we *have* to stand where we can understand the direction in which he is looking. And now that I have spoken of the hair, I should like to point out that the hair is composed in relation to the direction in which he looks : *his eyes and his hair work together !* So, when we get to the right standpoint for seeing in which direction he is looking, we get the movement of his hair in full activity and in full expressiveness. In this case the right standpoint is rather more than the pure profile :

"Aberdeen Head," profile view, from C.A.-T.'s plaster cast.

we must stand opposite his cheek, at about equal distance between his ear and his eye. Here we get his eye in pure profile, and on this side of his head his eye plays the principal part. We will come back to this presently. Meanwhile, let us look at the general effect of his profile.

Here we have a different sort of person to the light-hearted boy of the full-face view, and a still more different person to the indomitable young warrior of the left profile. Here we have a serene and very radiant youth, not quite a man, or rather, a little more than a man; for this youth, with all his serenity and his radiant air, looks very haughty and has an extraordinary air of being *royal!* In fact, he looks what he was eventually to become—a demigod; and, meanwhile, he is the Son of Zeus.

Let us see what gives him this royal look. I think it is the big roll of muscle on his brow, and it certainly gives him his indescribable look of vitality, of freshness, for it holds his brow up high. He will never show lines and wrinkles of anxiety such as ordinary mortals show, for his brow is utterly unlike the brow of any ordinary mortal, and it holds him high above care and anxiety. It does more than this; it gives him his look of mental swiftness and power; it is no trouble to him to think or to judge or to take in new ideas, and his thoughts will be lofty thoughts, for no other sort would fit into his head.

The other factors in giving him his lofty look are his eye and his hair working in connection with each other.

To begin with his eye. The first thing that strikes us is that he sees with the *whole* of his eye: he does not focus his vision into a point as mere mortals do. Then, the *strength* of his eye is something amazing: he can look at far-distant things with wide-open eyes as an eagle would. To be sure, he evidently *had* the eagle's power of looking unblinkingly at the sun; for

it was this haughty youth, was it not, who, impatient at the heat, turned his arrows against the sun, and shot at Helios himself. The sharp shadow under the upper eyelid gives him this effect of open-eyedness : it lifts his eye up ; opens it to the full like an eagle's eye.

The hair on this temple is fortunately intact and it connects directly with his eye. The three groups of curls lift upwards, the second cluster of them more particularly, with its complex arrangement like three waves rearing up in different directions, one on the top of the other. The middle curl of this cluster, rocking over as it does like a breaking wave, has the effect of a *climax*, and it goes for a great deal in giving his eye the wide-open look it has. It connects with his mouth, too, lifting the corner of it up into a little smile (cover his hair up and his expression alters, his mouth becomes grave at once).

The next curl on his temple (coming towards the ear) lifts up and leans back ; and it is this curl that gives him the look we noticed of seeing with the whole of his eye, for it connects with the side of his eye (the white of his eye), and makes it active all over.

The next curl changes its course, and pulls back backwards and downwards. Look how it acts in connection with the curl in front of his ear. Their mutual action is to enclose his eye between them and to hold it firm, balanced between the two forces in steady equilibrium. His look of mental power is given in a great measure by the grip of these two curls, and the swiftness of his thought is given by the spring upwards of the upper curls of the clusters. Finally, these movements are balanced and held steady by the backward movement of the little curl that leans back towards his ear. This curl is partly broken off, but fortunately its track is left, so I have followed it in wax.

His ear, unfortunately, is a ruin : we can draw no conclusions from it ; and so is the back of his head.

But the curls on his neck are fortunately intact, and they climb and cling like ivy, holding his head back. The high carriage of his head is accentuated by the expression of these curls.

The hair above his brow presses down on to the top part of his forehead, which is at a quite different angle to the lower part where the roll of the big muscle begins. This downward pressure of his hair and of the top part of his forehead makes him look responsible, gives the little note of gravity in his radiant appearance.

From his nose we can, of course, deduce nothing, since the original nose does not exist (only an inch or so of the bridge exists, and the vestiges on either side of where the wings of the nose were placed). But his mouth on this side is fortunately in perfect preservation, so we can speak of it in full security. This mouth is a good example of the wonderful power the great Greek sculptors had of showing the inner nature of their sculptured men and women by the movement they gave to various lines—lines which, in real life, would have nothing to do with expressing a Human Being's character. I have shown this roughly in speaking of the way this youth's curling hair makes him intelligent, which of course would *not* have been the case in real life!

In the mouth we see this same skill in dynamic composition, if one may so call the thing. His lips are parted, and his whole face is longer than in the other profile, for the cheek and jaw on this side are not tense. Here all his features are serene. This without prejudice to the fact that he looks very alert and very swift. But it is all done easily, without effort; in fact, it would be much easier for him to be quick than slow. His mouth is half-way between speaking and not speaking; it expresses the most perfect freedom that any mouth ever expressed. One feels that what this young

demigod wants to say he will; public opinion will not exist for him. But, on the other hand, he will always say the right thing, for he himself, with his perfect balance and harmony, *is* the Right thing! He could do nothing ungainly. So his expression is serene, even kind, in spite of its aloofness. Now, how has the sculptor made these things visible? Why does this youth's mouth look as if it might speak, and yet also that it perhaps will not? I think it is done by showing *both* impulses, but in opposition: they are very delicately indicated here, but they are yet quite visible. See how the under lip presses forward to speak, but the upper lip presses down to keep silent: so the mouth does neither, or rather, it appears to do both. In short, it stays where it is! with the two potentialities awake but neutralized by each other.

The smile on his mouth, as I pointed out in speaking of his hair, is largely due to the movement of the curl which, like a breaking wave, rears up above his temple; it pulls the corner of his mouth up with it.

Notice now what it is that gives mobility to his upper lip and prevents its being held down too rigidly by its own downward pressure. It is the influence of the little curl in front of his ear, for it seems to give his upper lip a tendency to curve upwards in response to the lift of its own curve; it makes his mouth flexible. So, when he speaks, he will speak with grace, thanks to the influence of this little curl.

Behind his ear, as already pointed out, the curls cling and climb upwards; they pull against the thrust forward of his chin.

Of his chin I can say nothing in detail, for the extreme tip of it has unfortunately been broken off, and the thin patch I have put on, though it follows the original lines faithfully, so far as I understand them, may, or on the other hand may not, have caught the right expression. But the thrust forward of the lower

jaw, which is quite unspoilt, and of the upper lip, give his face a look of daring and of the pleasure of daring which a rightly constituted demigod ought to feel.

Perhaps it is this climbing upward of the curls behind the ear, combined with the high uplift of his brow, that gives him his soaring look. He seems to be skating on the outside edge in long, sweeping curves rather than walking along a step at a time.

If fate had only preserved his body we should see a statue to rival the Hermes; but, even in the fragmentary head that we do possess, we have the remains of a thing of the rarest beauty. Even as a fragment he looks wonderfully radiant and wonderfully noble—this young Heracles, Son of a God, who is half conscious already that he will eventually be a God himself.

I have chosen these three points of view as my subject not with any wish to exclude the others! for the face must have been beautiful from every point of view and every feature must have harmonized with the rest; those that are not any longer there with those that are there: but because, at the three points of view I have chosen, the expression seems to *culminate*, as the arrangement of his hair reinforces the direction of his glance, and his eyes and his hair, working together, give his face its maximum of beauty and expressiveness.

So this is what these three views of his head have given us, even if helped only by the rough wax patches I have ventured to lay upon it. But these patches have, after all, been useful by picking up for us some of the dropped stitches and so, in a very humble way, knitting the head together again into some sort of unity; thus allowing the original parts, which in the broken bust have rather lost connection, to show themselves again, for the time being, in something of their due relation to each other.

Well, now that we have looked at him long enough

to take him in, we will wash the patches off him again, restore him to his present-day condition and put him back in his own place ; thankful indeed that Praxiteles could not rise from his ashes to see the mess we have been making with this masterpiece.[1]

[1] The wax patches on the plaster cast did not produce a satisfactory effect when photographed. The patched head was therefore recast, and these photographs have been taken from that cast.

The Bologna Head

The " Bologna Head " was at one time thought to be the head of a boy, at another time the head of an Amazon, at other times anything that anybody pleased ; but in putting this beautiful head on to the shoulders of an antique torso which he, rightly or wrongly, identified as that of the *Athene Lemnia*, the late Prof. Furtwängler is supposed to have settled its authorship ; and the head is accepted as being a copy in marble, by a most accomplished Greek sculptor, of that of Pheidias's lost bronze statue.[1] What strikes me on looking at the head is :

1st. That it has very carefully executed hair, the parting of which is crooked.
2nd. That the ears project very much.
3rd. That the two sides of the face are not alike.

These facts sound dry and commonplace, but they are worth examining into, for we may depend upon it, if the head was made like that, it was so made for very good reasons, and we may perhaps happen upon some of these reasons if we are fortunate.

[1] Furtwängler, *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, English translation pp. 4 to 26.

We have to remember that as we positively know that the original Lemnia was in bronze, it is obvious that both this (Bologna) head and the body on to which Furtwängler has fitted it belong to copies ; and as we know furthermore that the Ancients were not in the habit of making mechanically exact copies, also that the two pieces are of quite unequal excellence of workmanship and consequently do not belong to the same copy, there is nothing astonishing that the two pieces do not belong to the same individual statue.—V.L.

We will begin with the hair. It is not very like hair; what it is really like is smoke and little flames curling and flickering upwards. It does not grow downwards as real hair does; it flickers upwards from above the fillet till it all meets on the top of the head.

The hair below the fillet is more complicated in movement than the hair above it. Below the fillet the flames of hair move in many more directions; in fact, here it behaves[1] like fast-running water as well as like flames.

Over the brow the hair curves away on either side of the parting, pressing away sideways and downwards the while; and forward also, for the lines of this wonderful hair can make visible several movements all going on simultaneously, just as a river, as it flows forward, throws its weight from side to side, and shows lots of subsidiary movements in eddies and ripples besides.

The hair which, on the brow, presses forward, changes its direction at the ears and flies backward till the Athene looks as if she were moving forward against high wind. Watching it from the sides, one sees the lift up of the hair as it passes her ears; it seems to race past them; and then, watching it from the back, it flickers up to the fillet and then above the fillet it flames up again in freer, wider curves to the round point at the back of the head where the hair meets. We will come back presently to the movement of the hair below the fillet (as we well may! for round the brow and ears its movements are so subtle and complex that one could go on following them for a week without exhausting them).

Meanwhile, we come to the second point we noticed at the beginning, viz. that she has a crooked parting; it slants to the right of her head instead of going

[1] In all such cases we must understand C. A.-T. to mean: "Looks like," or "makes us think of."—V.L.

"Bologna Head" (Athene Lemnia).

straight down the middle. The object of this crookedness is to give the direction to her glance—the eyes and the parting work together ; the concentration of her look and its direction are due to that line, and where it points her glance follows.

It is to be noticed that she looks straight into the eyes of things ; her eyes are set straight in her face.

Her ears, however, are not placed like human ears, for at the top they project outwards in a way that no human ears would do. The result is that she listens, listens as no one ever listened in this world ! She hears everything : coming sounds, past sounds, all the sounds from the outer world, and things also that she is telling *herself :* new things that have just emerged fresh from her brain, which the waving curves of her hair are carrying along at racing speed from her brow to her ears.

Her two ears are quite different in expression (besides being put on at a different place on their respective sides). Her left ear seems to lean forward, hearing things that are coming, while her right ear seems to lean back, hearing things that are passed.

And this brings me to the last of the details we noticed at the beginning, which was that the two sides of her face are not like each other.

Her left eye is set further back than her right.

Her nose is sharper in line down the bridge on her right side than it is on her left side,[1] where the bridge is slightly bevelled off all the way down ; the nostril is much more visible on the left side than on the right. On the two sides of her face the mouth has a different expression. The under lip is compressed slightly on the left side, and stretched slightly on the right.

And, finally, the ear, as already mentioned, is further forward on her left side than on her right.

These differences in the full-face view give her a

[1] It is important to remark that no portion of this head is restored.

somewhat baffling and mysterious expression. She seems to be thinking of several things at the same time, of contradictory things even : she looks alert *and* contemplative.

She seems to be pressing forward *and* holding back.

Half inclined to speak *and* wholly decided to keep silent.

Being at a loss to discover what produces these effects, I will take the profiles separately, and let each side speak for itself. We will take the left side first, and, having seen it full face, we will now look at it in profile.

The head is leaning slightly downwards. Now, in real life, when one wishes to lean one's head downwards, one does it without opposition, and one's hair obediently accompanies one's head ; but here, in the head of the Lemnia, the flaming rush upwards of the hair seems to oppose her leaning downwards ; so much so that it takes the strength of her splendid strong neck to hold her head against the contrary movements, the upward flame-like movement of her hair above the fillet and the backward movement like rushing water of her hair below the fillet. There is a movement of rushing water in her hair, but it makes an eddy downwards as it passes the end of her eyebrow ; this eddy pulls the eye backwards and gives it a meditative look, and, as the movement rushes on, it rears into a little breaking wave just at the point before it comes to her ear, which cocks the ear forward and gives it an alert look. The lines of the hair have thus tied the eye and the ear together, and have made the eye see and the ear listen.

The nose, now one sees its profile, looks longer than one expected, longer along the ridge and longer in the wing ; for the eyebrow is a little higher on this side and the eye is deeper set ; and, besides this, the wing of the nose is modelled into fullness and is so composed as to look as if it were being pulled back by the lower

"Bologna Head" (Athene Lemnia).

part of the ear as a charioteer would rein in a team. This pull back of the nostril puts it into action; she is drawing in a long breath and she is thinking.

The pulling back of the wing of the nose has also an effect upon her lip; the upper lip is placed more forward than it otherwise would be; it projects a little as if she were going to speak.

One feels that she might possibly pick out some vibration or another of the æther and put it into mortal words presently, if the occasion should be worthy of it; but perhaps also she won't. Anyway, her thoughts are racing upwards in locks of hair like flames and rockets as soon as they get free from the stream of hair that is flowing like a rapid river past her ear.

So, to sum up briefly, in this left profile we see the goddess listening intently, and looking rather inward than on ahead; breathing inwards, musing, but half-inclined to speak.

Let us go round now to the right profile.

On this side the head does not so much lean downwards as press forward. The face expresses action, not contemplation.

The hair does flame upwards above the fillet (for she is not a goddess for nothing), but round the head below the fillet it presses forward to the brow, and in the other direction from the temple it presses backwards past the ear to the back of the head, so that she looks almost as a charioteer would when forging ahead through the wind made by his own speed. Her eye is further forward in her head than in the other profile. She is intent on seeing, she is looking ahead into the future; the outline of her nose is more decided on this side than on the other, for it has a sharper line, and the wing of her nose is not pulled back as on the other side. She is not breathing in, her nostril is not active; so the bridge of her nose, like the prow of a

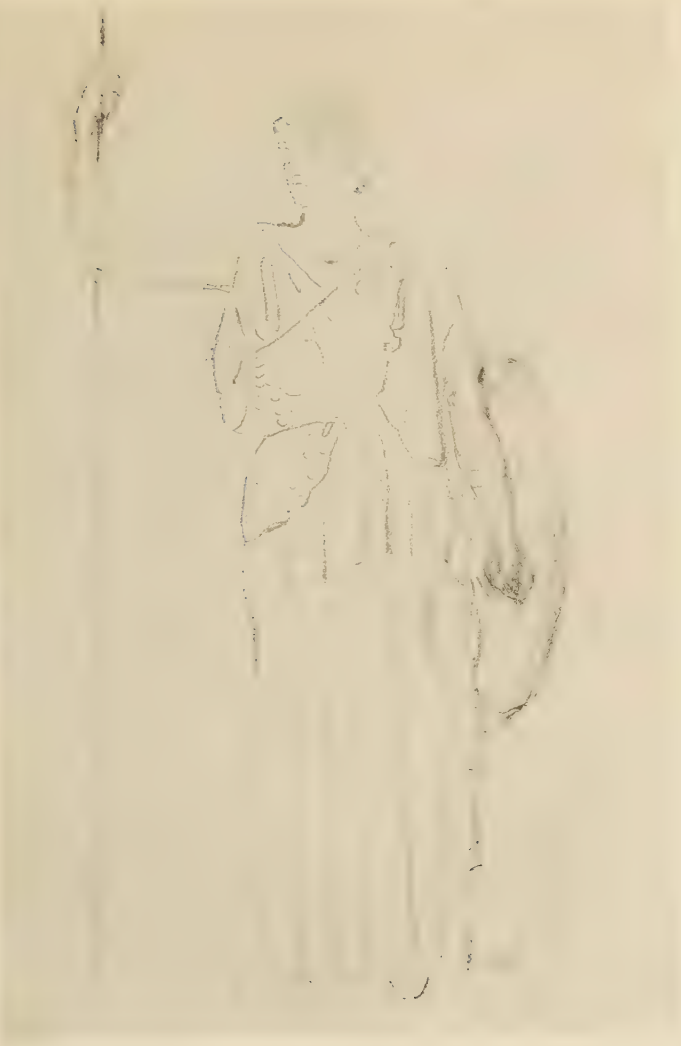
ship, works with her eye, and they both are intent on cruising ahead.

The wing of the nose being placed rather further forward on this side than on the other has an effect on the expression of the upper lip (a reverse effect to the other side) ; on the left profile she looks as if she might perhaps speak ; on this side she has no intention of speaking ; her mouth, on the contrary, is rather drawn back with the under lip stretched a little as if she were in movement ; her mouth is shut for action ; it has no wish to talk ; the ear, which, on the other side, it will be remembered, was cocked forward, is here, on the contrary, leaning back, listening to things that have passed. The look of leaning back of the ear is given by a sudden curve up of the hair just after it has passed the top of the ear, which gives the ear the appearance of leaning back, without, of course, disturbing in the least its real position on the head.

The power of the hair to add expression to the features is shown again in the hair which presses forward from her temple to her brow. It curves suddenly upward just above her eye, and, in so doing, seems to light her eye up into keenness ; it gives her the look of being able to see everything, visible or invisible.

Her eye and her ear press against each other and brace each other mutually ; the two movements seem to be straining in different directions against the thong that binds them together ; and that thong-like lock of curly hair was surely modelled by the sculptor with the intention of drawing the eye to this point, of giving a delicate emphasis to the fact !

The hair behind the ear does not flare upwards as it did on the other profile ; it maintains its sideway flow as if meeting the wind, right to the very middle of the back of the head, where it lifts up with the curls from the other side at the point where the fillet is tied round the head.



The Lemnia Athene with body drawn the reverse way.
Rough sketch by C.A.-T.

The fillet, of course, acts as a restraint on the flames of hair all round, prevents their acting wildly; and in the profiles the diagonal tilt of the fillet's line makes the head move more visibly upward and forward towards the sky than in any other direction. It goes for much in her appearance of being a goddess.

To sum up, in the right profile we see the goddess looking keenly ahead, watching everything, judging everything, but listening to things in the past rather than in the present, listening to recollections, perhaps. Her mouth is tight shut, she looks ready for action, alert, royal, supremely efficient, and as rapid in her actions as an arrow.

The two sides of her head have said very different things, but in combination they have produced the beautiful face of the Athene, and the beauty of the head is, as I have tried to point out, due in great measure to her wonderful hair.

I believe that it will be found that the hair was almost the principal source of expression in the best Greek heads; the region where the sculptor was free to express his ideas as he chose.[1]

This suggestion would have to be verified on all great Greek statues, of course, before it could be accepted as true. But, at any rate, this is what the Bologna head shows when read in this light; and many more things it would certainly show if it were studied by people gifted with more delicate insight into these matters than I possess. For it is only the limitations of the spectator's insight, not any limitation in the richness of the work of art, that prevents more things being visible.

. . . . . .

[1] Of course this does not apply to very archaic sculpture where the hair was given in conventional lines or even represented by the application of paint.—V.L.

The Bologna head is so little in harmony with the body on to which it has been placed, that I believe that if Prof. Furtwängler had lived longer he, who was the first to join them together, would also have been the first to separate them.[1] That she was never intended for this particular body is quite plain from the position into which it forces the head. The Bologna head was designed to stand erect ; the muscles of her neck are all holding her neck upright, and she could not have bent her head without altering the muscles. Then there is enough of the shoulder on both sides of the neck to show that the right shoulder and arm were raised, while the left arm hung down ; whereas the supposed Lemnia body has the left arm raised and the right arm hangs down ; so observe the deplorable effect of the statue with her head bent over to one side looking downwards, with her spear carried in her left hand ! Pheidias's conception of the goddess Athene was surely never this ; yet a great archæological genius like Prof. Furtwängler was not likely to have been wrong in his attribution, and so if he said that the Bologna head was the head of the Lemnia he was pretty sure to have been right.

With this in my mind I was experimenting with a photograph of the Lemnia the other day, sketching her with various modifications till it occurred to me to draw the body the reverse way—as she would look in a looking-glass ; a few rough pencil strokes gave me the body with the *right* arm up and the left arm hanging down, and when I put the head into its place, erect, it seemed rightly placed and the figure looked natural. Moreover, she stood as a goddess should stand, with her head carried high, looking out into space ; and her spear was where it should be : in her right hand. I append my rough sketch for lack of a more fitting illustration of my theory. Is it possible that there were

[1] Cf. footnote on p. 223.

two copies of the Athene Lemnia, one left-handed and the other right-handed? and is the right body still underground somewhere waiting to be discovered? If so, it is greatly to be hoped that she will eventually be found, as she would at once justify Prof. Furtwängler's attribution and provide the beautiful Bologna head with a fitting and harmonious body.

VI

THE REPRESENTATION OF REAL MOVEMENT IN ANTIQUE SCULPTURE

(Gallery Jottings)

The Ægina Combatants at Munich

The sculptor or sculptors who made the Ægina Pediments had overcome every difficulty about balance: experiments and tentative efforts are for them a thing of the past, and already they have such perfect facility in expressing movement and balance that they play with it, refine it to a point that I believe has never been reached before or since. Look, for instance, at the feet, such wonderful feet full of activity and cleverness! One feels their movement beginning right up at the knee and coming down the leg into the very tips of the toes. The business of the feet was to adapt the man's balance to the inequalities of the ground he stood on, by delicate adjustments of every bone and muscle, for these Ægina warriors didn't clump their weight flat-footed on to the ground: they concentrated their weight on to one point, and at that point the foot was flattened by the weight of the body, but the rest of the foot kept its elasticity and its freedom. Sometimes the flattened part was not bigger than a penny, but not more is needed to connect the man with the ground, to give the "me" a leverage on the "not me." I examined the soles of their feet where they are upturned, and, sure enough, there was the same refinement of balance, every sort of level and angle! As I ran my finger along them, the surfaces altered a dozen times to the touch, where one's eye could not see them in the shade. After this I looked at the restored feet to see if they did the same, but they were in comparison meaningless blocks of marble, though their shape was that of human feet.

Then I looked at the hands and arms in the original marble, those that still exist, for the greater part are replaced by restorations : their delicacy of balance is just as marked. Right from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers the arms were active, and I began to see that a shield was an implement that required cunning handling. They did not simply block the enemy's spear with it as one might block a ball at cricket, thud ! and down dropped the spear. No, the spear would have gone right through the shield and into the man if they had merely done that ! What had to be done was to glance the spear off by putting the shield at an angle, by a tilt of the elbow and a turn of the wrist ; a fresh combination of movements for each fresh occasion. And that is what these Ægina warriors are doing ; and that is how I know how a shield is used, for I never had occasion to use one myself, nor have I been told about it by anyone else, for none of the people of my acquaintance happen to use shields.

Then, examining their wonderful hands, I found that every finger had a different sort of craft to the other fingers, a different power over direction, like a great violinist's fingers. The Archer in the high cap holds his arrow between two fingers ; he is manipulating it with the side of one finger and the tip of the other. One could swear the man was putting a twist on to its flight ! His bow hand holds the bow steady with two fingers, and the others are playing with its balance, a touch here and a touch there till it is *just* right, and then off goes the arrow. " Get into the exactly right attitude and use exactly the right amount of strength, and you will find it quite easy to do the thing," as an athletic friend used to say to me. The difficulty is to get these things right ! But this bowman is simply laughing at the difficulty, his whole expression is one of exultation.

Compare this man's hand with the hands of the

other Archer, which are restorations. The restored Archer just grips his bow and lets off his arrow—it is a plain, commonplace action ; there is nothing to linger over, no subtle dexterous finesses for the eye of the spectator to dwell on. This piece of restoration, in common with the whole of the restorations, looks very satisfactory at first sight—one even thinks that it could not be better done ; but as one studies the originals one's eyes are gradually open to the difference between the original work and the modern. And the modern work is all carried out with such blind disregard for all these delicate problems of balance that one is forced to conclude that they escaped the restorer's notice altogether. But the restorations have their value to the appreciative lay public, as represented by myself, since they make one realize by contrast the balance and movement of the original works which, I think, we should otherwise take as a matter of course. For, as we are balancing and moving creatures ourselves, these marble creatures, who seem to move and balance so wonderfully, feel very natural to us, so natural that we should hardly remember to wonder how they came to be made, were it not for the heavy mechanical look of the restorations, which suddenly brings us up short.

I see now that the reason I never appreciated these wonderful sculptures till I saw them in the original was that the original work and the restorations are so hopelessly mixed up in the plaster casts that I could not disentangle them. But in proportion as one learns (from the pediments themselves at Munich) to discriminate between the genuine and the faked, one recognizes the richness of plane concealed under the simplicity and breadth of the original work. Every shape is at its biggest, like full grapes ; whereas the restored parts look meagre and pinched, and the outlines do not hold one's eye. They look sharp-edged and poverty-stricken.

One of the most notable things about these statues is the way the two arms work together, in harmony with each other. So do the legs; they are always a *pair* of legs acting simultaneously. The result is an extraordinary impression of the precision of the movement; *it was all there to the moment!* so to speak. The slow inertness of the restored parts *puts out the rhythm of the spectator* and produces in him a feeling of anger against the restorations which, to do them justice, they are far from deserving.

I have begun my description of these Ægina warriors by their feet and hands, because I do not think that anyone who had not studied them closely would have the faintest idea of the refinement of balance and movement to be found in them; now, balance and movement are the mainspring of this sculpture, the source of our pleasure in it and the source of its own greatness. So, instead of beginning with their heads, I deferred speaking of them till the idea of these amazingly balanced creatures was sufficiently fixed in our mind.

First and foremost their heads are not very like *human* heads! This struck me at once, though it took me some days to run the exact difference to ground.

While I was groping after it, I jotted down the following note when in the gallery: "These keen people used their mouths and their nostrils to breathe in the keen fresh air; so they got into intimate harmony with the atmosphere, with its scents and its pressures and its temperatures. They used their feet to balance on, so they got into intimate harmony with the earth underfoot, which is of course very different to the earth under boots. They saw and they listened with the intensity not of a man but of some wild animal; nothing from the outside was lost upon them. But they did not say anything about what they saw and heard to the other men; they were not speakers.

Why should they speak? The others felt it all, too. Only the restored heads talk and do not listen; only the restored feet plant themselves on the ground like stone pedestals to carry stone legs."

After writing this note I wandered round the statues for many days, doing an immense amount of questing about to get very small clues, for it is incredible how difficult it is to see things unless one knows that they are there, however visible they may become when one's eyes are opened to them. They were selling Easter eggs in the shops outside, for the children to hunt; and I thought to myself sometimes, the Powers Above have felt the contagion of this "Hide and Seek," and I, the Seeker, am their Victim!

I copy out another of these notes written in the Munich Gallery: "These ardent Ægina warriors have such extraordinary ears! One might almost say that they are *balanced by their ears!* The ear plays such an important part in their build. It is as alert as a dog's and has almost as much expression. The restorations, in which the ear looks merely like an ornamental rosette outside the man's head, reveal a very different type of man—a modern man, slack, and inattentive to outside events, concentrated inside himself."

In looking at the original sculptures, the next thing I noticed was that the junction between their heads and their necks was peculiar. Their necks seemed not to end at the jaw as ours do. I do not know if I am making myself intelligible when I say that their necks look as if they connected inside their heads with their eyes; the outline of the throat would, if it continued, end at their eyes. Look at the Crouching Warrior's neck; this connection gives him a look of immense rapidity and life. Compare the Kneeling Warrior alongside, who is a restoration. Look at his dull, inept way of carrying his head; his throat does not connect with his eyes. It would end inches behind them, and

so he looks dull, slow and prudent ; ridiculously prudent ! Look, again, at the original Greek. What a difference ! But I need not go on ; it explains itself as one looks at the two.

But it was not till many days later that I succeeded in finding out *what* it was that the Warriors were like ; and what the difference between their heads and human heads really was, and, of course, it was perfectly simple once one had found it out.

In the first place, the Ægina Man's nose is a continuation of his forehead, instead of being a separate feature ; his nostrils are the connection of his brain with the outer world. His brow does not act as a thinking place ; he does not think ; he does not need to ; he is wide awake enough without thinking. Next, his eyes are tremendously bulging ; they bulge almost beyond his brow ; so he can see in every direction. And observe that his eyes are placed not in the front of his head as ours are, but are set to the side, and they are very wide apart, so the man sees with a tremendously wide angle, a much, much wider visual angle than ours, and he does not seem to look particularly in front of him. The keeping a look-out ahead is done by his nose : he could sniff anything approaching, so had no need to trouble to look ! His eyes and his nose function together ; his nostrils are tremendously mobile (the restored heads all look as if they had colds from the contrast) and his mouth is shut. He is the most restrained of human creatures ; he takes in all things, but he does not express himself about them in spoken words ; even his strange smile is a kind of reining back of himself. He is very dumb and very happy in his dumbness. His ears and his chin and his jaw all connect with each other ; they pull backwards, while his eyes and nose press forward, so there is action and counteraction in his face ; so that the features look braced as the features of a human face never look. The

ears, as I before pointed out, are extraordinarily alert and alive ; and, if one looks closely, one sees that they are not made like human ears ; there is action and counter-action also in them, for the outer rim curves forward and in, and the innerfold curves back. So they oppose each other and the two forces make the ear alive, amazingly alive. Also, the ears work separately from each other, as indeed do each of the other features.

At this point I happened to go up to the Kneeling Archer, to look at some detail or another ; and there on his head was the clue to the whole thing—the Lion's head ! The Lion's head that I had admired twenty times before, but had never grasped as the prototype of the man's. But there it was, sure enough, the brow and the nose in one, and what had puzzled me in the man was clear in the lion. His eyes seem to connect with the top of his head rather than with the back. A lion's head is, of course, placed much higher on the neck than a man's, as he has no use for a back to his head. Then there was the great width of the lion's head between the eyes, the eyes themselves bulging almost beyond the brow ; the eyes, of course, set sideways in the head and looking out on a wide, wide angle, immensely seeing and wide awake ; the same appearance of not looking intently forward, because, of course, he could leave that to his muzzle to take care of. Such a beautifully modelled muzzle ! delicate, mobile, fastidious almost, and infinitely discriminating. No need to look ahead if he could sniff anything for miles in front of him by a sort of sixth sense, not merely the sense of smell, but a general sensitiveness to the outside.

Then, finally, after all those points of likeness, one came to the difference. The lion's mouth is roaring and biting without restraint ; the man, being the nobler animal, keeps his mouth shut. The ear of the lion is not given ; the man's little ear, set on very far

back, does for both, and acts as a hinge for the lion's jaw. The connection between the two heads, the lion's and the man's, is so extraordinarily close—I don't mean merely the likeness, but the actual connection between their two heads—that the lion's eyes seem actually to be directing the flight of the man's arrow. He watches its direction, as one sees a sharp-eyed gillie watch a man shoot on the moors ; but the gillie's eyes can only mark the result of the shot, whereas the lion's eye seems actually to shape its course.

In the whole Pediment, as preserved to us, there is nothing to match this lion ! He is a blend of nobility, of strength and of exquisiteness. How the sculptor must have loved the beast, to be able to show him like that ! (He bears some likeness to Egyptian god lions, but, unlike them, he is warlike and independent of all connection with the supernatural ; because his trend is forwards, not upwards.) Well, that seems to me to be the clue to the type of man the Ægina Warriors represent. I wonder if any archæologists bear me out in this reading of them ?

Turning to the restored heads, which at first looked fairly like the originals, I see people with brows that act separately from their noses ; brows that meditate over things and have thoughts and second thoughts ; noses that have no particular function except to be there ! And mouths that open readily, only too readily, to express the thoughts of the man within. And their ears are not verbs, as the ears of the original heads are verbs ; they are merely ears stuck on ; they *do* nothing ; and the eyes merely look straight ahead.

The helmets have their most important part, the crest restored in every case save one ; but the one undamaged original helmet shows the crest not as a heavy, unbalanced thing, but something like a wild cat, balancing and crouching over the cap of the helmet with a sweeping tail, helping the balance, as the tail

of a cat really does. The peculiar nosepiece of the helmets helps to accentuate the lion quality of the brow, being as it is in one piece with the nose ; in fact, the helmet adds immensely to the expression of the Warrior in all the original heads.

The hair is a thing I am not sure of ; it needed more time than I could give to guessing its way of being ; but it evidently was not just simply hair. Of course, the hair is *the* one chance the sculptor had of doing as he pleased, for it was the one thing which was not obliged to behave in any particular way. He could make it crackle into flames, or break like waves or grow like real hair : all ways of treating the subject were at his disposal. In any case, he made the hair start from that particular spot where the hair grows in a circle. It is, I think, the point upon one's own head of which one is most conscious, though I don't know why. Anyway, it is to this point that the eyes and ears of these Ægina heads all focus, and it is the watershed from which their hair streams down to North, South, East and West. The Warrior who runs forward with outstretched arms has long hair at the back which is caught up and bound round his head in a tight plait, while in front it flows slowly down to his brow, where it suddenly breaks out into brisk, active little spiral curls, which sit like a wreath round his forehead.

While I looked at him the idea forced itself upon me that, while his hair at the back was bound into secrecy by the tight plait, these sudden little curls on his brow were his thoughts, taking shape and forming themselves in a flash into resolutions and ideas. To test this curious look of mental activity in the hair of the Warriors, I went round to a *restored* head, which had the same kind of arrangement of hair. I was at once met by a statue of a Warrior wearing a lawyer's wig. There is no doubt about the likeness : he was wearing a barrister's wig ! Not finding this an interesting dis-

covery, back I went to the original Greek—there was no lawyer's wig *there !* The very idea dropped shamefacedly out of my memory as I looked at the strange, only half-comprehensible appearance of vitality in the Greek hair. It meant *something ;* that is plain, but I don't know if I guessed the riddle right.

The beards of such of the Warriors as have beards also have some curious effects on the men's faces. They give them a look of wider experience. I do not mean because it makes them look older than the beardless ones ; it is not that ; but the beard enlarges their boundaries, gives them the power of feeling beyond their own faces, like a tiger's whiskers do. And, besides, their shape, reminding one of the sharp prow of a ship, seems to give the men more power of going forward, of driving through, than the beardless men are capable of.

A word about the elasticity of the Warriors' bodies. At first one thinks that they look hard, but *when one's eye becomes more seeing by dint of seeing*, one notices the difference between their bodies and their armour, and one sees the astounding elasticity and life of their bodies : every inch looks alive and elastic. The armour is rigidly armour ; it is an encasing shell, but the man underneath is alive. The Warriors' bodies look as hard and elastic as india-rubber balls ; their armour hardly looks harder, but it does not look elastic, it acts as a rigid enclosing shell. Every inch of their body looks alive, and one's eye runs along its supple shape happily till it comes to some restored limb, and then suddenly it stops short, baffled, for there is nothing going on on the restored part ; the elasticity and movement has broken off suddenly.

It is a thousand pities that restorers have not realized that there was more in restoring a piece of great sculpture than merely replacing the shape ; that they didn't realize that a great statue has life in all its parts.

This chapter embodies what I was able to decipher for myself at Munich out of these great works of art, and it took a long time and much patience because, though it seems an absurd thing to say so, it is very difficult to see things if one does not know that they are there! But it isn't at all difficult to see things if one *does* know that they are there, so I want to direct the attention of active people to these Ægina marbles because I believe that this would be the sculpture *par excellence* that they would understand and appreciate. Balance, swiftness and reticence seem to me to be the dominant qualities of these wonderful works.[1]

[1] These and the following very admirable notes show the natural transition in C. A.-T.'s mind to the poetic, symbolic interpretation of which I have spoken in my introduction; and even to such "Imaginative Criticism" (sometimes at variance with archæological fact) which I have gathered into the separate section typified by the "Centaurs." C. A.-T. was, moreover, rather apt to overlook that what she interpreted as movements of, or in, the warriors, was largely "movement of lines"; and that the perception of such (unreal) movement requires the rapt attention to form which is part of æsthetic contemplation. This æsthetic contemplation she always took for granted. But it is by no means common in "active" people, who are usually absorbed in the aims of their activities, and who perceive form only in its practical bearings on those aims.—V.L.

The Naples Hermes

(Museum Jottings)

"Hermes Resting." What an absurd misnomer He isn't resting; he is poising to start his flight. Stand on the right of him and look at his face in profile. This flying boy is raising his caduceus to test the wind. He is watching for the moment when the wind will be right. The palm of his hand is pressing down on the rock; he doesn't grip it with his fingers; he will lift himself up in a moment. His shoulders are forward already waiting to hoist him out into the air; his outstretched foot is shooting out, the exterior muscles all tense.

. . . . . .

Art gives us eternity of expression because the lifts and curves and lines remain unchanged; whereas people in real life are like snap-shots—they don't show by their shape that they are going to go on doing or feeling a thing; on the contrary, they change expression frequently; whereas the brows, the chin, the hair of a Greek statue hold the thought or feeling steady for all time.

Full face, one realizes that this Hermes is sitting on the rock for a moment only, and that he has to press himself down hard to remain there at all. In his left hand he would have held the caduceus. I think he was watching the point of it to see when the conditions of the wind were favourable for his flight; or perhaps he was simply holding it as part of his equipment. I

am not in a position to say which ; but his eyes certainly turn towards it.

His right leg is thrust forward ready to spring into space, and the wings on his feet are on the alert. His wonderful foot is all alive and on the stretch ; the sandal has a metal bow on the sole, and up the tendon-Achilles is placed a narrow piece of upright metal that would prevent the ankle from bending. This gives us the fact that this flying god would never have trod the earth as mortals do : his province was the air.

The other foot is passive as the left leg is pulled back ; the wings are not yet preparing for flight ; the heel is lifted, but the front of the foot presses him down ; his ears stand out far from his head, which gives him faintly the appearance of a bat. They seem to act as balancers to his body : they even remind one a little of the wings on the head of the Hypnos. Both shoulders are pushed forward in the front view, but the left is most forward, for his left forearm presses on his thigh.

Full face, it is puzzling to say what his expression is ; it's a combination of the two profiles.

His nostrils are wide apart and distended, and his lips are parted slightly ; it's his ears that are the main motif in this front view. Mouth crooked, sloping down on his left side. Very straight line ; not an atom of tenderness in either profile. He is a thrusting young god, and would fly straight, no matter what obstacle he met in his flight.

Though his shoulders are bowed, his upright head gives him a curious look of efficiency and alertness.

Profiles are most important. Right Profile. He carries his head erect, but his shoulders are hunched forward and downward ; he is about the only Greek who hasn't a straight back, but the reason isn't far to seek : he is weighing himself down so as to remain seated, his right hand presses on the rock on which he

sits. He is a flying creature, and his natural place is the air. Look at his face : he is the messenger of the gods, so has the habit of carrying despatches in his memory. His ear is pricked back like a dog's ; he is listening hard to messages from beyond the outer world; he looks inward, and his face is set in an expression of concentrated attention. The curled locks of his hair all either press him down or hold him concentrated. Tremendous concentration is his keynote. His lips give one the quite erroneous impression of being closed. Top of ear is on line with eye ; brow drawn upwards.

Though he is leaning forward, his abdomen is braced and flat ; he hasn't got an inch of loose muscle about him.

Left Profile. Here a quite different type of youth meets us : here is the man of action. His ear is cocked forward and upwards like a horse ; his eye is dauntless, like a hawk ; it looks outwards with an expression one might say of challenge. His lips are just parted ; he seems to be breathing out.

His hair is quite different to the other side of his head. Here the curly locks urge him forward ; they seem to pull him along like little tongues of flame. His left shoulder is forward, his arm stretches forward ; his hand is between his knees, and the profile of his left leg takes up the line of his outstretched arm, but he is kept back by his left leg which is bent back almost under him, so he is biding his time. His jaw is much squarer on this side, eyebrow higher, which gives him his venturesome look. Top of ear in line with lower eyelid gives him an odd leonine look. Lower lobes are almost on line with his mouth and act with mouth in pull and counter-pull.

The Charioteer of the Mausoleum Frieze in the British Museum

This is certainly a fragment from a great original work, perhaps by Skopas himself. But the design is so knocked about and the figure is so battered that I am tempted to patch up, for half an hour, the cast that I am looking at, and replace roughly in wax the parts that must have been exquisitely carved in the original marble, so as to try and recover some of the details of this wonderful work by following the indications which are left. And fortunately faint traces remain of many important items.

For instance, I find the remains of the hub of the wheel, the beginning of two spokes, a piece of the tyre. Nothing could be more important! for, on filling up these tracks with a wax hub, tyre and spokes, and adding the rest of them, I find that the right wheel was off the ground. So the chariot is pivoting round on its left wheel and the charioteer is pulling his near horses round in a curve and dropping his hand to the two off horses so as to swing them round fast, for it must be remembered that these races took place upon an oval course, so the speed of the outside horses was what brought the lurching, swinging chariot round safe to where the outside wheel touched the ground again. We may therefore safely restore his arms in this position, since, as a skilful coachman, he must inevitably have been doing just this.

His arms are stretched and his knees are jammed forward against the front of the chariot, for his reins are traces as well as reins, and the whole pull and

give-and-take of them are on the man's hands; and he is holding and guiding four eager, violent horses, who are racing against other eager, violent horses.

Having got so far, I find that the flying skirts of his drapery are all broken off short. Having patched on several inches with wax, the design at once takes on a look of being natural, of being almost matter-of-course, which is reassuring to the groping restorer! for it shows that the parts are regaining their harmonious relation with each other. In fact, now he becomes so balanced above the chariot wheel that it seems to be actually a part of him.

The impression made upon me by this chariot racing, revealed in a sort of flash by the rough patching up of this fragmentary charioteer, is one of amazement that such a sport should have been possible, that such a combination of balance, strength, coachmanship and utter foolhardy recklessness should have existed in any set of human beings, combined as it was with such grace and with such beautiful style.

The marble fragment shows more than this, though; it shows the wonderful artistic instinct of the sculptor who, creating the driver in relation to the wheel (poised and balanced over the wheel, as we have seen) created, probably quite unconsciously to himself, a new creature, the combination of the charioteer and the wheel, making a unity! On the one side of the wheel there is the thrust forward of his arms and his eager body; on the other side of the wheel, to balance his body, there is the swing back of his flying draperies. The flow of his drapery is like the flow of a great river; it flows downwards from him, and the weight of its flow keeps him balanced in his place above the revolving wheel.

How the wheels must have spun when they were off the ground! And they must so often have been off the ground! Even looking at this wheel in the light

of my patched-up and barbarous restoration one feel the whirring and the spin of it entering into the charioteer's supple body and giving him a quite specific speed and movement of his own, quite apart from the horse-drawn speed that the chariot attains through the horses that galloped in front of it two thousand years ago.

. . . . . .

He becomes more than a charioteer. He becomes the personification of speed, of ideal speed, the speed without friction which can go on without abatement to eternity.

It is right that the sculptor conceived him as looking neither to right nor left, but straight ahead. He passed all the other competitors long ago ; the issue lies now solely between himself and the ultimate goal, which may perhaps be the winning-post on the racecourse at Olympia, or perhaps somewhere among the ether waves, where his speed will flow in and be absorbed, as a river flows in and is absorbed by the sea.

And then, having seen this thing for a brief minute, as I think perhaps Skopas meant us to see it, we will take off the wax patches and put this charioteer respectfully back again into the shape in which we know him in everyday life as the fragment of the great Mausoleum frieze.

Horses and Horsemen of the Parthenon Frieze[1]

If we pass in review the equestrian statues in the London squares we shall arrive at the conclusion that the modern horse, well enough adapted to the business of real life, is to the sculptor a most heart-breaking animal! To find the horse who is really fit to serve as a model for equestrian statues we must turn to the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., to the horse as we find him represented in the sculpture and vase-paintings.

For these works of art, besides their intrinsic beauty, put before us, I believe, the very horses and horsemen of those far-away days. For though it is generally alleged that the Greeks "idealized" the figures of both horses and men—that is, that they altered and improved them while turning them into works of art—I venture to think that the finest type of Greek men, by their special athletic training, and the finest Greek horses, by select breeding and skilful riding, actually looked like works of art, and were ready, just as they were, to serve as models to the artists of their day.

In the following notes I propose to try and show their special points and in what respects they differed from the horse and horsemen of modern England.

[1] I have put this exceptional note (and exceptionally interesting as being by a great rider come of a family of riders) in this section because it deals more than other notes with *represented* movement as distinguished from *movement of lines*. It bears *out* my suspicion that interest in such *represented* movement leads you *out* of the work of Art and its closed pattern of *moving lines* into the world of real things, or of what are thought of as real, like these Greek horses of C. A.-T.'s. —V.L.

If you could take a modern English horse and thicken his neck to almost double its normal size, and then lift it up and up till it grew straight out of the middle of his back, swallowing up inside it the whole of his withers, you would find that his chest was being pulled upwards till his fore feet were almost lifted off the ground, and that his spine had much more curve than before, and that his tail seemed to be planted on higher ; furthermore, that the lift of his fore quarters would automatically lower his hind quarters, so that his " stifle joint " would be so much flexed that his hind legs, instead of sloping down in a diagonal line to the hock, would slope almost horizontally, just as the leg of a man with his knee bent would slope towards his heel, for the stifle joint of the horse is the equivalent to the knee of the human being (but in the case of the horse it is enclosed inside his body). The hock joint is, of course, the equivalent to the human heel, and the pastern joints are the equivalent to the three joints of the toe in the human foot.

If you then accentuated the angles of all his pastern joints, and lastly, if you enclosed most of his cheeks in the thickness of his neck, you would then have produced a horse who would have looked something like the Greek horse of sixth, fifth and fourth centuries B.C.

Now, what would be the result of all these alterations on the horse himself ? (We see all the drawbacks ; you could never cross Leicestershire on such an animal. But we don't want him to cross Leicestershire ; we are going to consider him solely in the light of a model for a Greek sculptor.) The result of thickening his neck and drawing it upwards till it swallowed up his withers would be that it would grow straight out of the middle of his back, like a column, making him a far prouder looking animal than the modern horse. The Greek horses, being stallions, had of course very high crests ; but, besides this, all the muscles of the

neck were so tremendously developed that they could not poke their heads forward ; it was natural to them to carry them high. Xenophon describes as follows the correct carriage of a horse's head : " The neck as it proceeds from the chest should not fall forwards like that of a boar, but should grow upward like that of a cock and should have an easy motion in the parts about the arch." With his head carried thus high one would think that he would be perpetually chucking his head up and catching his rider in the face ; but there was no risk of that, because as most of his cheek was incorporated in his throat he couldn't chuck his head up : it was literally tied into the right position by the muscles of the neck.

Then his chest being drawn upwards, so that his fore part stood high, would give his elbows a good deal of freedom, and this of course gave much more liberty of action to his fore legs : he could fling them very high. High action was not an expensive luxury in his case—it was his natural way of moving. The deep curve of his spine, which we don't realize because his withers are covered by his neck, would give his spine great flexibility, so that he was able to change his shape crouching down, stretching or compressing himself at will.

The horse was evidently trained to crouch down in order to enable the warrior to mount him, for remember that the Greek warrior had neither stirrups nor saddle : he wore a cuirass and greaves, and furthermore he had to carry a shield as well as his weapons, so getting on to even a small horse demanded considerable agility.

The mediæval armour-clad warrior was lifted on to his big war-horse by his squires, and if there were no squires on the spot to lift him on he remained where he was on the ground ; but this would not have suited the active Greeks, who were always getting off and on ;

and as their horses were scarcely more than pony size they could easily swing themselves on by the help of the mane—the left hand holding the reins and a handful of mane just behind the horse's ears, and the right hand holding a handful of mane at the shoulder ; the right leg was then thrown clean over the horse's back. Or else they mounted by the help of the spear, which had a hook fastened on to its shaft ; into this hook the man put his foot, just as a modern rider puts his foot into the stirrup.

Some of the vase pictures give the impression that the horseman was going to jump on over the horse's tail, leap-frog fashion ; but I don't know whether this really was or was not their custom.

Those who were " sick or advanced in years " used the Persian fashion of mounting, which was to step on to the back of a kneeling slave, and then lift the right leg over the horse's back.

But the active young Greeks were encouraged to vault on without making their horses do any crouching, jumping on freely at the gallop.

The Greek horse had beautiful long, flexible pasterns of which he used all the joints, including the coronet joint, just above the hoof, which, putting his hoof at an angle, allowed him a very sharp grip upon the ground.

The shod horse *hammers* his way along a road, but a horse who has never been shod—and these were not shod—moves lightly, " feeling " the ground underfoot, so these Greek horses stepped very delicately.

Xenophon gives their grooms many injunctions as to how to harden their hoofs to keep them in good condition, exercising them on stony ground ; and, seeing what high action they had, they would have knocked their feet to bits had they not avoided concussion by using all the springs in their legs and pasterns.

With his hind legs wide apart, and his back and

quarters low compared to his fore part, the Greek horse had great facilities for rearing, and indeed he seems to have reared most of the time! But he was quite comfortable to sit, as it was all done on a supple back, so only the front of him went upwards; and the extraordinary freedom of his elbows and fore legs enabled him to reach forward with as high and as long a stride as he liked, while his low quarters and hind legs held him balanced securely in the air. The English horse, with his stiffer back, goes up all in a piece and he goes up much higher, so his rear is difficult to sit, and he is not at all unlikely to come over backwards before he has done with it. But the Greek horse couldn't have come over backwards if he had tried, because it was really only the fore part of him which went up. He seems to have been carefully trained in rearing as part of his education, for on many of the vase pictures the trainer is shown standing in front of him with a long rein. That acts as a gag bit which he goes on pulling till the horse's hind legs are so far under him that he has no alternative but to rear. And he galloped with a beautiful rocking movement like the movement of a wave, thanks to the springs in his back, unspoiled by contact with any sort of saddle, for, whether used for riding, fighting or racing, the Greek horse never wore anything more than a flexible woollen rug, and, judging by the vase pictures, he was mostly ridden barebacked. These horses were all trained to jump wide ditches, to jump up and to jump down; and it is interesting to note that Xenophon lays stress upon the riders *leaning far forward;* while their horses rise at a fence so that all their weight should be on the horses' shoulders, leaving his hind quarters quite free to fling themselves into the air, just the system which is taught in these days at the Cavalry School at Saumur, which has given the French cavalry their immense superiority in all international jumping competitions.

So much for the horse. Now, how did the Greek ride this—to our notions—strangely shaped animal?

In the first place, having no saddle, he was free to ride on any part of the horse's back, sometimes far forward, sometimes far back, and sometimes in the middle, according to how he wanted to use his weapons. There was no cut-and-dried "right place" for the Greek rider's seat on a horse. But the habitual seat was—in the sixth century, at any rate—with the knees so much bent that the thighs were almost horizontal, like the American jockey's seat, and the knees not only gripping the horse's back, but also gripping his neck, which, being thick and strong and steadily fixed in its place, was just where the man's knees could best take hold.

When an American jockey takes hold of a modern horse's neck between his knees he *has* to lie forward like a monkey on a stick, because a modern horse's neck is supple and sticks out in front; but the Greek horse's upright neck offered a perfectly reliable hold for the man's legs, and it remained permanently thus, so the man could lie down right along his horse's back gripping firmly on the neck all the time.

With the horse's head so close to him there was hardly need to use the reins, the pressure of a hand on either side of his neck would have been enough to guide him; and I fancy, from the evidence of the vase pictures, that they used the rein principally as a bearing rein, to steady the horse, to keep him collected, and make him step high. They rode with rather sharp bits, jointed like a shaffle, and their horses can't have been easy to hold; indeed, their thick necks and closely set on heads must have given them absolute mastery if they had chosen to bolt. In such cases I expect the man didn't waste time in pulling, but more likely reached forward and got his horse by the nose with both hands, compressing the nostrils. A horse breathes

solely through his nose, and he can't gallop if he can't breathe, so that would settle the matter without delay.

In battle the warrior needed both his hands, so he tied the reins short on his horse's neck and steered with his legs and body, thus leaving his hands free to handle his shield and his weapon.

The superiority of the Greeks as warriors was due, I believe, to their possessing the secret of how to make their muscles "tense." This secret of tension was a system by which all the muscles were put into a state of elastic efficiency. It gave the body a degree of strength and of swiftness that it could not otherwise have attained. There was no slack muscle anywhere; each part was tied into close connection with every other part, leaving the joints quite free, but giving a steel-like strength to the muscles and sinews.[1]

Of course, it was owing to the tension of their muscles that these horsemen were able to ride so "short" without any sort of stirrup to support their legs; no modern man could bear the strain for any length of time, but the tension the Greeks could put into their muscles kept their knees in position without any strain. The acute pointing down of the foot which is their invariable position on horseback was just the position which lifted the knees up without any kind of muscular effort, and which enabled them to keep them there for as long as they liked without fatigue.

A study of the rider and the horse together seems to prove that the horse as well as the rider had tension, and in the close contact of the two, with no saddle to

[1] For a knowledge of the existence of this Greek secret of "tension" I am indebted to Mrs. Roger Watts, author of *The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal* (Heinemann), who discovered it and who alone of modern people is able to demonstrate it in her own person.
[Note by C. A.-T.]

deaden it, there must have been a very delicate connection between horse and man.

Then, when it came to fighting—and of course it usually did come to fighting—how did the Greek warrior use his weapons on horseback?

. . . . . .

But we are more concerned with the very good than with the bad groups on this frieze. There is a young man in a helmet, which is first-rate work. Notice how the horse and the man work together. The horse's eye is looking back towards the man. First note a horse's eyes project from his head so that he can see to the rear. The ear and the eye work together. The young man is in a hurry and wants to come through the horses, but he is too well mannered to wish to appear to hustle, so he is making his horse plunge forward, clearing a way for itself. If you watch his hands he seems to be pulling in, on the contrary. But watch his leg; the tell-tale sinew below his knee is starting into prominence, so one sees the pressure on the horse's sides that makes him plunge impetuously forward.

VII

PAINTING

Vitality versus Realism

In speaking of painting I do *not* take the subject from the point of view of realism. I feel it necessary to give my reasons for this exclusion at once, because the faithful rendering of nature is not unfrequently supposed to be the end and aim of painting. If this were the case, there would be no possible explanation of the specific pleasure we get from pictures. Of course, realism does go for a good deal, because, unlike the other arts, painting deals with complete scenes. It renders the human being, the landscape, the climate, the country and the time of day, so to a certain extent we are interested in the scenes as we might be in a scene in real life ; *but it is not Nature's special mission to serve as a model for painters !* Naturally, therefore, a great many things in Nature are not well arranged from an artistic point of view ; and for this reason we ask pictures to give us things arranged in a different way to that we see in real life. Our insistence on a different arrangement is due to the fact that as we *mime*[1] the arrangement of the picture in looking at it, we insist on having an arrangement which we find a pleasant one, rather than an arrangement which is exactly like the real scene. The fact that the picture is exactly like the real scene has no value at all æsthetically. Truth to Nature is a sort of fetish worship : what we really want is truth to *our* nature—that is, such an arrangement as our nature corroborates. Fortunately, the realism of the best artists is not realistic at all, and

[1] For explanation of such "Miming of Shapes" (Karl Groos's *Inner Mimicry*) cf. p. 37 and note.—V.L.

"La Nature vue à travers un tempérament" filters through *their* happily endowed temperaments as a work of art, the process being probably an unconscious one. Artists paint what they see; yes, but the important thing is that they see more than is visible; for, as a matter of fact, much that our eyes show us in real life is actually misleading; for instance, in looking at people in real life our eyes show us figures that appear to have no weight, standing upon ground that not only offers no resistance to their feet, but which looks only vaguely as if it were underneath them, on account of its having so much in common with the wall behind. Now, I need hardly point out that what we feel in our own body does not tally with what we *see* of other people's bodies in this respect, for we *feel* in ourselves the resistance of flat ground under the pressure of our feet, and the upward lift of the body met by the downward pressure of the head and shoulders. Moreover, we feel *alive*. It is not Nature's business to make us *see* her processes; we cannot *see* the feeling of life in other people; but, since we know perfectly well that they *are* as alive as we are, we are satisfied with seeing them moving about; neither are we troubled at seeing them look as if they had no weight, because there are so many other points of view from which it is more interesting to consider our fellow-creatures—such as being glad to see them, thinking them good looking, or finding them interesting—that their mere *optical* appearance of not having weight does not get the chance of catching our attention. But once we see these same people reproduced, as they really look, in some faithful realistic portrait, with no weight and no life, for they no longer move, and no real ground stretching flat under their feet, then we feel at once that the most important qualities must have been left out. The picture feels empty, and we cannot get into touch with it. The reading of the character may be

admirable, the painting may be very good, it may be a good likeness, but the fact remains that the picture has no importance : it is not a work of art.

The great artist, painting a great picture, unconsciously abandons realism and shows us things not as he saw them, but as he *felt* them. The feeling of life which is invisible he gives us by a visible arrangement which makes us feel more alive. We feel akin to the picture ; it affects us as true, and we call it *life-like*, for the very qualities which in real life we do not see. *Great painting cannot be realistic ;* so I put realism aside in speaking of pictures.

The specific quality of painting is not to give us a little fragment of our usual world, but to create a complete small world of a different kind. To create the whole space as one whole.

The following suggestions refer principally to Italian art, to the pictures of the Old Masters.

A picture is a perpendicular piece of canvas or wood, with only two dimensions, height and width ; and on this piece of canvas or wood the painter must give us height, width and distance. To do this, the painter has to alter the appearance of the dimensions from the way they look to us in real life to a way we find pleasanter to look at, for as looking involves *miming*, we insist upon arrangements we find pleasant to *mime*.

The first dimension—height—is made expressive in the best art by showing pressure downwards and lifting upwards. In hasty sketches by Leonardo da Vinci of churches barely two inches high, the perpendicular lines show the pressure on the ground, the lift upwards of the walls and columns, and the pressure downwards of the cornices, etc. And this gives these little drawings extraordinary gravity and importance, for they draw out in us, who look at them, the sensations we get from *bulk*, which, it will be remembered, were the sensation of our feet pressing on the ground, and the

lift upwards of our body met by the slight pressure downward of the weight of the head; sensations of which at other times we are quite unconscious.

As we said before, painting deals with complete scenes—the human being, the landscape, the climate and the time of day—so, naturally, the interest of the subject represents a great deal. But we are not interested in the subject exclusively, as we should be in looking at the same scenes in real life, because the picture is a work of art, and its end and aim is not so much to illustrate the story as to so arrange its lines and colours that it produces in us a special sense of well-being. This well-being is not unlike the one we got from architecture, for in both arts is there the same main characteristic: the quality of harmony.

Our *dominant impression in looking at a picture is the impression of an arrangement of colour;* whereas in looking at the same scene in real life we are struck mainly by the form, because the outside world in real life consists of solid objects and of air in between them. The solid objects bar the eye's passage, but the air lets the eye pass freely through it. A picture consists of a flat canvas with different shades of colour laid upon it. In a picture the eye does not drop through anywhere; it is met by equal resistance, whether we are looking at an intangible thing like the sky or the distance, or a solid thing like the wall of a house; we see the colour of the background under the same conditions as we see the colour of the foreground forms; the colour of every part is equally stretched out in front of us. So we see a picture first and foremost as an arrangement of colour and not as an arrangement of form, owing to the fact that the picture is a flat panel.

The sides of a picture bear the weight of our eye. We can lean upon the sides all the way up the picture; we cannot do this with the same view seen through a window-pane, for the sides are intangible and the eye

drops through into the distance, so the scene through the window-pane looks like a mere random fragment of the outside world. The fact that we see the sides of the picture is of much more importance than might at first appear, for it enables the painter to enclose the scene on both sides and show it to us as a whole small world complete in itself. This seems to have been done instinctively by the Old Masters. It may be noticed that in many modern pictures which we feel as tiresomely realistic, the sides of the picture belong to the background, and these pictures do not look like a whole scene, they look like a mere fragment of the landscape, like the view we saw through the window-pane. The view of the world, as enclosed on both sides, seems to us the natural view, because it is the way we see the world when we walk forward, for then the sides of the landscape come out of the distance to meet us, and we seem to be walking through a very wide passage into the distance. We seem, in fact, to be enclosed in a small special world of which we ourselves are the centre. As soon as we stand still, it will be remembered, the sides of the landscape drop back into the distance, and the special world that had enclosed us ceases to exist. But we always, I am convinced, remember this [walked into] world as the natural one, because we find it the pleasantest, and we claim it as the right view in pictures.

There is an immense difference between the greatest pictures and merely good pictures. The greatest pictures are not merely better painted ; they differ not only in degree but in kind, for they have an underlying vital quality which turns them into a different sort of art altogether.

Looking at a *great* picture is, in a sort of way, like moving to music. For a great picture is an arrangement of balanced movement, sweeping rhythmically to and fro across the whole composition ; and we, in

looking at it, are caught by the movement as we might be by the crest of a wave ; we do not stop to look at the separate objects, we swing along on the crest of the movement of the whole picture. Moreover, the picture forms a whole in which every part is alive and actively balancing with some other part. No part could be altered or taken away, for each part is as essential as the separate notes of a melody.

Turner and Whistler in the Tate Gallery

(A Lecture)

I shall be carrying out your wishes, I think, if, instead of showing you every picture in the room rapidly, I show you only seven or eight of the more typical ones, dwelling a little upon their various qualities.

So to begin with I should like to show you one of Turner's drawings, because we shall understand the pictures better if we begin at the bedrock of the drawings. Turner, as you know, was one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived : look at these two or three little drawings. They are nothing but lines done in pen and ink, but see what he has managed to make visible !

To make a picture the artist has to show things which are high, and that isn't difficult, for he can show them actually on the canvas. And wide things ; these he can also draw on the canvas. But he has also to show things going into the distance ; and that *is* difficult, for there is nothing on the canvas to help him, and yet it is of the utmost importance that he should show distance, since it is *it* that ties us, the spectators, to the picture. If we can feel the near and far of the ground underfoot as real, we can walk into the picture and become part of it. But if we can't, we don't. We remain for ever outside it. It is a difficult quality to give, and only the great men give it. It is done, I think, by a high vitality ; by the painter *living* his subject as he paints it.

Look at the ground underfoot in these Turner pen-and-ink sketches. How one can trust it. Look at the

ground in the valley on the right. How stable it is ; and look how the stream cuts through it, and travels forward. How solid the road is and how one can walk along it safely ; how sure one is of its stability.

Now I should like to show you a Turner picture—and here is " Petworth Park."

You see we have the ground underfoot, but also we have the sky overhead, sheltering us. In real life we don't feel this, for the sky is such thousands of miles high that we don't feel it as specially over *our* heads. But when we get it in a picture we like the sense of being enclosed ; and, to complete the sense of enclosure, notice that the sides of the picture catch our attention. This is a very important quality, and only the best pictures have it. Look at this picture of Petworth Park : it is almost like a cave of air, and we are in the middle of it, sheltered on every side. This is what a picture ought to do to us. It is what makes a real picture, for of course a picture mustn't be just a cut-off piece of everyday life painted and put into a frame, for that gives us no pleasure ; it makes us feel scattered. The thing must be arranged to surround us, as I have just described, if we are to get any comfort out of the picture, because that arrangement brings us a feeling of peacefulness and leisure, and we don't feel the passing of time while we are in this region of peacefulness. The sense of hurry leaves us, and we rest. So that it really is much more important than it at first sight appeared.

I want now to point out to you Turner's composition. Painters nowadays don't *compose* their pictures ; to do so has gone out of fashion, but it is rather a pity, because Nature isn't always well arranged for a picture, since, if you come to think of it, it isn't Nature's principal business to " sit " to artists. So it was just as well that Turner arranged the landscapes he painted and made them into pictures.

In this picture of Petworth Park you will notice that you are obliged to look at the church steeple in the distance. You can't help looking at it because all the lines lead you there. So that, though it is painted quite delicately and slightly, it is very important. Notice that the peculiar top of the steeple, or rather tower, is echoed in the stag's horns, which are the same sort of shape the other way up. (Turner nearly always painted in the foreground an echo of the thing he wanted you to particularly notice in the picture.)

The next picture I want to show you is the seashore in the dusk with the evening star. You don't see the evening star, I dare say, at first sight, it is so faintly shown ; but look at its reflection in the water. One sees that more distinctly than anything in the picture, for every line leads us there, and it ties the sea and the sand and the sky together. This picture was a great feat, for, you see, it is the colour of things in the dusk. It isn't so difficult to paint things by daylight, for then, at any rate, one sees what colour they are ; but in the dusk all the colours change and become colours that haven't any names. You see the sand has become a sort of red and the sea has become a strange colour, difficult to distinguish. But the picture, as a whole, looks quite true and quite probable, and one gets pleasure out of its mystery. Of course, you will notice, as in the previous one, that we feel the sides of the picture as important, and that we have the ground underfoot and the sky overhead as real things.

Next I should like to show you these other two sea pictures.

Look at the sea, how it moves, how the movement of the big swell swings along and, watching it, one seems to swing along with it ; and then all of a sudden there is a crash of arrested movement, and the big ship is aground. Look how the line of the mast, connecting with that sloping line at her prow, sticks forward into

the water and stops her, how all the spars are at different angles in a confusion of directions. Everything is out of gear and knocked out of time, and all the sails and things seem to hang half-mast high ; while every wave that passes does some damage and the ship is powerless, tied by the keel. Notice how little Nature cares. The sky is fine, the sea isn't a fierce sea, only the ship must take its chance : it has made some blunder, and Nature doesn't care.

I want to show you an inferior painter's landscape, so that you should have points of comparison with some good ones I'm going to show you after.

Notice that it isn't anything in particular—the boy and girl are not very real ; and if you lean forward, because one's weight and one's attention go together a good deal, you will find that there isn't flat sea, and one can't walk along the sand ; it's really coloured patches on a piece of canvas.

Now come and look at a Whistler. Here you can swim along the sea right to the horizon, and then you would find yourself in the air beyond, for the world is a ball floating in space. Notice how Whistler feels this ball : the horizon is a curve, so are all the lines of the sea. The boats float, they will be somewhere else when the wind changes. Nothing is *fixed*, neither wind nor sea, nor shipping.

Whistler is a man who includes the frame in the picture. Let the frame help you. Let it bring you in like an approach to a house.

Now the two lovely little Whistlers on either side weren't framed by Whistler himself ; and see what they have lost in their bald little frames ! They look like old country houses opening their doors on to the high road ; and something of their quality is lost by it. Yet they are lovely little things in themselves. Look at the buildings of the *Salute ;* how deeply their foundations are fixed in the water, on wooden piles, you

know, in prehistoric mud. The little gondola looks as if it would spin round at a touch ; and so it would, for they balance on about twelve inches only of their keel-less, curved bottoms.

The other Whistler shows the sky holding up the sea, and the sea feeling the sky above it.

Look now at this girl, a water-colour by Whistler. She is framed rightly. Why does she look so alert ? Because only some parts of her are accentuated, parts that make for keeping her on the *qui vive*. One's eye is switched back from the chair to her hat-feather at racing speed.

Look also at this wee little picture of a man, and notice that you could imagine his doing anything next. He might make a speech at a meeting, put his heels together and bow to a king, paint a picture, take up a foil, and fence ; his balance is so fine, he is fit to do anything.

People say Whistler couldn't take the trouble to draw. Look at this early picture. Look at the strength in the bridge, the aliveness of these men pulling the boat.

Now look at this blue evening. He didn't care to go on giving detail. There were more charming things he could give.

Some of you must have felt in rare moments in the country that instead of looking at the landscape in front of you, you were suddenly in the middle of it, with landscape behind you as well as in front, and that you could suddenly feel the outer world behind your head. Well ! Whistler has painted this picture in such a way that I think you will feel that rare moment in looking at it. Look at it from the middle, not from the front edge.

Whistler had the extraordinary power, peculiar to himself, of painting the things one sees with the flat of one's eye. You know the fovea sees with detail, and

all the rest of the eye sees, but with no detail. Well, Whistler painted both : the detailed and the vague. You will understand the difficulty of this when you realize that the effect had to be taken in by the flat of his eye. If he had turned the acutely seeing part of his eye, the fovea, on to it, he would have seen something quite different, something which had all its details. And this quality of painting the things seen with the side of the eye gave him this power of *putting us into the middle* of the landscape. As I said, I don't think anyone else has been able to do it—i.e. make us become conscious not only of the focussed portions, but also of the vague outlying ones.

Walker, the Pre-Raphaelites and Sargent

(Tate Gallery Lecture to Ethical Society)

I propose to show you, not the collection of one man's works, as on previous occasions, but pictures by various artists, selecting them here and there because of their power of giving pleasure. Because, of course, if art didn't give us pleasure it would not be worth having it, wouldn't be worth while to build galleries unless some people, and I wish more people, really did get some genuine pleasure from it. The pleasure pictures give is, of course, *partly* from the subject. Pictures describe things better than books, but the subject isn't everything.

Some of you may remember that when I showed you the Watts pictures I explained that pictures have a power of making the beholder feel as though he were stretching up or pressing down, of expanding or of contracting. Well, those four movements give us triumph, high spirits, sadness, gravity, opening out, welcoming and enclosing. And that is quite apart from the subject ; and it enables great pictures to make one feel all these things, without our knowing that we are doing it. Besides this, colour has a special effect upon us ; it makes us breathe more actively, and take in more at a glance.

That's what the picture does, but it does it on condition that one goes to meet it half-way ; that we look at it with friendly attention, long enough to take it into ourselves. One peep at a picture and then passing on won't suffice to open out the beauty of a work of

art to us, any more than running into the sea up to one's ankles and then running out again would give us the sensation we get from swimming in deep water with the sea carrying all our weight for us.

The first thing I want to show you (No. 2080) is extremely simple ; it's a design for a poster, but don't look down upon it on that account ; because in good hands posters are a fine art, and this is a splendid thing by a great man, Frederick Walker. (Such of you as have read *Trilby*, by Du Maurier, may remember Walker as Little Boy Billee.) The qualities which are indispensable in a poster are *first :* that it should be easy to reproduce and therefore cheap. This is done by keeping things as simple as possible, not having a lot of mixed colours. *Secondly :* it must be easy to see a long way off, it must carry ; and *thirdly :* it must be striking. By that I don't mean that it must be gaudy, still less overloaded, but it must make one look at it and, if possible, it must make one remember it.

Now, how has Fred Walker done this ? His big picture is on ochre-coloured paper, and wherever it is possible he just leaves the paper to tell the tale. For the rest he had a pot of black paint and a smaller pot of white ; and that's all. The result could be reproduced at a very modest price ; and see how it carries ! Look at it from a distance. I mean it is visible and makes sense (by " making sense " no part drops out of sight).

Then, lastly, it strikes us. We wonder first what it's about. I don't know if it was a poster for the book of the same name, or a play, or what ; but it doesn't matter, we are interested by Walker's picture.

The woman has come along an underground passage, for she is coming upstairs to the front door. The stairs look wet. The door has a lock only on the inside. Once out one stays out. It is late ; the houses have nearly all put out their lights, but there's a light on

the bridge. It is windy ; her hair is blown by it, and there's a ripple on the water ; but she has thin shoes, no gloves, and only a drapery over her head. She is frightened, but is very anxious to go ; look at her swift movement up the steps ! When she gets to the threshhold she will turn round facing us and pull the door to, and then we shall lose sight of her under the stars. It all ends on a note of interrogation. Where was she going, that lady in white ? one asks oneself as one goes away. She looks like a white moth emerging from the chrysalis, and the memory of the beautiful creature against the night sky remains in one's head. One can't say " it's only a poster " ; rather it's a great imaginative work of art.

Now I want to show you a picture (No. 3189, *The Doll's House*, by W. Rochenstein) which has something akin to the last as subject ; but it isn't interesting, it isn't very good. By dint of telling us all about it he has, paradoxical as it seems, made it empty. One of them has wounded the other. The man looks rather hangdog and his wife looks very haughty, so I expect it was he ; but it doesn't seem to matter much either way, does it ? the name has told us too much.

Let us go on to Burne-Jones.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brothers were, as you know, a group of artists, about half a century ago, who took to painting all the parts of a picture carefully, lovingly, as the early artists before the days of Raphael did. The pictures hold one's eye, for one's eye will always stay while it has plenty to interest it. But it tumbles off and can't stick on where it hasn't. They have often a beautiful exotic colour, and they are all in one key. There is nothing which does not harmonize all through them.

Especially so in Rossetti. Here, for instance, is one : *The Annunciation*. You see the figures have a stronger life than Burne-Jones's, but most of them

look hypnotized. It isn't very convincing, this visit of the Angel to the Virgin. It is unearthly, but not at all spiritual.

Beata Beatrix is very fine, but she is in a sort of trance over the poem. She is holding it in to herself. Notice her lovely hair, with its ripple like water, how alive it makes her mind look. The *rhythm* of the verse is in the curtain behind her.

Personally I find the Pre-Raphaelites too exotic, almost enervating. It is all downwards. The suggestion of them all is that of some very tired creatures who have crept into shelter and are sitting or standing in sanctuary. And I like an uplifting quality in art, which Burne-Jones especially has not got. But such pictures are a great rest and pleasure to many people with tired nervous systems, who couldn't get anything from big, normal, classical sorts of art. There must be all sorts of art in the world, to suit all sorts and conditions ; but the greatest art is the art that makes the beholder feel sound and serene and strong.

Here is Alma Tadema.

He gives you things as they really look. I think he is the only painter who has had the technical ability to give you marble that looks like marble, old silver that looks like old silver, and flowers that look like flowers. But after one has taken it in one is surprised at caring to see it as little as one does.

Charles Furse is like some swinging ballad sung in the open air, fine and breezy ; but the picture is a little flat. You may wonder why I make such a criticism : what does it matter if it is ? It *matters everything ;* we can't go into the picture and become part of it. We are outside. And the figures can't do anything except what they are doing.

Now look at this, by that great master, John Sargent : *Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.* The figure can do a good many things besides what she is doing. We know

how she took up the crown ; look at her tiger's eyes. She pounced down on it like a tiger pounces, and she is pulling it on for the first time, this crown she has spared no crime to win. Look at the wonderful colour of the thing. There isn't an inch of the picture that isn't beautiful in colour. Looked at near it is like patchwork ; looked at from far, it all becomes intelligible and visible, the detail all painted near as it would look at a distance, a sort of conjuring trick, quite unlike Alma Tadema's work, and just as difficult. Tadema's work does not look alive at a distance ; it would look tame and unreal. Lady Macbeth's dress was woven out of sea-shells in Ireland, if I remember right. Sargent was very anxious over the doing of this picture. I saw him just before he began, and he said, " I shan't sleep sound at nights till I have finished it."

Here's another by him : *Carnation, Lily.* It is just dusk, you see ; one has to half shut one's eyes to see the flowers and the children distinctly. At dusk flowers begin to take command and people become of no importance ; I don't know how it is. The flowers are whispering to each other, and round about are the lanterns, swinging like some fantastic dance. In the middle are the children lighting the lanterns—at least, that is what they are supposed to be doing—but really they are stirring some sort of magic potion, some elixir brewed out of perfume and dusk, and it flares up as they stir it.

Walker, the man of the poster. It's called *The Harbour of Refuge.* Look first at the picture next it in order to see the quality of this picture. See how the picture next it is scattered, and the high things, wide things, and things that go into the distance are not very different from each other. Now look at Walker's picture, how harmonious it is. It's all happening at the same time, under the same light.

. . . . . .

Whistler's "Two Girls in White"

(Notes)

What is the secret of this wonderful picture? What is it that gives it its power of holding us bound before it?

Why do we suddenly stand still when we get to it? Stand still, still, still, till we wake up ten minutes, quite ten minutes, later to find ourselves still before it?

It is the *cling* that Whistler has painted into it, that quality of clinging tenderness. It is good to be able to paint movement and balance. It is good to be able to paint the solid ground underfoot. These are the qualities of the greatest works of art.

But this man has painted *cling* besides, and with it he has bewitched us. I say "bewitched us," because we carry the sensation away with us into the outside world. When we go out we find that the clinging tenderness of the picture has got round our heart, and we do not shake it off.

What has he painted with this uncanny power of CLING?

Nothing more ambitious than an interior with two figures in white: two girls, the elder sitting on a sofa, the younger sitting on the floor; her arms are reaching forward with an impulse to hold her sister, to keep her where she is; but this impulse is checked by the backward movement of her head, or rather not of her head, but of her ear, and her hands do not reach out, they are pressed down. She is renouncing, and her curious Arab profile has a look of fatalistic resignation.

The flowers above her head all seem to be growing half-mast high, and the plant that catches one's eye has delicate little lilac heart-shaped flowers hanging along its branch.

Her desire is waking up and taking shape. She will have to go. The line of her dress is moving towards the outer world. Whistler's butterfly signature makes her go, by its straight line across the side of the picture. If he hadn't signed it, she would have stayed where she was. The petals of a flower are scattered by her side on the sofa ; " un peu, beaucoup." I think it stopped then, and she went. But the clinging affection, the clinging regret, are expressed in the language of painting, not in literary language ; and the story is told beautifully, passionately, but with unerring reticence, by an arrangement of delicate paints.

Suggestions on Post-Impressionist Pictures

These pictures are so unlike any other pictures that have gone before that they have to be looked at in a different way, and I mean this in the literal sense of the word, thus: In looking at an ordinary, normal picture we stand squarely in front of it and we walk into the picture along the ground till we get to the horizon—feeling the ground underfoot as a very important thing all the time.

But with these post-impressionist pictures we must act quite differently if we want to see them satisfactorily. We crush them into being nonsense if we look at them full face. We must turn round and look back at them, if we want to really see them. The reason of this isn't far to seek; for, instead of leading one along the ground from the foreground up to the horizon, to the frontier between earth and sky, they take one through the picture to the foreground; and one must go the same way as the picture if one wants to see it well.

I spoke just now of "the frontier between earth and sky"; and that is to my mind the region which these post-impressionists have made their own, the region which they have been able to show us, which they have made more visible to us than any painters who have painted before.

. . . . . .

Has Futurist Art a Future ?

(Notes for a Debate at the Lyceum Club)

I question whether Futurist art has a future, but far be it from me to assert that it has not, for no one is more anxious than I am to hear the case for the other side.

I confess that I have not myself been able to understand the more modern developments of Futurist art ; but perhaps I am in the mental condition of those people in the fifteenth century who didn't understand Mantegna's pictures and thus ignored one of the most important influences of the Renaissance. I give that point to be made by my opponent.

I did my best to understand this ultra-modern art, for I had a season ticket for the first Exhibition of it in Grafton Street, and I used to go three or four times a week to study it. Gauguin, Matisse and Picasso I got to appreciate. But there was one picture, for instance, which looked like broken packing cases but the catalogue said was a portrait of Buffalo Bill, which puzzled me more and more every time I looked at it. So on the last day of the Exhibition I went to the official who sat at the table, and I said : " Some of these pictures have beaten me ; please tell me what they are aiming at ? " And he said : " Oh, I don't know." So I said : " Could anybody in the Gallery explain them to me ? " He said : " Oh no, I shouldn't think so." Then I said : " Could anybody in London tell me what they are about ? " And he said : " Oh

yes, Wyndham Lewis *could*, because he *does* them himself, but he isn't in London!" So I left the Gallery defeated.

I mention this incident to show that I did take trouble to try and understand them. And it is in no spirit of hostility to Futurist art, but in the spirit of a searcher and a student of æsthetics, that I have suggested this debate.

So I hope that my opponent will not spend much time in attacking me, but that he will tell us as much as he is willing to tell about the technique and the aims of Futurist Art.

Meanwhile I propose to talk a little about the pictures of the Old Masters, because I want to explain (according to my lights) how it is that THEY had a future in the sixteenth century, and that they have a future still in the twentieth century.

I question whether Futurist art will be able to make good the same claim, but it is up to the opposer to show us that it can. His will be the interesting speech, so if any of you ladies and gentlemen have not the endurance to listen attentively to two speeches in succession, I strongly advise you to listen to *him* because he is dealing with a new thing and I am only dealing with a well-worn theme which necessarily can have no charm of novelty.

To present my case: The human being occupied with practical matters is one sort of person, but that same human being absorbed in looking at pictures is another sort of person altogether. For when we look at pictures our lungs come more into play, since we breathe to match what we look at. To begin with, we don't breathe like this in practical everyday life, we should *burst* if we did, for real life is not arranged to suit our comfort either as to seeing or breathing. But the work of art is an enclosed space, an arrangement of things all devised for our pleasure, so we can

risk taking it in with our breath, as well as with our eyes.

So much is this the case, that when we perceive the three dimensions we feel them as stretches of our lungs. *Height* as a lift upwards of our breath, *width* as a widening of both lungs, and the third dimension *depth* (or let us call it distance) by a stretch backwards and forwards of our breathing apparatus. (We cannot stretch distance as well as we stretch height and width, and, as a matter of fact, we see it less well than we see the other two, in varying degrees.) As our eye *looks* at them, our breath *does* them ! In ordinary life, as I have said, we breathe *anyhow*, we don't even notice that we *are* breathing. But when we look at a work of art we at once begin to breathe *regular* breaths ; the picture *regulates* us, and we then begin to *model* the shapes of the things in the pictures with our breaths.[1] Moreover, our sense of balance wakes into life, we no longer stand still, we begin to swing. We follow the lines of the composition of the picture by little swings of our balance and we feel them as very pleasant movements, for we are living on a wider basis while we swing than when we stood still. *The picture has to be composed to suit* this peculiarity of ours ; if it's going to please us it has to be balanced ! For if one part of the picture swings us to the left, we insist upon the picture's providing other lines that will swing us to the right again ; and if the lines of the picture swing us forward, we insist on there being other lines to swing us back again ; if the picture *doesn't* swing us back, our balance is disturbed and we are made uncomfortable, so we say that the picture is badly composed and we decline to go on looking at it.

[1] Let me repeat that this explanation by *respiratory* changes, even if it could be proved to hold good in other people than C. A.-T., is unnecessary in view of the other explanations given by the writer in the preceding notes on pictorial composition and elsewhere.—V.L.

Furthermore, pictures have a temperature of their own, to which we are sensitive. Warm colour, cold colour, are not just figures of speech. We might almost say that pictures have a *climate* of their own. For instance, Signorelli was a great painter, but his pictures are too hot for most of us. Ingres was a great painter, but his pictures are too cold for most of us. Whereas the great Venetian painters have the perfect climate; so has Piero della Francesca; so has Perugino.

Given these three ways in which the human being is modified by the work of Art, it is no exaggeration to say that when he is looking at a picture he is an altogether different person from the person he was when engaged in the practical business of everyday life. Of course, there is no Act of Parliament which forces us to make these adaptations of our body[1] to please the work of art; but if we don't make them, it simply won't show itself to us and we shan't get much pleasure out of it; so *automatically* we do make these adaptations if we are art lovers—though most of us are not conscious that we are doing so. But to attain this result we must be willing to look at the picture long enough and closely enough to get into touch with it. We can't just rush up to it and give it a look and then rush away again, any more than we should know much about the buoyant joy of swimming in a deep sea if we only paddled in far enough to wet our feet and then scampered out again. We must go to meet the work of art half-way.

Now, to illustrate these matters I am going to speak of two Venetian pictures, both in the National Gallery.

The first picture is by that charming painter Catena, and the other is a great picture, though it is only four feet high, by that greatest of painters, Titian.

I begin with the Catena—a Warrior adoring the Infant Christ. This charming picture represents the

[1] Or of our *mind*.—V.L.

Baby Christ seated on His Mother's lap. He is receiving the homage of a Warrior in chain armour who approaches Him on bended knee. St. Joseph is standing near by under a tree. In the rear of the Warrior stands his page, holding his big war-horse. In the distance one sees a church. Behind it are far-away mountains. It is just about the sunset time of a beautiful summer day.

As soon as one's eye falls on this picture one's vision widens out, and one begins to breathe widely with both lungs. One feels lighthearted and serene. All sense of hurry drops off one, one no longer feels the passing of time, one is enclosed in a haven of peace where time does not exist, and as long as one goes on looking at the picture this feeling of serene leisure continues, for the *picture acts as a framework to keep our mood steady*. These feelings are not due to the interest of the subject, but to the rare skill by which the painter has made the whole wide scene happen *at once!* No part is happening too soon, and no part is happening too late; the picture is in "perfect time," if I may be allowed the expression. Let me try and describe this quality of being "in perfect time," for it's one of the most important qualities a picture can have. I can best show it to you by contrast with a very indifferent picture by an inferior Venetian, where this quality is entirely lacking. The subject of it is the youthful Christ disputing with the Doctors in the Temple, by Francesco di Santa. He sits above the Doctors on a marble throne, and, being the main subject, He *ought to set the time for every other part of the picture*, but this He does not do! Every single figure in the picture is acting "on its own." The Pontiff and the Bishops in the foreground give one the feeling of *happening much too soon!* Whereas the Doctors with their books don't look as if they would be ready to "happen" for hours! And as we look at the picture, far from

feeling serene and lighthearted, we feel restless and irritated because our balance and our breathing[1] are distressed by the haphazard arrangement of the picture, so we get angry with the painter. He didn't happen to be a great painter, so he hadn't the temperament to create a picture *to suit our natures*, and he hadn't the grip to hold the whole scene steady.

Turn again to the Catena, and at once one feels serene. One can take in the whole scene in one glance without effort, for it feels as if all the parts are as closely connected as the words in a sonnet ; and, like the words of a sonnet, some parts are more intimately connected than others. The picture is phrased, so to speak ; the interest is concentrated in the tense feeling of attraction from the Christ Child to the adoring Warrior, which might be compared to the process made visible of a magnet drawing to itself a bar of steel. We perceive this through our balance ; but this remark brings us to the subject of the movement of a picture, which means, of course, our movements in looking at it (those swings of our balance of which I have spoken).

The Knight is advancing to where the Baby Christ is seated on the left, and our balance swings to the left in sympathy with his movements. The sitting figure of the Madonna holds us poised for a moment ! So that we feel that the Knight has reached his goal. And then, our eye and our balance turn about to the right, carried there by the figures of St. Joseph, of the Squire and of the war-horse. So having swung back to where we started, our eye again falls upon the kneeling Knight, and again we swing round the composition in an ellipse, and all the time we go on looking at the picture we go on swinging slowly round it in a sort of

[1] Again let me repeat that it would be quite sufficient to say that we are *made restless and irritated* without hazarding a physiological explanation which, even if demonstrable in all cases, does not explain its own occurrence.—V.L.

charmed circle, with neither the wish nor the possibility of getting outside it.

Notice that if this picture were not composed in an ellipse we could not swing to its movement, as it would have no rhythm. And since we are balancing and time-beating creatures (for we are beating a measure with our pulse and heart-beats all our lives) we demand rhythm from all works of art.

This, I think, is the reason why, probably quite unconsciously to themselves, the great painters insisted so much upon balanced composition. And they were right!

This picture, therefore, quite apart from our interest in its subject, gives us charming sensations, and as long as we choose to go on looking at it these charming sensations will continue. It is delightful *as far as it goes*, but notice that however long we look at it we never get on to closer terms with it; we always remain outside it as mere spectators of the scene. We never get inside because the picture has but little third dimension (the dimension of distance), and no work of art is really great without the third dimension, because if the painter *can* paint the ground underfoot, stretching right away to the horizon, we who are looking at it feel that the ground will bear our weight and, in the spirit, we walk right into the picture and become part of the foreground of it ourselves.

Where Catena is lacking, Titian is supreme. And it's a curious fact that the ground underfoot painted as Titian painted it looks more like the real thing than the actual ground in front of us in real life; and seeing it with this sudden vividness of realization gives us a sense of security, of confidence, which it is difficult to describe. Everything in the picture has bulk and looks real; so we feel a kinship with every part of it. We *corroborate* it, so to speak. Moreover, when we see the distance in this vivid manner we suddenly find our-

selves breathing in a much more *complex* manner ; for besides breathing high and feeling our lungs widened as we did when we looked at the Catena, we find that we seem to be breathing backwards and forwards as well, *in fact we are breathing all the three dimensions simultaneously !*[1] And this unusual experience brings us the feeling of being complete in ourselves ; we are suddenly all there ! It's a feeling that we don't have in ordinary life. I wish we did, for in ordinary life we suffer a little from not feeling the three dimensions in an equal degree. So much for the influence of the third dimension.

Now we will look only at Titian's picture. It has all the good qualities we saw in the Catena, besides having great qualities of its own. The subject of it is Christ appearing to the Magdalen after He has risen from the dead. Here is the scene : The Magdalen in her wonderful carnation-coloured dress sweeps across the picture and drops on her knees at the feet of the Risen Christ ; she is warm, alive, radiant, and we feel her weight pressing on the ground ; the wind is still in her draperies from the speed of her approach. Her hand is outstretched towards Him as if to touch Him. But it is no living man who stands before her. The Christ is no longer of this world. His feet do not press on the ground, He has no weight. His white drapery is real and tangible, but His body seems to be almost floating in the air : one almost expects to see it wafted upwards before one's eyes ! His time is not yet come, and He is tied to the earth as yet by invisible ties. The pace of the picture is extremely rapid ; one is witnessing a brief tremendous moment in history : almost before we have taken in the scene, the Magdalen will remain and the landscape will remain, but the Christ will have taken on immortality and will have passed upwards into the Beyond.

[1] See preceding footnote.—V.L.

I said that the movement of this picture was " very rapid," which means, of course, that our own movement in looking at it is rapid. We can't go at our own pace ; we are carried along at the pace of the picture.

Here is the scheme of the movements. Our eye enters the picture on the sweep forward of the Magdalen, and we swing outwards past her, and past the figure of the Christ to where in the middle distance some sheep are pastured in green fields. Our eye and our balance then turn, and we find ourselves face to face with the Risen Christ (still shaped in the likeness of a man, but unearthly in His detachment from the things of this world). Here the movement pauses for an instant, so we realize the gulf that divides the two figures ; then we are swung past the figure of Christ to the village which stands on the hill to the right, and *it is this swing of our balance to the village on the right that keeps the Christ upon this earth !* For if the composition of the picture allowed us to lift upwards to the top of the tree under which He is standing, *our* movement would lift *Him* upwards and we should have the illusion that He had left this earth ; but He remains where He is, half standing, half floating, *because* we are swung up the winding road which leads to the village on the hill. From there we are swung across the blue of the sky to the tree top ; and then we come downward to a tuft of bushes in the low-lying grassland of the middle distance, and from there we are carried down to the kneeling Magdalen again ; and then *Da Capo* without pause ; the whole movement begins afresh and we go on circling in a wide figure of eight, penetrating into every part of the picture. We are never allowed for an instant to break the balanced movement ; there is no sagging and no check ; it is like the rhythmic movement of some great poem or piece of march-music which compels us to move to its measure.

And all the time we have the strange and delightful sensation of living on all four sides at once ; *our way of being seems to be multiplied* and our vitality is multiplied also. We feel *complete*, with a feeling of high harmony, *which is the specific gift to mankind of all great works of art.*

Now all through the centuries this picture and other pictures of a like quality have held the beholder under their spell, and as long as human beings *remain of their present shape* I make bold to say that these works of art will continue to exercise this spell ; because they are so designed as to fit the nature of the human being, and lift his nature higher. If human beings were shaped like starfish or like the inhabitants of the planet Mars, some other arrangement of art would no doubt be evolved to fit *them*, *but it wouldn't fit* us !

I have dwelt at some length upon the influence that great art exercises upon our *bodies*, because my point is that, just as it affects *us* now, so it will continue to affect our descendants through ages to come ; because its effect does not depend upon ideas which change, or upon fashions which come and go, but upon the fact that it transmutes our bodily sensations[1] from base metal into fine gold. That the great artists were aware that they were doing all this I don't for a moment believe ; I believe that all that they were *conscious of* was that the picture wasn't right till it looked right ! and they just went on working till it *did* look right. It was their great artistic temperament and their immense vital force that took command and made them create great works of art, perhaps without themselves realizing the grandeur of their own creations.

The question now is, will *Futurist art be able to*

[1] Not necessarily *sensations of our body ;* but states of feeling due to the shape and movements of our body, and therefore organic and inevitable.—V.L.

affect future generations in like fashion? will it hold them in its spell through the ages to come?

I don't deny that it fits the needs of many of the people of to-day, for it is evident that it does. But when this century of storm and stress, of restlessness and strained nerves, has passed, and people are able to settle down again into normal balance and serenity, *will Futurist art continue to satisfy them*? That is the question to which I hope the opposer will give us an answer.

Moreover, in the case of the old Italian masters, the sheer beauty of the people themselves and of the landscapes in which they are placed have a charm for us quite apart from the memories they call up of beautiful scenes we have seen elsewhere or read about in poems; the sheer beauty of Titian's figures and draperies and trees and hills charm us at the time, and we carry away the charm of them in our memories. Can Futurist art, with its haughty disdain for the beauty of the thing represented, afford to do without it? I admit with admiration the power of realization in Futurist art, the *intimité* with which they render the thing they paint; if it's only an apple or a glove that they show us, we realize the apple as more an apple than we ever felt about a real apple in real life, and the glove is more glovish than any glove we ever possessed. The Old Masters could not do that; but in art one craves for more than realization, one craves for harmony, and there the Renaissance painters were supreme; and I don't feel that quality among the Futurists.

VIII

IMAGINATION AND EMOTION IN ART

Michelangelo's Medicean Tombs

(A Study in Artistic Psychology)[1]

One of the most typical among the many problems which have engaged the attention of art critics and historians is that of the Medici Tombs (so-called) in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

It can be summed up in a single sentence : Does the arrangement of the architecture and the condition of the statues represent the deliberate intention of Michelangelo, or is each of these items the result of a series of mere accidents ?

Considered from the side of historical evidence, the question, which has been threshed out by all the chief writers on Michelangelo, notably Hermann Grimm, Symonds, Wölfflin and Justi, offers no kind of certainty; while any hypothesis offered on biographical grounds might be subverted by the discovery of an unsuspected drawing or document.

But, besides the evidence afforded by historical facts, there exists the evidence supplied by the monuments themselves ; and it is this which the following pages are intended to lay before the reader. We are bound, however, to confess that our motive for doing so is less the hope of settling an historical controversy than the belief that the consideration of such evidence of authorship will bring our reader, as it has brought ourselves, into closer appreciation of the æsthetic and poetical qualities of the work. And we desire to make clear that the following analysis is merely an attempt

[1] Published in the *Architectural Review*, 1904.

to surrender ourselves to the intrinsic suggestions of the monuments, and to judge of those suggestions by the rules of psychological probability ; in other words, to describe the coincidences and contradictions contained in the work, and attempt to reconcile them by what is known of the workings of the artistic mind.

Before proceeding on such an examination, it is desirable to lay before the reader a brief account of the historical facts, and of the hypotheses to which they have given rise.

Michelangelo's activity in connection with the Medicean monuments falls under two periods of years : In 1520 he was asked for plans by Cardinal de' Medici, son of Julian and nephew of Lorenzo the Elder and afterwards Pope under the name of Clement VII, who had resolved to build a new Sacristy containing monuments to certain members of his family, as a companion piece to the older Sacristy built by Brunelleschi and containing the tombs of the earlier Medici.

In 1521 Michelangelo fetched the necessary marble from the Carrara mountains ; made a small model of the statue of the Madonna ; and submitted his schemes to the Cardinal, who was not satisfied with them. Michelangelo then offered to execute wooden models of the monuments ; but it is not known whether he actually did so or not. The work was actively commenced on Cardinal de' Medici being elected to the papal throne, Michelangelo beginning in 1524 the two figures of sitting warriors, the " Captains," who, though presumably in no way portraits, have received the names of Julian Duke of Nemours and Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, respectively cousin and second cousin of Clement VII, and son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

In the twenties of the sixteenth century the new Sacristy work was interrupted by the complications concerning the monument of Julius II, which Michel-

angelo had long previously begun in Rome; and by the political events, including the siege of Florence, in which Michelangelo took part against the allies of the house of Medici. After the final establishment of the Medicean domination, Michelangelo was called back to the work by Clement VII, and busied himself therewith despite interruptions occasioned by the unfinished monument of Julius II. On the death of Clement VII in 1534, Michelangelo left Florence for good, his intention of never returning being clearly expressed in certain of his letters.

What was the condition of the Sacristy on his departure, and what were its subsequent vicissitudes? It is plain from a letter written by Vasari to Michelangelo in 1562 that the Sacristy was regularly used for religious services, which points to the architectural part at least having been in order. The same letter mentions the desire of the reigning Grand Duke that the paintings should be finished, and that, since Michelangelo could not leave Rome, the rest of the statues should be supplied (or finished?) by sculptors selected from the Florentine academy.

Vasari goes on to ask for instructions concerning the statues to go on each side of the Dukes, the statues above the doors, the corner tabernacles; and finally concerning the painting of the walls to match the cupola (since whitewashed over), which had been painted by Giovanni da Udine at the time that Michelangelo was still in Florence. It is probably to this letter that Grimm and Justi refer when they assert that towards the end of his life Michelangelo busied himself enthusiastically with the Sacristy.

This scanty information leaves it doubtful whether, first, Michelangelo employed the three years between the siege and his departure from Florence in putting the Sacristy into the condition in which we now see it; second, whether he gave the necessary directions when

already in Rome, either before or after the letter from Vasari referring to such parts of the chapel as have never been executed; or finally, third, whether Michelangelo left the whole in disorder, so that the present architectural detail and the arrangement of the statues must be considered as not representing the intentions of the master.

The paucity of documentary evidence has left the field open for these various opinions. Hermann Grimm, in one of his essays, went so far as to design a new sarcophagus, supposed by him to answer Michelangelo's real intentions; while Wölfflin has accepted the existing sarcophagi as authentic.

To this question of the architectural framework, the sarcophagi and the arrangement of the various figures must be added another one, answered affirmatively by the principal writers on art history, but negatively by several practical artists: Was Michelangelo prevented by mere accident from finishing and polishing the figures of the Day and Twilight?[1]

The following is the answer to all these questions which the writers of these pages believe to be presented by the monuments themselves.

Let us begin by admitting that the sarcophagi would certainly have gained by being mounted on stronger supports, and each whole monument by being placed on a longer marble base. Moreover, let us reject some of the smaller architectural details as unworthy of the rest. This concession being made either to Michelangelo's hurried arrangements or to the unintelligent execution of his orders, we can proceed to deciphering the intention displayed in the architectural, plastic and poetical co-ordination of the various parts and details.

The first thing which strikes us is that each of the sarcophagi supports a statue highly finished and even

[1] This historical introduction is by me; also a passage further on. I mention this lest any C. A.-T.'s work be credited to me.—V.L.

polished in all but a few details, and a statue not merely rough-hewn, but still partially shrouded in the block of marble. The finished statues are the two female ones called Dawn and Night; the rough-hewn the two demigods called Day and Twilight. Now, this difference in the degree of finish constitutes a difference in the æsthetic quality of the work as definite and essential as that between the smooth painting of, say, Perugino, and the execution, in visible juxtaposed brushmarks, of Velasquez and his modern followers; it is a technical element of form, and only second, as a differentiating factor, to the arrangement of the outlines and masses of the statues.

The employment of these two methods of surface treatment, with all their intermediate stages, constitutes a system of what, adopting a convenient though incorrect terminology, we will call by analogy *pace-values*, meaning thereby that the eye of the beholder is obliged, in the act of seeing, to travel more or less quickly or slowly, to glide or linger according as it meets a smooth or a rough surface. If the state of finish and unfinish were purely accidental, and in no way answered to the wishes of the artist, we might naturally expect that these *pace-values*, unintentionally introduced, would work at random, and, making allowance for every degree of lucky coincidence, in such a manner as to make the groups and architecture not more, but less, of a co-ordinated whole. They would be of the nature of printer's errors, which, even if giving a percentage of happy flukes, must, taken all together, play havoc with the meaning, the rhythm and the rhymes of a poem.

What is, so to speak, the emotional meaning, the architectural syntax, the plastic rhythm of this great double poem of Michelangelo's? Let us begin with the tomb of the Duke of Urbino. Above the Dawn and the Twilight, Lorenzo sits like a winged figure,

poised, and held steady, on outstretched pinions. He seems to hold up the recumbent figures of the Dawn and the Twilight which lie below him ; holds them up, and keeps them steady ; they cannot slip away while he is there. Cover him up and they seem ready to float gradually downward, to disappear below the horizon.

This appearance of being winged, belonging to Lorenzo, is produced by the arches over the niches on either side of him, which the eye is obliged to connect with this figure. That this connection is not accidental is shown by the curves of the arches, which, if continued, would spring from his shoulders ; shown also by the sharply cut ornamental work inside the arches, which holds the eye and gives the curves importance. The arches are meant to play the part they do. He sits intrenched, holding the two recumbent figures in their places as though invisible lines converged from them to his hand, and his whole balance goes to keeping their unstable equilibrium steady.

They, in their turn, supply the visible base for the building in which he sits. Of this the marble pilasters are not inanimate-looking objects, but seem rather to grow out of the figures as, conversely, living caryatides might have grown out of stone ; their capitals lift upwards against the cornice, the carving on them helping thereunto. This lift upwards of the capitals and the lift upwards of the wing-like arches between them counteract the gravity of the figures ; there is harmonious interaction, and the whole is kept taut. The box on which Lorenzo rests his arm is draped and covered up from curious eyes, only the front of it shows with the head of a rat carved upon it : the rat which Michelangelo spoke of as the emblem of Time, the Devourer of All Things.

After looking long at the figure of Lorenzo one is left wondering. One cannot call him human, for that he is not yet he is not in the least of the same race as the

Michelangelo's Medicean Tombs.
(*a*) with figures representing Twilight and Dawn, Rembrandt type, from photograph by Brogi.

cosmic figures on the tomb. He is more of the nature of some dark recording angel. He has evidently alighted in the niche, as some flying creature would, and he might fly away again on mighty wings ; but, instead, he will sit through the ages, musing and watching while Destiny drees its weird. Afterwards, in the fulness of time—who knows ?—he may look up and soar away.

The architecture round the tombs of Lorenzo and of Giuliano, though practically identical in design, is very different in expression ; the parts that tell in the one case are, so to speak, dumb in the other ; quite different things come into prominence : the very things which made Lorenzo's group important are of no importance in the group of Giuliano, and *vice versa*. Giuliano, it will be noticed at once, does not look like a winged figure ; the arches over the niches on each side of him exist, it is true, but they do not connect with his body, and the eye gives them little importance ; it is not meant to give them importance, for the ornamental work inside them, unlike that on Lorenzo's monument, does not hold the eye. The curves of the arches do not spring towards him ; he appears to slip helplessly between the wings ; he sits as Icarus might sit, having failed to fly.

It will be remembered that Lorenzo holds the Dawn and the Twilight in position on the sarcophagus. With the other tomb it is the reverse ; the splendid figures of the Day and the Night keep Giuliano in his place : he does not keep them in theirs. The reins seem to be slipping from his hands. What principally strikes one about him is that he has no definite balance ; one's impression of him is of something almost shifting, like sand.

The pilasters on either side of him, which start from the Day and the Night as their base, do not lift up like those on the Lorenzo monument. Here they only

hold the building steady. The carving on the capitals is different from that on the other tomb ; here it does not spring upward. The function of this architecture is, above everything, to keep steady, to support, and, so to speak, to stiffen the figure of the shaken man in the niche. He averts his glance ; he cannot face the path of the Day nor the way of the Night ; he even turns from the energy of the sculptured head on his own breastplate. He can make no more efforts ; he is sick at heart ; and when he does move it will be like some steep river bank undermined by the current, engulfed, vanishing. Meanwhile the outer arches beyond the monuments, which have but little effect upon the group of Lorenzo, in that of Giuliano take a real importance. For the soaring figures of the Day and the Night seem to swing these arches outwards, and they are launched off to either side with a curve like the arch of the sky, one end of the arch connecting with the Day or the Night, and the other end connecting with—well, the infinite.

Let us now compare together the two allegorical figures on each of the tombs. The Day and the Night are securely poised on their sarcophagus ; they look as if they could stay as they are. In the group opposite, on the other hand, the Dawn and the Twilight take an appearance of transience from their insecure position on the sarcophagus ; they are balancing rather than lying, and their position must shift in a few seconds. Moreover, the Dawn and the Twilight are placed lower down, so that their heads only are above (and barely) the horizontal line of the wall behind them ; whereas the Day and Night ride proudly breast high above their skyline. What the four figures have in common is that they do not go through their action as human beings would ; their movements are not those of getting up and lying down, but rather something akin to the movements of clouds : they could come soaring forwards,

Michelangelo's Medicean Tombs.

(*b*) with figures representing Night and Day, Rembrandt type, from photograph by Brogi.

waft themselves along overhead, close together with an enveloping gesture, or unfurl; nay, they could turn over, one instinctively feels, and disappear sideways into the distance as clouds disappear. All these movements strike us as a matter of course; they do not put us out of our reckoning, simply because in proportion as they would be unexpected in human beings, they are natural to such cosmic creatures as Michelangelo has made visible to our eyes and acceptable to our desires. And why do we thus accept them as cosmic, as Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight?

The Day affects us as day does, because all his planes are broad and flat, so that the diffused light lies evenly everywhere, scarcely dappled with shadow. Owing to the rather rough surface giving the eye, so to speak, a grip, one can look at the figure very deliberately; there is, as in the day, plenty of time. His head is rougher than his body, so that one looks at it even slower. The lower part of the face is hidden behind the shoulder (like the rim of sun behind a mountain range); one sees only the brow and eyes, and notices that he sees very far, far beyond; and the glance is level into the skies, overlooking the earth below. And, as we continue to look at the demigod, we get the curious impression that we are all under his foot. That Michelangelo shared this feeling seems shown by the careful and delicate workmanship of the sole of the foot, on which our eye is obliged to rest. Day is looking over his great upraised shoulder as the sun looks over a mountain range; his movement is entirely of unfurling and going forth: he will sail outwards over us to the furthest horizon, he is the strong man rejoicing to run his race. He has a splendid quality of being normal at once and noble; there is nothing recondite about him. He lives with might; one sees that he is eternal, more eternal by far than the world really is.

On the same sarcophagus rests Night, gradually folding up as some flower closes its petals at dusk ; that is the first impression which she makes. One tries to take in her shining body as a whole, but the slippery surface baffles the eye, and she can be seen only in successive glances, for the marble is worked to the highest pitch of brilliancy, and she is almost as elusive as the moonlight itself ; the high lights are literally luminous, and the shadows are very dark.

The goddess gives one the impression of riding high above us, but also of sweeping downwards gently. She has shaken off the garish mask of day and seems to be leaving it behind as she comes sinking down through the dusk. She might go sweeping downwards for ever if the movement were not stopped by her upraised foot which steadies and checks it. Her foot, all shining and luminous, rests on the fruits of the earth (one makes them out without difficulty, for they are rough-hewn and therefore arrest the eye) ; apples and corn asleep under the gleam of the moon. Night, too, is asleep, her head drooping ; only the star in her hair and the young moon looking upwards ; everything else suggesting the hush of the world and the sinking down of the darkness into its sleep. Only the owl is awake, the bird of night, who stands by her vigilant like a warrior in his armour.

We were meant to notice his presence, for he is very carefully worked ; his surface is left rough (the moonlight does not touch him) ; his plumage is most carefully rendered. His eyes seem to pierce rather than merely to see. Perhaps he is looking back, while the evil world sleeps through the centuries, at the happier things which were shown him by his first mistress, Athena ; erect and vigilant, he keeps guard.

There is no star on the head of Dawn, and no young moon, like those worn by the Night. There is about her nothing of ornament or poetry. Indeed, the only

attributes she has are the bonds round her breast tying her down, and the heavy headdress whose folds she is clearing aside with an effort. Of the four figures only the Dawn is bound; the others can move as they choose, but she must first break loose from the bonds which tie her in her place. She is not actually gleaming like the Night, but only polished enough to be elusive and unclutchable to one's eye. Her, also, one sees only by glances. One is held by her beautiful disconsolate face; for of the four figures hers is the only one whose head is worked in complete detail, so that eye and attention are absorbed thereby.

Looking at her body one notices the way she is hanging balanced on the tomb. It is a transitory moment, it cannot last. Her balance is too doubtful; she may rock forward into life or she may rock backward into oblivion; she will probably let herself lie still and the heavy draperies sink over her tired head and fold her in eternal sleep, sinking, sinking. . . . One understands that the beginning of the new day is almost a deed of heroism: one doubts whether the Dawn can face it. This knowledge comes from feeling that the head and shoulders have a bias away from us, and that the upper part of the body all wants to sink back, while the knees press forward as if to make a step. It is touch and go; the next moment will decide. We watch; and then her balance just rocks forward sufficiently to give the necessary impetus, to make the onward step; therefore the sun will rise over the world in the morning.

The Dawn does not look down on the world as the Night does; but straight on the skyline like the Day; like his, her work is with the coming hours.

Taken as a whole, her movement, like that of the Day, is not a human one of arising, but one of sailing forwards and onwards, far over our heads as the clouds do.

The figure of Twilight is rough-hewn like that of Day. But he is not securely poised like him. He hangs balanced on the sarcophagus ; the action is transient, or what we see is the pause before the action, and we are waiting for it. What we see before us is Twilight looking down upon the world, seeming to wait for the moment when he may draw his drapery about him, shrouding the whole, and then sink back himself into some region of rest beyond the setting sun. His hand holding the drapery is already upraised. The whole posture contributes to this feeling of arrested movement, of this pause. He would slide off his place altogether were he not steadied by the weight of his head and chest ; and it is only the grip of his crossed legs and of his hand upon the ground which prevents his sinking out of sight too soon.

It is interesting to note that the part of him which has nothing to do with his appearance of balancing, namely, his outstretched leg, is polished so that the eye takes no notice of it ; whereas the other leg, which is crossed over and which ties him into his place, is left very rough. Similarly with the hand ; although both leg and hand are very much to the fore, this very reason enables one to see them at once, and the rough surface enables one to look at them slowly and with sense of lingering and importance. The face of this demigod is so rough-hewn that one sees it almost as if one's sight were blurred by the setting sun ; but one's eye holds the face for a long while, and leaves it with a little clinging feeling of regret.

Indeed, regret would seem the dominant emotion about the whole figure. For, unlike Dawn, which takes no heed of the earth but looks straight at the sky, Twilight looks down on the hushed world beneath him with a beautiful pity. One feels expressed in this stone the strange intimate tie existing at sunset between the earth and the sky, when the weaving of invisible

lines up and down between them becomes revealed almost to the mortal sense.

These things are, be it well observed, expressed by purely plastic means, without any loan from literature ; and there is barely an attribute among the whole four figures. The symbolism is given by the movements of folding up and opening out, the lifts and pressures, and by those *pace-values*—due to the precise amount of roughness or polish of the various parts ; and what emotion we feel and recognize in the statues is expressed solely by these means. Such complicated and detailed interaction of whole and parts, of what is seen and what is suggested, can scarcely result from accident or be referred to happy coincidences. It implies the working of an individual mind ; and what is further yet removed from chance, workings of the kind which, in default of a better term, must be described as unconscious, taking place in the most deeply and mysteriously organized layers of the artist's being. For we must not imagine the great artist laboriously thinking out, or ingeniously constructing, an æsthetic and poetical scheme of the work to do. Modern psychology, with its theory of the emotional synthesis which dominates thought in proportion almost to its creativeness, has shed much light on the otherwise inconceivable problem how one single human mind could hold so complex, so minutely graduated and co-ordinated a scheme as we decipher in a masterwork like these Medici Tombs. The psychological process may, in the present case, be reduced to the following diagram :

The mood habitual to Michelangelo, alternated and fused of heroic energy and broken-hearted gloom, dominates all his ways of interpreting the outer world and all his own conceptions. It forces into expression of its individual character the architectural arrangements and the plastic forms which Michelangelo has acquired from his contemporaries and predecessors,

accentuating every shape and every symbol, every line and plane conformable to itself, and effacing or rejecting every other of an opposite character ; it welds into the half-human shapes of painted or sculptured demigods not merely the aspirations and sorrows which Michelangelo's verse was unable to word, but the sights which any other artist would have rendered directly in landscape such as Michelangelo found no use for ; so that his figures embody not only human emotions, but reminiscences of couchant mountain ranges, of soaring cumulus clouds and wreathing vapours, of peaks carved sharply by the noontide shadows, of hillsides blurred by the dark lustre of moonlight. All that the great passionate dreamer has ever seen, or known, or felt, offers itself to express his dominant mood, and, by the almost automatic selection of genius, is accepted or rejected for this visible expressing of what and how he cares most for in his deepest soul. The process is one of thought, but of thought steadier, more certain, swifter than that which moves along logical tracks or passes into the thin, sharp light of words. In this marvellous give and take, accomplishment draws forth suggestion ; the already made awakens the image of what lacks ; and instead of preceding the work, the programme unfolds and is completed with it. The programme ? The very word is misleading, and represents rather the lines along which our appreciation moves within the work of art than those followed by that work's master. And the very greatness and perfection thereof implies a concentration of activity unable to formulate its own intention save in the act of fulfilling it.

We have enlarged upon the psychological meaning of this problem because the grasping of it enables us to guess the riddle of the unfinished statues. This riddle—and therein its hardness—implies also a contradiction. For while the nature and the distribution

of the unfinished portions in these groups, the æsthetic interchange of function between rough and polished surfaces, indicated and elaborated forms, makes it evident to the practical artist as to the mere enjoying spectator that Michelangelo would never have brought himself to alter any of it, the historical student is correct in supposing that the traditions and habits of Renaissance art would never have allowed Michelangelo the deliberate intention of leaving the statues as they are. Here again we are in presence of what, for want of better words, we must call the unconscious workings of the artist's genius as opposed to such intentions as the habits of his day allowed him to formulate in words. The sculptors of the Renaissance, among their many marvellous innovations, had stopped short of such employment of a double technique, such a combination of opposed methods of treatment. And the earlier sculpture of Michelangelo himself, although executed in the stress of his competition with Leonardo and his painting of the Sixtine, is nearly always consistently finished in the ordinary sense. Is it not reasonable to suppose that, while his full development as a painter accustomed him to effects quite unattainable by the plastic methods of Antiquity or the School of Donatello, the solitary months in the marble mountains gave him, through familiarity with the freshly quarried stone, not merely a new passion for cutting marble, but an insight into the wonderful forms and surfaces, the infinite suggestiveness of the rough-hewn block? Must not his extraordinary incapacity (subsequent to that period) of bringing his statues to completion, his rejection of all assistance, nay, in one case, his giving away two figures rather than let them be completed, be explicable, not by any fickleness or by any material difficulties, but rather by the unavowed, unexpressed, battle between his formulated intentions to fulfil the requirements of artistic tradition, and his

vague but imperious æsthetic instinct, bidding him stay his hand and not add a stroke which, instead of completing, in reality would have diminished the perfection of his work?

Such is the solution of the question of the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo, and, generally speaking, of Michelangelo's so-called unfinished sculpture, as, in the conflict of insufficient historical evidence, it has appeared to us to come from a mere appreciative examination of the masterpieces themselves.

Whatever this solution's intrinsic value, we believe that the methods on which it is founded, the methods of interrogating the work of art itself, are at least conducive to the final mission thereof, which is, after all, to be appreciated, seen, felt, enjoyed by the willing and unbiassed beholder.

John the Baptist

I

Running in my mind are three pieces of Renaissance sculpture, the subject of each of which is John the Baptist. They seem to me to be portraits of the same model at different ages, and, in spite of official labels to the contrary, they seem to me to be all the work of the same hand.

The first of these pieces of sculpture shows the Baptist as a child in the company of the Child Christ, in relief on a round marble slab.[1] This *tondo* used to be ascribed to Donatello, but, on the authority of Doctor Bode, it is now given to his pupil, Desiderio da Settignano, whose work it undoubtedly is, for it has nothing in common with Donatello's Children, while it has a great deal in common with the Children of Desiderio (compare the chimney-piece of "Pietra Secrena" in the Victoria and Albert Museum). It seems probable that this is the *tondo* spoken of by Vasari in his life of Desiderio, and which later editions of his work speak of as having disappeared.

In this *tondo* the little John the Baptist, the "San Giovannino," is shown as a very young and very charming child. He has a regular profile and very waving silky hair ; the lines of his hair are singularly expressive, and much of his look of confidence—for he is very confident—comes from the waving upwards and forwards of his curly locks ; while, at the same time, the look of holding back which is expressed in other of his locks,

[1] Formerly the property of the Marchese Niccolini in Florence, now in Paris.

translates itself into a charming expression of deference in his attitude towards the young Christ. His ear is put on very straight, while his face leans forward—in real life his face and his ear would have leaned forward together. This pointing of the ear straight upwards seems to be the skilful device by which Desiderio managed to show his young prophet as listening attentively to a voice beyond, even while he himself speaks.

II

The next of the three, the Baptist as a Youth, is a marble bust, now in the Louvre. The official label ascribes it to Donatello, but it has no affinity with Donatello's work—there is none of the foreshortening and undercutting by which Donatello's sculpture, wrong when seen face to face, looks splendidly right when placed in its proper position above the spectator's eye. Nor has it any of the masculine quality which is the characteristic of Donatello's work. On the contrary, it is subtle and delicate; and the similarity of workmanship between it and the marble bust of a boy by Desiderio in the Bargello Museum in Florence, taken together with the likeness of its profile to that of the left angel on Desiderio's monument in the Church of San Lorenzo in Florence, makes it probable that we may eventually see it ascribed no longer to Donatello, but to Desiderio.

(As with all good busts, the face is very crooked; the left eye is higher than the right.[1] On the left side of the nose the nostril is flattened. The left corner of the mouth is placed lower down than the right. The jaw is thicker on its left side. The left ear is planted lower down than the right.

All this crookedness would, one would have expected,

[1] I speak of course of the left and right, not of the spectators, but of the bust.

"John the Baptist," the "Tondo" formerly belonging to Marchese Niccotini (Rembrandt) from a private photograph.

produce a gargoyle rather than a human face! But, far from that, it all works towards giving the face of the young prophet an expression so subtle and charming that it is difficult to catch, and it is still more difficult to find the right words in which to describe it.[1] ✳My first impression is that he looks paradoxical, and no wonder, for his expression is made up of two quite different expressions at one and the same time! At first sight both eyes seem to be looking in the same direction, and so they are, but the vision of the right eye looks out on to the outer world, while the vision of the left eye is inward, is introspective. This is done by the very simplest means, a little deepening of the shadow under the right eyelid makes him direct his look outwards; while the fuller upper eyelid over his left eye and the deeper setting of the eye itself makes his left eye look inward. The means employed are so slight, and the effect is so little insisted on, that each time I look at the bust afresh I think the eyes are looking the same way; and then, each time afresh, I am struck by the fact that they are doing quite different things. This gives him a curious look of suspending judgment, of watching events before making up his mind, as a man might watch a chemical experiment. His high eyebrows and the faint line across his brow add to this eager but slightly troubled look; while the lock of hair on his forehead, partly reaching forward and partly twisting back, emphasizes his look of being in two minds. The appearance he has of reserving judgment comes in great part also from his slightly

[1] It seems to me that a similar remark may be made not only, as C. A.-T. has done in previous pages, about good antique heads, but also about Mozart's music. Its often indefinable character, to which we can apply only the word "charm," seems to consist in extremely rapid alternations of very different expression in very different separate phrases. His *adagios* differ in this very markedly from those of Beethoven, which leave no doubt as to what they express.—V.L.

crooked nose, one wing of which, being flat, shows him as only partially breathing, like a man in suspense. His mouth, the most important feature of his face, is half open, its expression is very grave on the left side ; while on the right side a faint, very faint, ironical smile seems to flicker round its corner.; a glance at the grave left side dispels this idea. " No, *of course* he is not ironical," I say to myself (and the little smile has so little mirth in it that it gives his face an almost appealing look, but in other circumstances he would easily have been moved to mirth, for his face shows him to be a *naïf* and *spirituel* young prophet) ; and then, for all his gravity, the little ironical smile still persists in hovering round the corner of his mouth, so when he speaks he will certainly say witty things as well as wise ones. Perhaps he looks like this because, being a prophet, he foresees all the irreconcilable difficulties his doctrines will meet with when it comes to putting them into practice. For instance, the giving of one of two coats to him that hath none, is splendidly conceived as a cure for all economic inequalities ; but will this doctrine make its way in the face of the opposition of the double-coated ? or will it fail, and will those that have no coats just have to remain coatless as before ? Or, again, how will people succeed in being " content with their wages," when their wages are absolutely insufficient and their only remedy lies in being discontented ?

If such thoughts as these took a like questioning form in the mind of the young prophet, it is no wonder that he had the look I spoke of before, the rather helpless look of a man watching a chemical experiment over which he has no control.

III

The third of the series is a terra-cotta bust painted in bright colours, now in Berlin. In this bust we have the Baptist no longer as a boy, but as a young man.

The official label in this case also ascribes this bust to Donatello, but the similarity of its style, as well as its extraordinary general likeness to the singing angel who carries the left half of the garland above the tomb on Desiderio's great monument in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, would be sufficient to convince anyone who like myself had had the chance of studying this angel, not only from the ground, but also up aloft at its own level, that the two were by the same hand; so I venture to hope that this bust also may some day, like the *tondo*, have its attribution changed from Donatello to Desiderio.

This young man's head is thrown back, his lips are parted, and he really does look like a man inspired. He seems to be uplifted beyond his own powers, to be endowed, indeed, with almost superhuman confidence and strength, through a spiritual force outside himself. This extraordinary effect is given by very simple means —simple, that is to say, in the hands of a great artist who had the power of making movement visible. The drapery that covers the shoulders falls sheer down as water falls, except where the fold of the drapery is lifted up to be tied into a knot on his right breast. The knot itself, which ties the two ends of the drapery together, grasps the folds with a grip like a hand suddenly clenched down upon the folds; in fact, the cloak is dragged across his body, rather than merely held in its place by the action of this impetuous knot. His body is thus securely attached to the ground, and for good purpose! For his business lies in this world. But all this downward movement is overcome by the

upward movement of his head and neck; indeed, he seems to be almost drawn up out of his prophet's mantle by their upward movement, as I daresay that Elijah was when he obeyed, many centuries before, a still stronger impulse skyward. His head is reared high and his high eyebrows draw him up to still higher stretch, but his main impulse upward is from his wonderful hair: a spiral curl on either temple holds it close at the level of his brow and keeps it steady, but at the top of his head the locks suddenly rear up like two crested waves which do not yet break, and their poised force is for ever suspended; this curl seems to catch the prophet's spirit and lift it upwards, and this is so wonderfully rendered that I watch this stretch upwards of the man's whole being with a slight feeling of breathlessness. There is a sublime self-confidence about him. He is held up by a Higher Power; and he knows that the right must prevail. With his head thrown back, and his parted lips, he comes not as a voice crying in the Wilderness, but rather as a voice *singing* in the Wilderness, in a wilderness thronged with eager listeners, and his song is a song of Triumph!

These three heads, all bearing a likeness to each other, give us John the Baptist as a child, as a youth and as a man. I need not perhaps state that I am perfectly aware that the Baptist himself cannot really have looked at all like these heads; I am alive to the fact that they are only a Renaissance sculptor's conception of him; but they are subtle and delightful conceptions, far subtler, very likely, than Desiderio himself realized. For I think the subject took possession of him, as a great subject always does take possession of a great artist, and that he expressed more than he was conscious of expressing, more perhaps than he was actually conscious of ever having thought or felt.

St. John the Baptist ; the Berlin bust.

IX

A SUMMARY OF MUCH OF THE FOREGOING

A Summary of Much of the Foregoing

(Part of a Letter to a Friend, written about 1900)

I am sending you some photos to keep you company at Vallombrosa; keep them as long as you like. I am sending you the arched façade of a Venetian palace; please notice the group the arches make, how they all have a different spring and a different curve to the arches, each part playing its part in the balance of the whole thing. The best Venetian architecture seems to swing and balance as one looks at it; every part looks as if it were doing something, and the exact something which harmonizes with the rest.

The next thing I am sending you is a bit of decorative design by Perugino. Perugino has never been given credit for his wonderful alive patterns. Notice how the curves want to push out further and are held back like pulling horses. How it would stretch upwards and downwards if it weren't held in. Besides the pleasure one gets from the shape of the design, this fiery quality in the shape of the curves excites one, doesn't it?

Next I send you the statue from the Terme Museum: he is called a Niobide, but I think he is really Phæton falling into the sea. It is a beautiful thing, is it not? Notice how his body holds itself stretched upwards like a growing plant. I send you for comparison two photos of real nude Sicilian boys, rather pretty things, both photos; but it shows, doesn't it, that real life can't make a work of art. They are heavy, not elastic, and the effect is all over the place, instead of being concentrated. On the same principle of contrast I

send you a photo of a young soldier riding on the *Campo di Marte*. He is heavy and the horse is heavy, and the background is a thing apart from them both ; there's no harmony. Compare it with Prince Balthazar by Velasquez. Here the boy and the horse are one with each other. He gallops more by the drapery than by the movement of his legs. There isn't a thing about him which is faithful to real life, but what a work of art ! How the upward movement of it all makes one breathe higher, don't you find ? Notice that the landscape is not a separate thing in which the boy is riding ; it's part of the whole.

I send you next two little figures from the pavement of Siena Cathedral : " Youth " and " Adolescence." They are wonderfully simple and graceful, aren't they ? and so decorative ! And the decorative element is got with so little detail ; the beautiful lettering, notice, is part of the design ; alter the place of any of the letters and the design suffers.

Of quite another kind, here is a beautiful thing : Van Eyck's drawing of St. Barbara at Antwerp. He was going to paint over that lovely work, but apparently left it with only three or four brushmarks in the background. Notwithstanding all the detail, it is fine and broad in general effect. One would hardly imagine a finer drawing of its kind, could one ? Every part is, so to speak, tied to the other parts. Nothing is isolated or unimportant.

I have just rummaged out another Venetian photo ; it represents the capital of one of the arcades of the Doge's Palace. Look how the corner of the plant holds the saint up, and how the curves of the beans alongside carry his throne and keep it in place. It's a lovely bit of work ; look at it with care. It repays the time one spends on it.

Now I am going to show you a little Venetian drawing in the Uffizi, where it is called a Basaiti ; the credit

of discovering that it was a Giorgione is due to a man called Berenson. It looks like nothing particular at first sight ; but it is really a very wonderful little thing. Notice first how it is not a little cut-off-bit-of-the-landscape, but a whole complete in itself. Compare the photo of the two real nude boys in the wood ;[1] they don't compose as a whole. It doesn't enclose one ; but the little Venetian drawing all balances with its different parts. The trees balance the tower ; they aren't like real trees : the tower leans towards them. The tree on the left readjusts the balance by leaning outward ; the little outstanding building leans towards it, and so on ; then one really feels the ground underfoot ; one can walk into the picture, it will bear one's weight ; one can go down into the valley or up the opposite hill. He (the draughtsman) felt that it was flat ground solid underfoot, didn't he ? So one or two ink lines are able to show it to us.

To continue the subject of Giorgione, I send you one of those two in the Uffizi and the great picture the *Fête Champêtre*, of the Louvre. Of course, it's cruel to them to see them without their lovely colour.

See in the background of the *Fête Champêtre* how the background balances with its various parts, and how it is connected with the figures in the foreground ; there is room backwards for them to walk right into the horizon. Compare it with the Sicilian boys ; you will see the *Fête Champêtre* encloses one ; compare also with a " Madonna and Saints " by Palma, who wasn't a first-rate man. Do you see the composition is all *nohow ;* one's eye follows lines which take one to nowhere in particular. Palma was a fine colourist and kept his things together by the colour schemes ; but the greatest men are all right when you take their colour away.

[1] One of a well-known set of nude models photographed at Taormina.

I send you Titian's greatest picture from the Villa Borghese. I've tried to describe it in an article on the physiological side of æsthetics[1] ; perhaps you might be able to make out some of it with the photo. Don't read the rest of the article, for it's more psychology than æsthetics and would weary you. The part on the Titian is at page 684. If you find any of the foregoing unintelligible let me know, and I'll explain in greater detail.

[1] *Beauty and Ugliness*, published in the *Contemporary*, 1897 ; republished in our volume of same name.—V.L.

X

IMAGINATIVE CRITICISM

The Sailing Aphrodite

(A Fantasia in Restoration)

I should like to preface this section of C. A.-T.'s work by saying that there is in the domain of Art, as in that of Nature, the happy fluke, the divine chance; if only we do not allow pride of knowledge (or what we fondly think knowledge) to close our eyes and harden our hearts. Just as even the cruelty of the centuries has weathered some statues into forms grander, more akin to the elements than to those of mere human beings, so also the running together of the suggestions contained in different masterpieces may sometimes produce an accidental but enchanting harmony. Archæologists may tell us the various masterpieces out of which by the naïve or cunning art of a man who might have been a master in happier days, but, living when he did, was doomed to be but a "plagiarist" or a forger, the Venus de' Medici has come to be. But, like the drop of divine blood from which Aphrodite was sprung, these original suggestions of Phidian or pre-Phidian, certainly of Praxitelian, art, have been flung on the waters of chance, where they have suffered a sea change into, let us admire it! something rich and strange.

Vernon Lee.

I must begin by saying I have not yet read the Venus de' Medici archæological literature, so I go to look at it without any preconceived opinions. The guide-book, which is my only guide so far, tells me that it is made

of Pentelic marble, which does not interest me ; tells me further that the arms were restored by Bernini, which interests me more, though I wish he hadn't done it ; and finally tells me that it is probably an echo or a free adaptation from the Venus by Praxiteles, which really does interest me, for I know the Petworth Head[1]; and I have noticed that the head of this Venus, though greatly inferior, still bears a likeness to it.

But when one enters the Tribune of the Uffizi and faces the statue, the effect is certainly baffling ; baffling and disappointing. She makes one feel uncomfortable, out of step in some vague fashion, for what one sees at first sight is a beautiful woman in a very silly attitude, slightly leaning forward. She would appear to be walking forward, but she is not *really* walking forward, for her weight is not arranged rightly for that ; she topples too far forward for walking. Nor is she standing still ; her weight is not arranged rightly for that either. And then her knees are very close together, which gives her an affected and shambling way of moving, which is tiresome, and makes her look silly ; and, to add to the general effect of senselessness, alongside of her is a silly fish standing on his head. So much for the first impression of the statue.

But now let us look at this Venus as, I am convinced, the sculptor intended us to look at her, and we shall get a very different impression. Instead of looking first at her body full face as we have been doing, let us walk round the statue, passing to our left round the back of her. (For it is necessary to walk round statues in order to see what they are about, as each view shows us a different part of the movement of the whole, so we get the whole plot interest only by going right round.[2]) So we move slowly round the back of her

[1] Attributed by Furtwängler to Praxiteles.

[2] This is true only of sculpture after Lysippus. Earlier statues are composed for separate and very definite points of view, from each of

till we come round the corner of the Dolphin and we find ourselves looking at her full face over her left shoulder. And here the movements we have been vaguely noticing as we walked round her suddenly concentrate themselves into something we can understand, and we see her with seeing eyes, and she is no longer a riddle, but a very complete and delightful work of art.

The statue evidently represents Aphrodite rising up from the sea. She has floated up above the surface of the sea to a little above the level of the Dolphin's tail, which may be taken as her water-line, her depth in the water, and she is sailing along like a sailing ship, steering and balancing in the water as we see by the way in which she distributes her weight; treading firmly down on the water with her left leg and using the right foot to resist, to pull against, using it like the keel of a ship, or still more like the centre-board of a swift little sailing boat, which holds the boat safe down in the water in spite of the heeling over of the masts as the wind catches the sails. Here it is her body that leans over, and her heel that holds her safe down in the water. Her arms were certainly not meant to be as we see them. What they were meant to be doing, I would suggest, was something active. The deep sea is not a place for mere graceful gestures. There must have been some function behind every gesture, some reason behind every movement; and so we must restore her in our mind's eye, with her right hand pointing in the direction in which she is going, pointing out her course, not pointing at herself; and the other arm must have been lower down than it now is, and the hand more outstretched than it is at present, for it seems evident to me that her right hand was held just above the water, ready to dip in if the

which, usually corresponding to full-face torso and two profiles and back view, they constitute the equivalent of reliefs. This Venus is later.—V.L.

steering should require a checking touch. For it is very delicate steering that she is engaged in, delicate and quite new ! No one has ever sailed like that before or since, I imagine ! in fact, it would have taken a goddess born of the sea-foam to have thought of it ![1]

Here is briefly what is happening. She isn't just sailing as a ship would sail, with its keel in the water and its sail up aloft. No, her way of sailing is a good deal subtler than that ! She is arranging her own depth in the water for herself by her own balance. She rides in the water, higher or lower at her own pleasure, thereby putting up more or less sail at will as a Nautilus might. What a delightful and wonderful game this way of sailing must have been, and what fun this wonderful goddess is having !

To go on with what is happening—she is not blown along straight ahead by a favourable wind in her back —not a bit ! She is using the sea in a seaman-like fashion, and is coming round rapidly in a sweep on the pivot of her steady left leg. She is coming right round the Dolphin ; and this Dolphin, who, at first sight, we thought looked silly standing on his head, looks all right now we get him in the sea. And he is of himself a wonderful work of art ; we will look at him in detail presently. Meanwhile we notice his main purpose, which is to plunge down under the feet of the goddess. He is turning to the right as he goes down, while she is making the complementary movement of turning to the left as she comes up. Notice that the Dolphin's movement is very active and very hurried, and he is ridden hard by the little Eros sitting on his back ; whereas the goddess is moving with no sort of muscular effort ; she is merely shifting her weight about and letting the sea do the rest for her. She was born of the foam, so, by birthright, can use the eternal sea to

[1] And a critic at that time passionately interested in sailing and swimming.—V.L.

The Venus de Medici,
from a photograph by Brogi.

carry her along. But the Dolphin is only a fish, and he has to exert himself to get down quick enough ; for the little Eros on his back has cut the steering very fine and the Dolphin is plunging down, hard all, to get clear of the goddess's course.

The lean-forward of her head and shoulders would overbalance her if she were walking on dry ground, and she would topple forward. But it is all right as she is standing immersed in deep water ; standing *in* the water *on* deep water, for the pressure of the sea to the level of about the Dolphin's tail holds her legs safe and gives her something to press against. She is treading down hard on the water with her standing foot and pressing down hard also with the heel of the other foot, which we don't see from here.

We can see what her course will be by watching her. Her course for this present moment is shown by the position of her standing foot ; but this course will change in another minute, coming round more to her left, following the direction of her face, and, naturally, her right hand ought to point also in this direction ; her course will change again the moment after, coming right round to her left, following the direction of her eyes, which are looking over her left shoulder. These three movements of turning to the left, shown progressively by her foot, then by her face and then by her eyes, give us the sweep round of her course, and she comes round like a yacht. Her left hand, as before pointed out, ought to be more extended, and the whole forearm stretch lower down, so that her hand could put in a backwater touch like an oar if necessary ; in its present position it has no sense, indeed, no part of her *has* any sense without the sea, for without it we should have to suppose that a Greek sculptor, when the Greeks were more sensitive to balance than any people that ever lived, deliberately made a statue of a woman who could not balance on her feet ; and that the Greek

people, who were the most active in body and mind that ever lived, tolerated a conception of an ideal woman who was inept in her movements and looked silly. No, these Venuses never could have been the sort of people we have imagined them to be, and our idea of them was certainly never the Greek idea of a goddess.

Look at this Venus as she *really* stands before us, deftly balanced and adventurous, amused and intent, sailing round like a boat in full sail and steering to an inch! This is surely the right reading of the statue. Let us do her justice for once.

If we compare with her two of the Venuses in the Louvre—the Venus of Campana and one of the Borghese Venuses—we find the same *motif* of a Venus sailing along, accompanied by Eros on the Dolphin, but these two statues are composed with far less subtilty than the Venus de' Medici. In the Campana statue, the Dolphin plunges down, alongside of the Venus, ridden by the Eros who steers him by a hand on either side of his head; but the Dolphin is merely diving down; he isn't going round the Venus as the Medici Dolphin does, and the Eros isn't riding with the horsemanship of the Medici Eros.

The Borghese Venus has a Dolphin sailing alongside of her, while the Eros on his back looks up in her face to see which way she is heading, that he may steer his Dolphin round by the tail in the right course.

The *motif* in both cases is charming, but they are slackly carried out, and cannot be compared to the Medici Venus with her subtle balance and delicate movements.

Now, of course I do not for a moment claim for this Medici Venus that she is a great work by a great master; still, I think she may claim to be a great work by a minor master. Of course, her excellence *may* be a fluke, the work of some man who had the gift of

feeling and expressing delicate shades of movement and of balance, and who had, of course, had the advantage of seeing great works by great men of previous times and who may have done on this occasion far better than his usual best. Would it not be absurd to imagine that she was intended for a dry-land goddess, and unsatisfactorily balanced ; and that she came out by accident a perfectly balanced Goddess of the Sea ? As well imagine that the ungainliness of a duck on dry ground causes it to be the perfectly adapted creature it is as soon as it gets into the water. But whatever may have been the process that evolved this goddess, fluke or not fluke, let us at any rate get the pleasure of the fluke, if it was one, and look at her as she stands before us, surely, unmistakably the Goddess of the Sea ?

Such is the feeling she gives us of being born of the sea that, in order to see her at her best, we instinctively move, so to speak, against the tide ! feeling that if we moved in the same direction that she is going we should just drift with the tide and realize none of the currents of the sea, nor the pressures of the winds. So we move round in the contrary way to the direction in which she is going, as thus we can realize all the actions and counter-actions of her wonderful body in connection with her surroundings.

So we move on about a step to our left to the next view, not so much to look at her as to look at the Dolphin and the two Eros, as from here we get this admirable group of the boys and the fish at their best, and their best is very good.

The Dolphin is diving down, *pouring* down ! one might say, like a cataract, his movement is so tremendous. He is going to pass under water, under the feet of the Venus ; for, as he plunges down, she floats up, up, but not too high up, for she is using a good deal of energy to keep deep enough down in the water for sailing purposes. She has just lifted into the right

depth evidently, and now the thing is to keep there ; so the Dolphin will have to plunge deep to get below her. He has a corkscrew appearance, and his movement is extremely subtle if we look at him in the different views. In the various photographs we see that he has movement backwards, movement forwards, movement to the right and movement to the left, and movement down and more especially movement *over*, in the strong flap over of his tail which gives the idea of the sea level. The lower Eros rides him down, but the top Eros is equally useful, for he throws all his weight and energy into taking his tail down, into pulling the fish outwards away from the Venus, so as to prevent him from making a somersault downwards which he would probably otherwise do, and there is no time to lose, for his brother Eros has cut the steering very fine. This lower Eros rides his fish like a skilful young jockey, and moreover he rides as a skilful jockey with wings certainly would ride ! using his wings to ride with as well as his legs, his legs and his wings working together, left wing and right leg, and right wing and left leg. Look how he is using his right wing and his left leg to try and straighten the fish out, to keep his body off a little so that he may dive slanting and to get clear of the Venus. He is steering the Dolphin by his fin, and is slewing his own weight over and using both his legs and his wings to keep the Dolphin's head far enough out ; for, boy-like, he has cut the steering very fine and it will take him all he knows to keep clear, for the Dolphin is stiff-necked and impetuous and evidently likes his own way. The boy is riding very well though, so will just ride clear of the Venus's foot ; but it is very close steering, and if the Venus up above were not his mother I daresay she would have annihilated this enterprising imp for his reckless riding. As it is, it is possible that she may good-naturedly float upwards a few inches to give them more sea-room, and

will then sink down those few inches again and continue her course. For, as I have already said, the main point of this sort of sailing must have been to carry the right amount of canvas, and that was of course done by having more or less of her body above the water. Too much sail would have spoiled her balance and made her sweep too wide, whereas too little of her above the water would have spoiled the swing of her movement, would have made it tame and would have taken away all the fun ; so from every point at which we look at her we shall see her preoccupation to keep at the right depth in the water, to ballast right without any ballast at all, with absolutely nothing to do it with but the skilful adaptation of her own weight pressing down on any given point at the exact moment with the exact pressure necessary ; for was not this delicate sense of the requisite means the Greek characteristic, mentally as well as physically ?

Let us now move round to our left, till we get her body full face—the view we had of her when we first came into the gallery. But now that we see her in our mind's eye with the sea as an adjunct, she is all right. Imagine her immersed in transparent water to about the line of the Dolphin's tail, and then see how she comes sheering along like a ship in full sail.

Her hands look fairly right from this point of view ; her right hand seems to be pointing out her course, and the left one is ready to dip into the water if it should be necessary.

Her head and shoulders lean tremendously forward ; this leaning forward makes her sail round in a sweep. We see now why her knees are pressed so close together. It is to keep her weight over her left leg, which acts as a pivot for her movement ; her right foot trailing back puts a slight check on her movement and gives her command of it. She is measuring her distance and watching for the right moment in the sequence of the

waves to carry through her sweeping curve to the left. Look at her head, how balanced it is ; the knot of hair at the back of her head holds her back a little ; it just balances her face. She has brought up with her into the air the rhythm of the waves, and it makes her hair curl ; the movement runs up the back of her head above the fillet till it comes to the apex point of the little crested waves of curls at the top, which rear up and curl over like real waves ; they hold her in her place in the air, they have reached their appointed height, and are breaking over. When we reach these curls the tide turns, so to speak, and the movement of her hair as it goes to her brow is a downward movement ; it gives her a certain gravity of expression and it is the movement that would take her under water if she wished to go under.

The hair on her temple flows back as if blown by the wind ; it connects with her eye and makes her able to see with the whole of her eye as no mortal eye can see ; the fillet holds a straight course between all these different waves of movement and divides them from each other.

The hair in this case, as in the case of all good Greek sculpture, plays a most important part in giving the action of the figure.

And now that we have spoken of the hair we may go back for a moment to the two previous views of her head full face, and notice how her hair breaks into ripples at a wide angle, like the wash in the wake of a ship, on either side of the parting ; and the parting which is very crooked plays the part here, which I believe it generally does play, of directing the glance of the eye, showing us the direction in which the eyes are looking. It will be remembered that in this case her eyes are not looking straight ahead, but round to the left, and the parting of her hair points the same way and makes the direction plain to us.

Now we may go on with her front view, or rather, going past the front view, let us move round now a step or two and look at her over her right shoulder.

She is leaning tremendously forward, she would topple over if she were standing still; but of course she is not standing still, she is coming round like a skater on the outside edge, coming round by the turning of her head; the action is familiar to *us* from watching figure-skating. But observe that the Greeks had not ever seen figure-skating; this sculptor could not have known by experience the immense importance of the head's moving right at the right pace, not too quickly and not too slowly in the execution of a figure; he must have felt it by instinct, and that amount of instinct was genius. Her feet and her head work together, and so of course would her hands if we only had them as they originally were; her right foot is not pressing its weight down on the ground, it is acting as a slight bias and a slighter check; it resists the free play of the upper part of her body, for this Venus is of course a creature both of the air and the water, and the lower half of her is moving against the weight of the sea, while the upper half of her is moving freely in the air; and the sculptor has shown this, and it is by understanding what he meant to show that we can get all the pleasure out of this wonderful statue. Look at her left foot; it is not a foot pressing down on dry ground, for there is no spread of the foot; on the contrary, her foot is buoyed up from below, tremendously buoyed up. Look at the arch of the instep, how it is pushed up by the pressure of the water below it. Look how the resistance of the water is cleverly shown also in the rush down of the Dolphin. The Eros looks as if he were charging a bullfinch rather than making his way through yielding water.

We go on now to her back view. From here

we get the water-line of the Dolphin's tail, and the composition of the Venus and the Dolphin is admirable; they balance against each other in a very delicate manner; notice what the action is, for it is worth watching.

We will begin with her foot. Her heel is pressing down, which gives her a little push off on her course to the left; this movement to the left is tremendously accentuated by the Dolphin's tail, for the flap over of his tail gives her body a swift impetus to the left and seems to shoot her onward to the left. This movement to the left goes on up to her waist, but from the waist upwards she steadies the movement, puts on a counter-movement, a little pull back to the right in her right arm and in the point of the right shoulder. This movement is so delicate that it would not "tell," were it not for the reinforcement which it gets from the Dolphin's body. His action by the body pushes her to the right as energetically as his tail shoots her on to the left; the forces are so equally balanced that if we cover her head from view we do not know which way she will end by taking. But when we look at her head again it takes command; the little curl of hair on her neck takes up and corroborates the direction given her by the Dolphin's tail and urges her along to the left, and we see that in a moment she is going to launch off in a sweep to the left, and meanwhile she is marking time, watching for the exactly right moment to launch herself off; when the right wave comes along she will swing off on it and go round in a sweep. Look how this marking time, this waiting, is expressed in her hair; look at the knot of hair at the back of her head, how its movement is that of a gathered-up breaker in suspension; it is a coiled-up breaker that does not yet break; it holds her back, checks her eagerness, for the movement of the rest of her hair gives her a look of eagerness; it rushes upwards above the

fillet to the crests of the curls on the top and from those runs down to her brow, while the hair below the fillet streams back from her temples, past her ears, while the little curl on her neck that we have already pointed out urges her onward to the left afresh every time that we look at it. All these contrary movements of the hair don't neutralize each other ; on the contrary they increase each other's activity. Each has its own activity plus the others, and the topmost peak, so to speak, the little curl on the top of her head, holds the whole of her balance in unstable equilibrium ; it is like the equilibrium of a rocking-stone.

Each time, as one looks at her again, the thing happens afresh. One doesn't get used to it ; the charm doesn't wear out. We see each time, as a quite new thing, the swing to the left from her right heel upward and the lean-back to the right of the upper part of her figure that restrains the movement till the right moment comes. It would be impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than this arrangement of balanced movements, the outcome of which is a beautiful woman.

Moving on another step we get her head in profile. She looks adventurous, amused and a little disdainful. Her hair has a great deal to do with her expression ; the curls on her brow press down and forward and give her the daring look she has in combination with the hair on her temples, which flies back, and the little curl on her neck which urges forward, and then there is a curious relation between the adventurous lean-forward of her face and the reining-back expression in the knot of hair at the back of her head ; they just balance each other. *So she is doing what she is doing ;* and one sees that this beautiful goddess did not need to *think* what she would do ; she just let the right moment ripen events into harmony, and then she did that particular thing, and harmony was, so to speak, in flower !

What she does is done by the same process as Nature's process in ripening the fruit and the grain.

Another extraordinary point in this goddess is her indifference to all outside influences except the influences of the sun and the sea-wind which she is breathing in ; but her look is veiled ; she seems to be seeing inwards ; there was no need for her to keep a look out ahead, for no one would venture to cross the bows of a goddess, except the young Eros, to be sure, who has very nearly done it ; but he will ride clear, thanks in a great measure to the efforts of the little Eros up aloft, who is pulling the Dolphin's tail down with all the might of his tiny winged body, as well as his own beautiful horsemanship. How the child is using his wings and his legs ! and how well he is hand ling his Dolphin ! The man who made him must have been a horseman as well as a seaman.[1]

The Venus will sweep round in a moment, but they will have dived down deep below her, and she will continue her course like a yacht.

The strange thing about her is that she seems to be moulded into human form by her own movements and by the pressure of the elements, in the same fashion that the shape of a fine sailing boat is what it is. A sailing yacht is a beautiful thing, but it is not made that shape in order to be beautiful, but in order to sail well ; and its beauty is, so to speak, an accidental result. Well, the same thing seems to be the case with this Venus ; she seems to be moulded into the shape she bears by her own movements, by the tilts and lifts and pushes of her own activity reacting against the pressure of the sea and the wind and the drawing upward influence of the sun. There is no preoccupation in her of taking the shape of a beautiful woman ; that seems to be an accidental result, or rather a matter of course.

[1] Or, once more, the writer who imagined it all !—V.L.

The next step brings us round to the full-face view with which we began, and it only remains to say a word or two about her face.

We have already noticed how her hair curls in a wide angle from her brow, like the waves in the wake of a ship, and these curls connect with her mouth and make her smile. We have also noticed that her crooked parting points out the direction of her glance.

But we have not yet looked at her eyes, and they are very curiously worked ; they are so cut away under the eyelids as to be almost flat, and this gives her the extraordinary expression she has, for her eyes seem to be half shut and at the same time they are wide open. She is seeing everything far ahead, though her suffused, veiled look seems only to see inward ; her eyes are set at a wide angle, for she catches no one's glance ; things must come to her ; she has no wish to please ; on the contrary, she is a goddess, and things must please her.

She seems to be breathing things in, to be discriminating by some extraordinary sensitiveness finer than that of mortals. Look at the subtle modelling of her mouth, with the little drill holes at the corners. She was beyond all things the discriminator, the goddess of fastidious taste and of delicate intuitions, as well she might be, for it was she, was it not, who had the gift of endowing mortals with grace and charm and loveableness and other fine-textured qualities.

Last of all she looks slightly amused and happy, with an almost ineffable look of being in harmony with her surroundings.

This is how this Venus shows herself, if judged from the point of view of movement ; and if she is a fluke on the part of the artist we have, at any rate, realized a good deal of pleasure from the fluke.

But as soon as I get the chance I am going to learn all I can about this statue, so as to gather from the authorities on Greek Art what she really represents, for,

of course, she may prove not to be a Venus of the Sea at all. She may prove to be an orthodox dry-land Venus whose uneasy way of balancing her body has some good reason which I have not been able to fathom. If this should prove to be the case, we must, of course, renounce our hypothesis and look at her for the future as we *ought* to look at her under the ruling of the higher Powers ; but, in any case, I believe that we shall never regret this lawlessly spent half-hour in which she has held us under her spell as the Venus of the Sea.

Hermes and the Baby Dionysus

(A Note)

I do not find the restoration of the Olympian Hermes convincing: the Baby Dionysus stretching his left arm forward trying to reach, as some suggest, a bunch of grapes, dangled beyond his reach by Hermes. Why should the Baby Dionysus be tempted by grapes? He could get plenty of them without struggling for them; and, moreover, to come to facts, he isn't looking in that direction and never could have stretched his right arm forward, because as his left foot is dangling in the air he would have had no *point d'appui* and must have overbalanced and fallen off his perch on Hermes' arm had he tried to make such a movement.

No, I would suggest that what is really happening is that Hermes has just picked him up and carried him out of reach of the fire, and the little thing clasps him on the shoulder with his right arm while his left arm, far from reaching forward, presses downward, putting the weight of half his body on to Hermes' strong left hand. The thumb and forefinger of Hermes' hand are missing. If they were found, I think the baby hand would be found to be clasped round them. The child looks up into Hermes' face with a look of adoration in *his* little face. Mutilated as this face is, it is amazing how this silent adoration is expressed in his half-closed eyes.

Hermes, I think, is watching the caduceus that he must have carried in his left hand. I say "must have carried," because there's a round hole under his fingers

which was evidently intended to contain something in the nature of a stick, and it can have been nothing longer than the caduceus or it would have jammed itself into his body.

I wonder whether the caduceus had not, like the Ægis of Athene, a life of its own, and whether the snakes upon it had not as their function to bend a little to the right or left as indications of the right road for his flying feet to follow? Anyway, he isn't looking at the baby, he is looking at something beyond his left hand; perhaps he's watching the fire out of which he has carried the child. His right arm evidently held a long staff on which he was leaning; any other action would have been unnatural, because the weight of his head, leaning over as it does to the right, would have interfered with the freedom of any active movement upward of the arm. As I see the matter, he was leaning on his staff with the intention of walking forward, leaving behind him the drapery which hangs from the tree. Perhaps the caduceus gave him the signal when to start. But, whether my reading of this statue is right or wrong, the one thing that is sure is that the present restoration is wrong, for it suffices to take up any of the positions oneself to show one the movements that living beings, having their weight to balance, could possibly have taken up.[1]

[1] I suspect that this delightful notion of Hermes having picked the Infant Dionysus out of the flames is entirely without mythological authority; I cannot find any in the Homeric hymns. But a red-figured amphora from Falerii in the Papa Giulio Museum at Rome shows Hermes handing the Infant Dionysus to Silenus in just the spirit of concentrated tenderness which C. A.-T. attributes to the Olympia Hermes.—V.L.

Athene Parthenos

(Fragments from an essay on physical education and gymnastic exercises.)

On the frieze Pheidias has shown the gods and goddesses with their godlike qualities diminished, veiled and dimmed by the pressure they have to put on themselves in order to keep in touch with mortals.

But in the case of the great Athene Parthenos, the chryselephantine statue which stood inside the temple, he was creating a Divinity on a colossal scale whose godlike nature could be made visible.

She is in no sort of communication with mortals and has made no attempts to get nearer mortal size. Higher than the united height of six tall men, she appears before her worshippers not as a gigantic human figure, but as a vast supernatural presence, holding herself steady with an unearthly steadiness akin to nothing human. She must have struck awe into her worshippers.

Getting to know this great statue through the faint echoes of her which remain (poor little statuettes scattered about in most of the great museums), one is still able to see and reconstruct something of an impression of what the effect of the great original statue must have been.

. . . . . .

The towering helmet of the goddess was the most striking thing about her. Her face is serene, her calm expression gives no clue to her thoughts ; but the tremendous importance of her helmet, which concen-

trated the attention of the beholders on the head of the goddess, gave them the clue to a very important thing, viz. that all movement to be fine movement must be clearly conceived in the mind before being executed by the body ; in fact, that each detail must be ordered by the mind beforehand.

This sounds a simple thing, but it was very difficult and commanded an amount of demonstration and patience that could only be accorded by those mortals who realized the far-reaching importance of the thing. To them was given dexterity such as we moderns do not dream of, infinite grace and swiftness in the execution of all bodily movements, and with it an extraordinary power of concentrating their minds. To the Greeks these things mattered more than book-learning, for an ill-trained body was a worse thing in their eyes than an uneducated mind. But to reach the pitch of perfect balance indicated by the goddess meant to the mortals the putting away from themselves of all licence, of all caprice, of all deviation, however slight from the dead right.

. . . . . .

The goddess's great helmet had three crests. Under each side crest is a winged horse, while under the centre one crouches a sphinx. And one suddenly realizes as one looks at them that, just as Athene had risen in visible shape out of the head of her father Zeus, so her own thoughts are rising out of her own head in the visible shapes of these winged figures. The winged horses under the side crests are rearing forward. One mustn't let one's eye dwell on the poor little spiritless horses on this poor little plaster cast, but looking right through them one must conjure into the mind's eye these winged horses as Pheidias must have created them, creatures like those in the pediment, the horses of the sun, flinging their wild heads and stretching their wings as they rear into the air. They surely

embodied in visible shape the thoughts of the goddess as they leapt into being and forced their way out into the universe. And if they had had their way these winged horses would doubtless have given forth to the world immediately myriads of wise and wonderful ideas, the thoughts that were blazing in the brain of the goddess, things that mortals through centuries and centuries ever since have been slowly searching for and finding out for themselves. But their outward rush was checked and held back by the figure under the helmet's central crest, the sphinx. She is holding back, crouching low, resisting, interdicting the outward movement of the winged horses. One realizes that she is holding back the goddess's thoughts. Many of them she will hold back for centuries, perhaps, till the world is ready for them, but also many, I think, she will keep back altogether, knowing them to be too incandescent for mortal minds to use. So, under the crest of the great helmet her wings pressed back, the sphinx crouches in silence, eternally alert and eternally mysterious.

After the head the most important part of the figure is the breast. It was covered by the Ægis. What the magic properties of the Ægis may have been I have no means of knowing; but Pheidias has shown it as an alive thing; its scales are as alive as the scales of a fish, and the serpents coiled in spirals round its edge are alive and can move with equal facility in any direction.

. . . . . .

The crests of her helmet with their sweeping arms urge her forward, but her head and shoulders resist and hold her back. She stands poised between the two opposing forces in a position of perfect harmony. Then the crests of her helmet lift her upwards with tremendous force; but her head and shoulders press her steadily down, and again there is harmony between these two forces.

An Essay on Centaurs

I had intended to write a few words on Centaurs in connection with Greek horses and horsemen, but not long ago the British Museum authorities were so kind as to allow me the use of their high ladders in order to study the Centaurs on the metopes of the Parthenon, and when I got close to these wonderful creatures, and was able to study them at leisure, I realized that they formed a quite separate subject and must be treated by themselves.

It is no wonder that the Greeks invented the Centaur, for the peculiar shaped neck of the Greek horse, growing straight up out of his back, and almost as thick as a man's body, would have made the invention a very natural one to people who were so " at one " with their horses. The human body could never conceivably have been combined with the neck of the modern horse, because, projecting forward as it does, it offers no base for the human body. M. Rodin, indeed, ventured to create a Centauress, a combination of a modern woman and a modern horse ; but that great master ought really not to have done it, for he has had to place her in front of the horse instead of above him, and the result is quite deplorable.

Turn now to the Centaur in the Parthenon metopes.

Here we have the man poised directly above the horse's withers, and at once the combination looks natural. Every one knows the legend of the Centaurs : they were the offspring of mares from the region round Magnesia, and of Centaurus son of Ixion ; they were supposed to inhabit Arcadia and the mountainous parts

of Thessaly, and they formed part of the retinue of Dionysus. They provoked the Lapith warriors to battle by laying claim to half their kingdom, on the doubtful pretext that the half-brother of their grandfather had reigned over the country. The Lapith warriors naturally did not see eye to eye with them about this, and so they fought each other to the death. Eventually peace was made between them, but it did not last at all long, for, at the wedding feast of Hyppolita with the King of the Lapithæ, it is said that the Centaurs, drunk with wine, tried to carry off the women of the Lapithæ, so matters were again as bad as ever.

But turning from the legend of their wars to the legend of the chief Centaur Cheiron, we have a very wonderful personage, who indeed was one of the immortals. He was educated by Artemis and by Apollo, and he was himself the teacher of the Greek heroes, Peleus and Achilles and Jason. He was master of the art of prophecy, of music, of medicine and of all forms of woodcraft and hunting. Heracles was his friend, and it will be remembered that it was Heracles' poisoned arrows that accidentally wounded him in the foot ; the wound was mortal, but, being an immortal, he could not die ; however, he refused to go on living and gave his gift of immortality to Prometheus, and then Zeus, so runs the legend, solved the matter of his future by placing him among the stars.

In the Centaur we have not simply a man's body stuck on to a horse's body, but a very complex piece of work in which both horse and man have been changed and re-made to suit each other, so that between them they make one living creature. I say " living creature " while speaking of this perfectly imaginary and impossible creation, because so complete was the realization of his dual body by the great Greek artists that they made an alive creature of him. We know that he never

existed, of course, but every part of him looks so organic that he actually carries conviction, and we believe in him, while we look at him, in spite of ourselves.

Of course the Centaurs were imaginary creatures; but Pheidias must have thought of them as very real creatures indeed to have created them as he did, for he was not content merely to give them the shape of Centaurs, but he furthermore endowed them with distinct characters peculiar to themselves; so that in looking at them we actually know how they felt, we see into their very natures. I don't know how he did it, but I know that it is all there to be seen; and so, in describing these Centaurs, I shall speak about them as Pheidias evidently felt about them, not as stone images, but as real and living creatures.

I speak of Pheidias as the actual creator of these metopes because, when all is said and done, *somebody* made them, and I am concerned with the qualities of the sculpture, with the pleasure that it can give us, not with archæological researches (for which I have, alas! no aptitude) into the question of which particular group of artists made which particular part. Indeed, however much I wished to give this information, it would be impossible, because beyond knowing that Pheidias was the director of the whole work nothing more is actually certain. Pheidias may possibly not have made a single figure himself, but we are accustomed to the idea that he did, so that I speak of these metopes as his work, though I know how improbable it is that he actually handled more than the two of immensely superior workmanship to the rest, of which I shall presently speak.

I am passing over without a word many Centaurs painted on Greek vases, and many that are carved in marble, as I want to confine this article to the Centaurs of the Parthenon.

In these metopes we get the next best thing to free-

standing statues, for one side of them only is "engaged" in the slab, so we have an unobstructed view of the front, of one of the sides and of the back of each figure.

The Centaur was a very small horse; the fore part of him gave his man-body about the same height that it would have had on a man's legs, so the horse was not much more than twelve hands high; but though he was so small, there was nothing of the pony about him, no roundness of shape, no shortness of stride; he was long in the leg and long in the back, far less strongly made than a horse; but he carried no weight on his back, so did not need strength for weight carrying. What he needed was agility, and that his slim barrel gave him; for his hind legs, not being tied to his barrel at the "stifle" joint, had perfect freedom of action. Here are two sketches for comparison, the one of the horse's hind quarters, the other of the Centaur's. It will be seen that the Centaur's quarters and thighs are much longer than the horse's; this gave him freedom to kick, and also enabled him to straddle his hind legs wide apart so that he could make many crouching movements that a horse cannot do; and his tail being put on so high had a great deal of leverage and acted as a balancer to his body.

When I first looked at the Centaurs I disliked them, because their bodies were so unlike horses, and I thought they were merely badly made. I had not realized then that they were quite differently planned animals, that more bulk would have been no use to them; in fact, it would have interfered with their suppleness and agility.

Where the Centaur showed his strength was in his *man* body, which was made stronger in build than a man's; it was sunk into the horse's body between its shoulders, the shoulders replacing the man's pelvis bones, and by this arrangement the weakest point in a man's body was made strong, and the Centaur could

not by any possibility "give" at the waist. He possessed the facilities that all Greeks had for turning his body round at the waist, so that he could look back freely over his shoulder as he went along; but his body could not possibly rock over to either side, it was always perfectly steady: there was none of the "top hamper" of loose, swinging weight that makes the human body so difficult to balance.[1]

His shoulders were placed far back and were tied by the strong muscles of the back into that position, so that he could not have made a round back if he had tried; this position kept his chest expanded at its widest, so his breathing capacity was enormous. Then he had next to no neck, thereby getting rid of another weak point in man's anatomy. His head kept steady with no effort on his part; it was set so closely on to his shoulders that, instead of acting independently, it acted in a piece with his body, and the mere turning of his head must have been enough to set his whole body in movement. His head was bigger than a man's: it was of a size that was in proportion to his dual body.

Having studied these Centaurs (from the top of the ladder) face to face for a good many weeks, I have become to a certain extent familiar with them; of course, I have the sense to know that I can never see them as well as the Greeks themselves saw them, for it would need the eye of a Greek to take in all the splendid qualities of Greek work. But in so far as an appreciative modern can hope to do so, I can claim to have seen and understood them; and in the following pages I write of them as, face to face, I saw them.

As I see the Centaur he was not in the least a bestial

[1] The above assertion is largely due to non-recognition that profile full-face combination belongs not merely to archaic Greek, but to all primitive art, as it does to the drawing of untaught children. C. A.-T. interpreted this "convention" in the light of special gymnastic exercises which she practised.—V.L.

creature; he was not in the least a man *lowered* by being united to an animal; he was the man with his man's heart and his man's brain, who had acquired by this union with the horse an immensely superior *animal-shape* to his own—who would not rather ride than run, if they had the choice? Furthermore, as far as character and animal-*nature* went, the man had gone higher rather than lower, for an animal like the horse, who has a horror of bloodshed and who is most temperate in all his tastes, who eats vegetables and drinks water, and only the very purest water, compares very favourably indeed with a man, whose tastes are less select and who has far fewer repugnances. Then, of course, the horse is immensely superior to the man in strength, in speed and, most important of all, in balance, because having four legs to do it with he is master of his balance without having to trouble about it.

To judge by appearances (and appearances in this case are all that we can have to base our judgment on !) the senses of a Centaur were far more acute than those of a man. (I will point out presently how this shows itself.) He had keener sight, smell, hearing and feeling than a man; and besides he had other means of perception that a man had not. The hair on his head, his moustache and his beard could evidently stand up at will, like a porcupine's quills, "sensing" invisible vibrations in the air; and his tail acted as a feeler, giving the direction of every wind that blew. His senses were as acute as those of a wild animal.

His eyes were placed very much to the front, quite full face, they looked straight in front; the brow didn't make a pent-house above the eyes as human brows do: the Centaur's eyes were almost flush with his brow. They were shaped more like a horse's eyes than a man's, and they would have been brown all over like a horse's, with no white showing. His eyes were

very wide open and he saw much more of the sky with them than we do, because the human eyelid cuts the circle of vision on the upper side into a flattish curve and robs us of all that amount of vision, but the Centaur saw out of the whole circle of his eye. His eyes on the outer side were tied into connection with his ears (like a horse) so that his eyes seemed to be pulled outwards towards his ears, and this stretch made him see on a wider scale. It is not the way that human beings see ; but then, *they* want to look at each other, they want to talk to each other, and, last not least, they want to read ; and to do these things they have to focus closely, and that pulls their eye inwards. But the Centaurs did not want to look closely at each other, they did not want to talk to each other and they did not want to read, so their eyes were " set " in such a way that they could not. But nothing in the outside world escaped them ; with their high, wide vision they saw all Nature gloriously, and that was what mattered to them.

The Centaur was not at all a savage animal ; to be sure, he could be a most formidable opponent if he chose, but fighting was only a sport to him, not a serious business. He needed no weapons, though when he did fight, Nature gave him the advantage without the help of weapons. His kick was a very formidable means of defence, because his " stifle " joint was not tied in, so his stride was much longer than that of a horse.

But what really made him such a deadly adversary, when he did choose to fight, was his power of wrestling. He had a system of wrestling something akin to the Japanese jiu-jitsu, by which he could trip up and throw any biped at a moment's notice, because even a man who knew as much about this form of wrestling as the Centaur was at a hopeless disadvantage in wrestling with a creature who, besides his arms, had four legs to

help him instead of only two ; and the Centaur could poise upon his hind legs and use his fore legs in addition to his arms ; in fact, they worked together in an extraordinarily co-ordinated manner. And besides this the Centaur possessed the secret of paralyzing his enemy by pressing down upon various nerve centres, and this knowledge he used ruthlessly. Several of the Lapithæ on the Parthenon metopes are shown as stupefied by the action of these deadly tricks.

But the Centaur, as I said before, was not primarily concerned with fighting ; what he was concerned with above all things was with the act of living : he was possessed by the joie de vivre on a gigantic scale. Of course, I am well aware that the Centaur was considered a sensual and brutal animal by the Greeks themselves, and in describing him as a rather humane and very delicate animal I am going bang against the tradition of those days ; but what I am concerned with is what the Centaur *looked like !* And I can only imagine that Pheidias, when he came to create the creature, got carried away by the suggestiveness of the subject, and that, driven by his artistic sense, he had to carry it through, even in the very teeth of traditions.

The Parthenon metopes show us two quite different types of Centaur.

One was essentially human, and indeed was a man in some cases of a high type. I will speak of him presently ; the other Centaur was more akin to the satyr, but I repeat he was not the least a bestial creature. As I said, there was nothing gross about him. One must not look at him disdainfully as a man turned into a mischievous and uncontrollable animal. But, shaking off all preconceived ideas, one must see him as he really was, as a creature who was above all things a Nature lover, a worshipper of the sun, of the sky, of the woods and of running water ; he seemed to be watching in never-ending amazement the delightful-

ness of the outer world : for him it evidently had an everlasting glamour.

To distinguish him I will call him the satyr-Centaur.

Looking at him from the ground one thinks he is ferocious with a fantastic sort of ferocity, which startles one[1] ; but as soon as one sees him face to face, at his own level, one finds that he is not ferocious at all, but that his strange look is due to his being blazingly alive, and, in an uncanny fashion, to his being blazingly happy ! He looks like a woodland creature who has just come out of some blinding Presence, and who is half dazed, and wholly jubilant at the radiance.

His strange, stiff hair evidently stood out from his head at will ; one could imagine him watching the sunrise, with his locks, his beard and moustache all standing out like rays around his head. It will be noticed that he has a curved ridge right across his forehead. It makes his brow look vividly and actively alive ; this alive look concentrates itself between the eyes into some sort of a " sense." I don't know what its function may have been, perhaps some rudimentary sense of sight, or rather something perhaps akin to the bat's power of sensing objects that are far ahead in the darkness.

Then his nose, wide at the nostrils, gave him a power of smell which was prodigious. He " winded " everything like a stag. We, ordinary human beings, have so little power of smell that it is difficult even to imagine what the landscape would have been to those keen-scented creatures who could distinguish the scent of every herb and leaf as the wind carried it along ; and

[1] In Greek times the idea of undercutting or foreshortening the statue so as to make it look right when seen high upon a building was an idea that never could have suggested itself. They carved the figure just as it really looked when seen face to face, and when it was put in its place on some high building it just took its chance as to whether it still looked right or not, so the Centaurs in the metopes do not do themselves justice when seen from the ground.—C. A.-T.

this Centaur seemed to draw the scent of things right up into his brain, letting the stream of the winds blow straight through into his head.

Then, his mouth, under that fantastic curved moustache, drew in long, deep breaths, streams of air drawn in very slowly through the corners of the lips ; such a mode of breathing was incompatible with talking, but the Centaur did not want to talk, he wanted to draw Nature in to himself.

Let anyone try the experiment of shutting their mouth except at the corners and then, without any grimace, just drawing air in ; they will be surprised at the depth of his own breathing. It is the way that people do breathe in moments of thrilling joy, but the Centaur did it all the time ; I suppose life itself, the very act of living, was a thrilling joy to him.

Then his very wide vision not only saw over a more extensive field, but he saw everything at once ! The ensemble was a real ensemble to him, for he took in the whole in one simultaneous image of the eye. The *human* eye I need hardly point out has to wander rapidly about all the time from item to item and never actually sees a real ensemble. We are used to it, so we do not grumble ; but if we could see as the Centaur saw we should feel as if we had dominion at once over both time and space. Moreover, breathing as he did through the corners of his mouth had a curious influence upon his vision. I believe that I am right in thinking that it is only while we breathe *in* that we look at things closely, it is only then that we so to speak " take them in " ; while we breathe *out* we keep our eyes on the object, but we do not take it in ; the vividness and intimacy of vision is entirely produced by the *in* breathing. Well, the Centaur breathing very slowly through the corners of his mouth doubled the time in which his eye could take in the outer world, doubled its time of maximum efficiency. I think we ordinary

modern people hardly realize that when we breathe we are not merely filling our lungs with a vague thing called air[1] ! One could picture to oneself the Centaur realizing that when he breathed he was drawing into his lungs the same wind that was blowing through the pine woods and across the sea, and that some of the essence of the woods and the sea were thus forming a very part of him, and that the stir and vibrations of the wind had gone into him and were adding to his own life force ; and furthermore that all the mysterious power of the sun was being drawn into his very being as he breathed in the sunlit air ; small wonder if he breathed deep breaths !

I said that the Centaur saw Nature gloriously, and it is a fact, for he saw it in a much more *complete* way than a mere biped does ; the fact of being on four legs of itself gave him the power of seeing distance as well as he saw height and width, which is an advantage not vouchsafed to a man.[2]

Then he saw in a more complete fashion. We have seen that his wide-open eye gave him more sight of the sky, and that the pull between his eye and his ear gave him a wider vision sideways, and the result was that he felt himself to be right inside the landscape ; he did not see it merely in front as we do, he felt himself as right in the middle of it, he himself as part of it. He was the Nature worshipper *par excellence*, the

[1] Cf. with footnote p. 37.—V.L.

[2] Our powers of realizing the three dimensions, height, width, and depth (or distance, to give it a more descriptive name) is based I believe upon our power of actually doing these dimensions in our own bodies. We can " do " height and width very satisfactorily, but when it comes to the third dimension we can not do it at all satisfactorily because, being bipeds, we have very little facility for producing distance in ourselves ; but the quadruped has every facility for doing this and so I believe that he sees distance in a far more complete fashion than we do ; that in fact he possesses all the dimensions in harmonious proportions.—C. A.-T. Cf. p. 37, footnote.

adorer of the earth, the waters and the air, and to be in ever closer contact with the elements made up life for him. He had no ties beyond the tie that tied him to Nature, but that tie was so close that it wove him into the great scheme of things as a thread is woven into the pattern of some great tapestry work.

To return to the metope. Many of the Centaurs have beautiful legs and feet like well-bred horses, but it will be noticed that this one has legs more like those of some mountain animal. One could imagine him like a chamois, jumping down the side of a mountain from ridge to ridge with twenty feet between the ridges and landing at the bottom on his feet. Meanwhile he has "taken on" a Lapith in combat. Notice that he is holding up the man's thigh between his two fore legs and is rearing forward, thereby pushing him backwards, and then, with a crook of his fore leg round his ankle, he will pitch him on to the ground. The Lapith has taken hold of him by his queer stiff hair, but his grasp has weakened and his strength is failing, for the Centaur has one hand on his throat. He is not choking him off, as at first appears; he is pressing his fingers on a nerve centre in the man's neck, which will in two or three seconds reduce him to unconsciousness; and then I daresay the Centaur, bored with fighting, will gallop back again to the solitude of the high hill-tops.

(The actual workmanship of this Centaur is coarse as compared with that of some of the others, for the metopes, like parts of the Parthenon frieze, are very unequal in the quality of the workmanship; they are evidently the work of many different sculptors under the direction of one great designer.)

A man's difficulty in keeping his balance must always be his weak point in all hand-to-hand fighting, so, however strong he may be, he must always be at the mercy of a quicker and more agile assailant. Whereas the Centaur, secure on four legs, always had his own

balance under complete control, whatever his assailant might do to upset it.

It will be noted that in all the combats on the metopes the Lapithæ are always off their balance; from the first they never have a chance against the Centaurs.

But tradition leads us to believe that it was quite the other way, and that the Lapithæ vanquished the Centaurs. And, indeed, in every vase-picture that I can remember the Lapithæ are always getting the better of the Centaurs. Yes! but the fact remains that on the metopes the Centaurs are simply playing with the Lapithæ and then killing them; it isn't even serious fighting, it is a game to one fighter even if it is death to the other. For, of course, when Pheidias had created such a superior creature as the Centaur, he could not make a little puny man get the better of him—common sense forbade it; it would have been like making a mouse get the better of a cat! So it seems evident that he had to put tradition on one side and reverse the rôles. He has even exaggerated the inequality of the two by making the Lapithæ very inefficient warriors; they all look like elder sons! carefully nurtured youths who have never had to fend for themselves! Many of them look semi-paralysed, and all are off their balance; it may be argued that they had weapons which would equalize matters, but what is the good of a weapon to a man who has lost his balance? Of course, he would be quite helpless even though armed to the teeth.

This is one of many encounters between Centaurs and Lapithæ to be found upon the Parthenian metopes. Though truly one can hardly call such one-sided encounters "fighting"; they are simply juggling with the equilibrium of the Lapithæ, tripping them up, twisting them to one side or the other, pitching them up into the air (horse-play was a literal thing to the Centaur),

and when they were tired of the game sending the luckless young Lapith crashing down to the ground, probably to rise no more.

As I went from metope to metope I was amazed at the variety of complicated throws that the sculptors had devised for these wrestling Centaurs. On one metope the Centaur, pulling the Lapith by the wrist, has suddenly dropped down on to his knees, and the Lapith, taken unawares, is toppling backwards over his withers ; in another the Centaur has pulled the Lapith forward and then has suddenly sat down like a dog, and the Lapith is falling forward over his quarters ; in another the Centaur is plunging forward having got the Lapith by the ankle, and is hurling him head downwards on to the ground ; and in another the Centaur is jumping down from a height and is bearing the Lapith down by the impetus of the drop ; and so on. Pheidias must evidently have been a most ingenious wrestler to have invented this four-leg wrestling which has never existed, but which if it had existed must have been done in this way, utilizing every advantage that was given to the animal by his shape.

I have said the workmanship of the various metopes was unequal, showing different hands, but two of them are so fine in quality that they can hardly be by anyone but Pheidias himself.

The composition is so knocked about and mutilated that I thought at first that the Centaur was killing the Lapith by dashing the wine jar down on to him; but that was before I knew anything about Centaurs, otherwise I could never have attributed such a coarse method of fighting to one of those fine artists in wrestling. But when I got the chance of studying it face to face I realized at once that the Centaur has seized the jar from the Lapith and has swung it up on to his own shoulders, and, while he holds it safely aloft, he is throwing the Lapith sideways. I have made a rough

diagram of the thing as I imagine that it originally stood. The Lapith's left arm, it will be noticed, is held fast in the leather handles of his shield ; he can't get it free, and the Centaur has taken advantage of this to thrust his bent fore leg across the Lapith's arm and by a sudden sideway push he will fling him and his shield over sideways on to the ground, for the Lapith has no leverage anywhere by which to right his balance, for his sword-arm which presses on the ground is too far to the back for to give him any support. The Centaur, being a horse and therefore disliking bloodshed, is careful not to trample on him and will spin round on the pivot of his hind leg and be off in a moment with the wine jar on his shoulder. This jar perhaps contained some of that same wine of which the Centaurs drank so deep at Hyppolitas' wedding feast, the feast from which they carried off the women. But I doubt wine having had much attraction for them in everyday life, for their double bodies gave them a double nature ; and to the horse, with his fine temperate nature, the only intoxication possible would have been a sort of *cosmic* intoxication wrought, not by wine, but by sunshine, by high air and by the thrilling exultation of living at such a high pitch of vitality.

The other Man-Centaur is by far the finest of them all ; this metope must surely be the work of Pheidias himself, for every line of it is work of the highest quality.

At first when I looked at it, from the ground, I thought that the Centaur was moving at a rapid trot and that he was carrying off a captive woman, but as soon as I was able to study it face to face it became quite plain that that was a totally incorrect reading of it, for the Centaur wasn't trotting at all. The fragment of his " off " hind leg shows it as moving forward, not back, so that put an end to any idea that

he was running away with the woman. And looking at it at close quarters I found that the Centaur is holding her very lightly, supporting rather than holding her, and her left hand, placed on his, presses on it very lightly, a pressure of two fingers, not more.

I have made a rough diagram of this metope also, and continuing as well as I could the lines where they are broken off, I found that it seemed to make sense when put together in this way. Of course, I may have made mistakes on a dozen different points, but in most places the broken-off line gives quite certain indications, and the anatomical structure of the horse in movement gives others, and of course I have carefully followed every clue. So, if I am right in my attempted reconstruction, the Centaur has stopped suddenly at a point where there is a convenient landing stone and has turned his body full face in order to lower the woman lightly down, and his uplifted fore leg is supporting her from the back ; his movement is suddenly arrested while hers continues : she is swinging down with a beautiful free movement like a mountain torrent. His halt is evidently only for a second ; indeed, only one of his hind legs has touched the ground. He is not actually stopping, he is only slowing down enough to lower the woman on to the ground ; he is not looking at her, his eyes are looking straight into the distance. In another moment she will be standing alone and he will have galloped off into space. It is a rapid parting ; and that's all one knows of the story.

This Centaur is an aristocrat, the body is that of a singularly well-bred horse ; look at his beautiful legs and pasterns ; look at his beautiful back and quarters. But it is to the man part of this Centaur that I want to call attention, to his head, for it is impossible from the ground to realize its quality. He is past middle age, but he has no lines on his face (the frown on the photograph is due to an abrasion on

the marble) ; his broad brow and wide-open eyes make frowning impossible. He looks wonderfully serene when one sees him face to face, serene and wise ; as I looked at him I found myself saying, " Surely he was a musician," for something in his expression reminded me of the intent look of some great violinist. Then presently I thought of him not so much as a musician, but as a great doctor, as I noticed his hand, very strong, very delicately modelled, with long, skilful-looking fingers ; and the look of wisdom, the sensitiveness, the profound goodness in his face took hold of me ; and then I changed again, for his strange, sharply pricked ears (the only thing about his face which is not human) made me realize him as a sylvan creature versed in all forms of woodcraft.

But could any Centaur be a musician, a doctor *and* a master of woodcraft ? It seems very unlikely. Ah yes, Cheiron ! Of course, this is Cheiron in person. He was all three, and besides he was the great master of gymnastics. He taught the young heroes and demi-gods ; so it was from him, of course, that the other Centaurs learnt their skill in wrestling.

But the most impressive thing about him was that by some strange accident—for chronologically, I suppose, the thing was impossible—by some strange accident his face was the very face of Socrates.

The *typical* Centaur is not the Man-Centaur, but the one of whom I spoke first, the Satyr-Centaur, the creature whose eyes looked outwards, to whom contact with mankind went for nothing, to whom knowledge went for nothing, whose business in life was simply actual living. This is the impression that he makes upon me, and I don't suppose the Greeks gave him so peculiar a character if they had not intended him to produce some such effect. They must have deliberately intended to show a creature who was on much closer terms with Nature than man could ever be.

Facsimile of C.A.-T.'s restoration and drawing
of a Parthenon Metope.

It is popularly supposed that the Greeks hadn't much feeling for Nature (but the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* hardly bear this out), and we are told that they didn't paint landscapes, and certain it is that no landscapes by any of their painters exist, so perhaps they never did paint any. But in creating this fantastic creature, may they not have been embodying their own feelings for Nature in another manner than by painting landscapes, for, after all, a picture only gives the *look* of a beautiful scene ; it can't give the wind, the warmth of the sun, the scents and sounds or the contact with the earth ; it is a thin thing at best. Thus in creating the Centaur they were showing a creature who *felt all* these things and who was glamoured and bewitched by them, and whose whole life was a passionate response to the beauty and charm of the outer world. In showing this they were expressing an emotion that they could have made visible in no other way. It is surely permissible to believe that this is what they did intend to convey?

I have treated the Centaurs as real and living creatures, because, as I said at the beginning, Pheidias and the other Greek artists designed them in so organic a fashion that they have appeared real to me.

But now, leaving them with their riddles all unanswered, I must reluctantly descend from my ladder-top and say my last words.

How far the Greeks themselves would have corroborated the notions which have been forced into my head by a study of these works of art is a question which they would perhaps have answered by saying that they corroborated none of them ; so I must plead, in the words of Anatole France :

" Que chaque génération imagine à nouveau les chef-d'œuvres antiques et leur communique de la sorte une immortalité mouvante. Ce n'est pas que nous soyons dupes d'un mirage. Mais le temps à fait son

œuvre : en marchant, il a découvert à certains objets des merites non soupçonnés."

Only this we know for certain, that Pheidias must have cared greatly for these creatures of his own creation, to have designed them to decorate so sacred a building as the Temple of the Goddess Athene.

Note by V. L.

Among C. A.-T.'s MSS. I found some pages of a letter of my own, which I will copy out here as a note to her *Centaurs*, since it shows how tenaciously she clung to her own fancies and how generously she received criticism adverse to them. The letter must have been written about 1909 or 1910, but there is no date.

" I was up last Friday and spent a long time at the Museum, seeing . . . vases, the looking at which I owe to you. Looking at some of them, it struck me that if Pheidias showed the *horse*, in the Centaur, as *not* sensual and brutal, he was going against the whole of Greek tradition. For the obscene satyrs or Silenoi (on the vases) have all of them got the tails of horses, and I think also horses' ears. So that your notion . . . of the horse as a delicate humane animal was evidently not shared by early Greece. And the Olympia gable leaves no doubt that the religious tradition of Greece considered the raid of the Centaurs against the Lapiths as a vicious and brutal business, in which Apollo himself stepped in to save the women and boys. So that I am more and more convinced that the gentlemanliness and gentleness of the metope Centaurs is merely one of the false interpretations to which a particular kind of plastic form may lead us, like, for instance, imagining that the people who carved Moissac façade thought of the Apostles as always in a hurry and hastily balancing themselves ready to be off, on camp stools. It is like the serene, solemn music to which Palestrina

would set the appalling Hell-descriptions of some of the old Latin hymns, simply because he couldn't compose anything different.

"As long as you say 'this is the effect these figures produce upon me with my modern mind full of ideas which the Greeks of course hadn't got,' you are adding a delightful imaginative variation on an artistic theme, just as Pater did when he talked of the Gioconda in that famous passage. You are making your own poetry out of already existing art, and in so far enriching our enjoyment. But once you do not say 'so it would seem to us,' but 'this is what the Greeks really intended,' you are misleading and misled. Your Parthenon Centaurs are, considered as poetry, as delightful as Keats or M. de Guérin. But you must make it clear to yourself that in this case poetry is one thing, historical probability another."

Let me add to this letter the fact that Prof. Ridgeway, wishing to prove that the Centaurs were Minoan Pelasgians slandered by their northern victors, has collected some quotations which show the Centaurs rather in C. A.-T.'s light.

Divinities of the Parthenon Frieze

(Part of a Lecture)

When Pheidias undertook to put into marble the Divinities on the Parthenon Frieze, he was embarking on a task which might well have appeared impossible. For, think of it ! The gods were supernatural beings in colossal human shape ; made not of flesh and blood, but of some intangible air-stuff, invisible to mortal eyes. And their movements were no human movements because they were not human beings. They must evidently have had as their principal verb the power of expanding and contracting, making themselves larger or smaller at will, as the fine air-stuff of which they were made was allowed to radiate freely outwards or was drawn forcibly inwards. Their movements did not take place in time, they must have happened simultaneously in a flash ; for instance, they must have moved simultaneously north, south, east and west, upwards, downwards, backwards and forwards, penetrating through everything, encircling everything near and far in one same instant.

Pheidias could not express in marble the Divinities with their bodies vast and intangible like clouds, for marble could not show it, and the hand of man couldn't express it—so he has made us understand it by showing us the very reverse : he has shown the Divinities as they appeared on this earth ; contracting themselves, pressing their bodies downwards, doing all the things, in short, which we never associated with godship, till Greek sculpture, and especially Pheidias,

showed us that to get into contact with mortals they had to put aside their own godlike natures and act in this way.

So let it be realized that it is as holding themselves steady, as resisting the tendency to radiate outwards, that Pheidias has represented the Divinities of the Parthenon Frieze.

. . . . . .

But there was another way by which the Divinities could get into relation with mortals without doing any violence to their immortal nature. The sculptors realized it when they created Eros the winged messenger of Aphrodite and armed him with a bow and arrow.

Of course, it will strike everyone who thinks about it that shooting an arrow into a mortal and making a hole in his heart was not the way to bring him any idea of love; quite the reverse, and so it is, I think, a mistake to imagine that that was what Eros did.

When he shot he did not wound the mortal; it was not necessary to pierce him with the arrow, the wind of its flight was enough to make a track between the mortal and the immortal, a track invisible as soon as made, but as real as the track through space of the mortal's own sacrifice and prayer to the gods.

That Pheidias realized the matter in this way is shown, I think, in the group of the Divinities on the Parthenon Frieze, where with matchless skill and matchless courage he has succeeded in showing their godlike nature in concrete human form.

. . . . . .

Turning to the other groups, look at the figures of Ares, Demeter, Dionysus and Hermes sitting together in a group, and notice how unlike they are to the human beings alongside of them, though they are

shaped in perfect human form. See how easily they could all move backwards, and still more how easily they could all fly upwards (imagine them standing erect and they would all shoot upwards out of sight). They are all holding themselves down to earth by an act of will, they are bowing their heads earthwards, and they are compressing themselves so as to remain concrete. They are putting tremendous energy into remaining where they are. This shows that their natural normal condition was just the reverse, and that presently, when they relax the pressure they are putting on themselves, they will radiate outward in every direction and float off like clouds into the air.

Their drapery doesn't drape them like real drapery, it encircles them like swathes of vapour ; in fact, it has the movement of mist circling round the mountain tops before it is dissipated by the sun.

The Mother of Plato's Eros

(A Note on the Petworth Head)

It is absurd to imagine that the Greek Aphrodite was Goddess of Love in the common meaning of the word, e.g. the French. The Greek sense of measure and restraint makes the idea outrageous, and besides, look at her ! Her whole being is made up of holding back, of reticence.

Things come to *her;* yes fly to her, or rather fly past her, and she samples them deliberately, and only the best of everything can pass through the meshes of her net and remain with her. Her eyes look out at a wide, wide angle ; they don't focus on to any individual—they *couldn't.* Her whole attitude of mind is inward. Love with her is a part of general delightfulness, not love of a particular creature ; indeed, she does not give love, she receives it ; she does not give out.

Her eyes are suffused, in a way slightly veiled ; all they do is to dwell on the best. The only gleam (?) of human expression about her is a look of expecting, i.e. expecting the best. She seems to be singing under her breath, for her lips and chin are in action. She is a little haughty ; she looks like a great performer might look while playing on an instrument, and the instrument she is playing is the love and homage of the world.

THE END.

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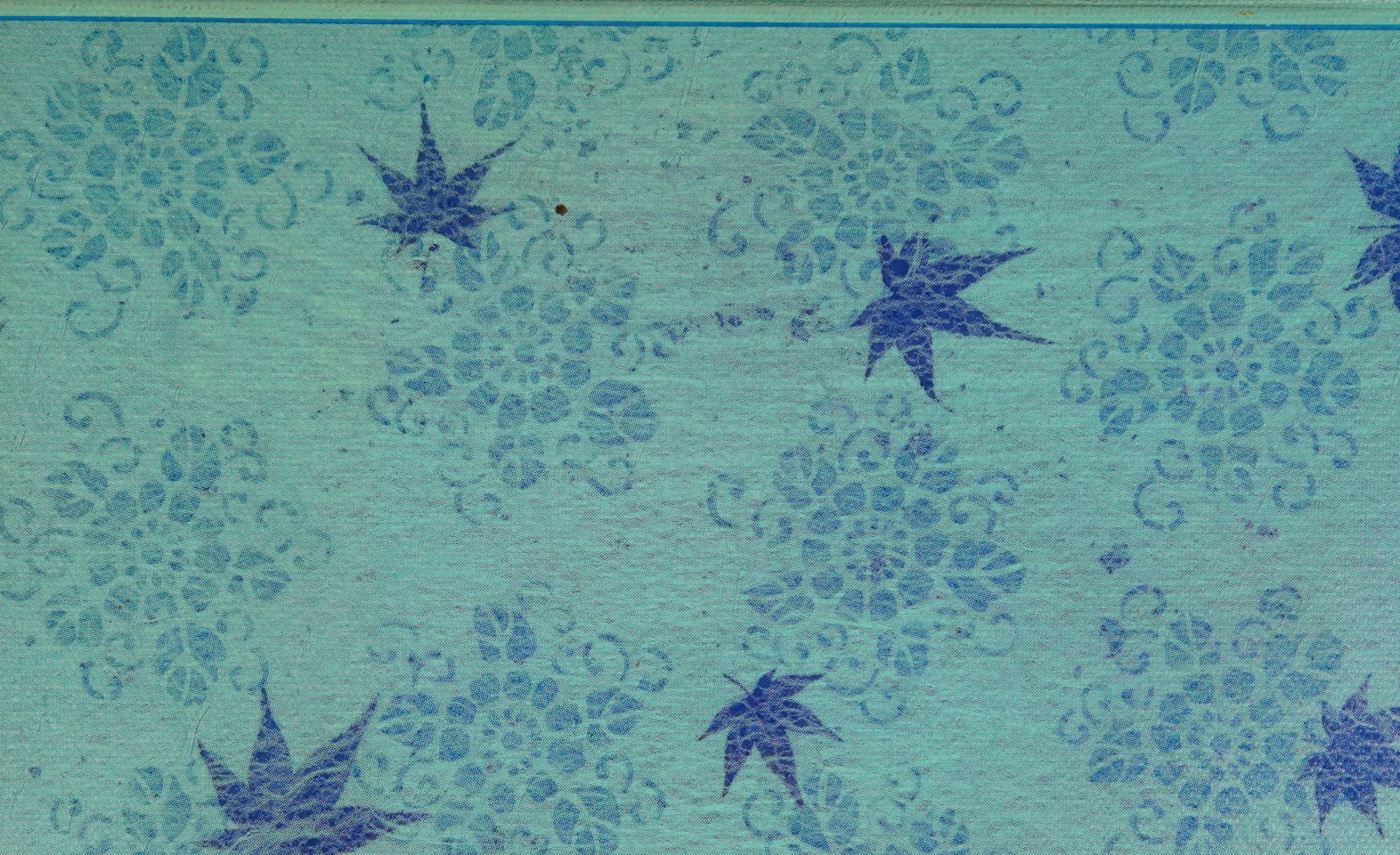
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